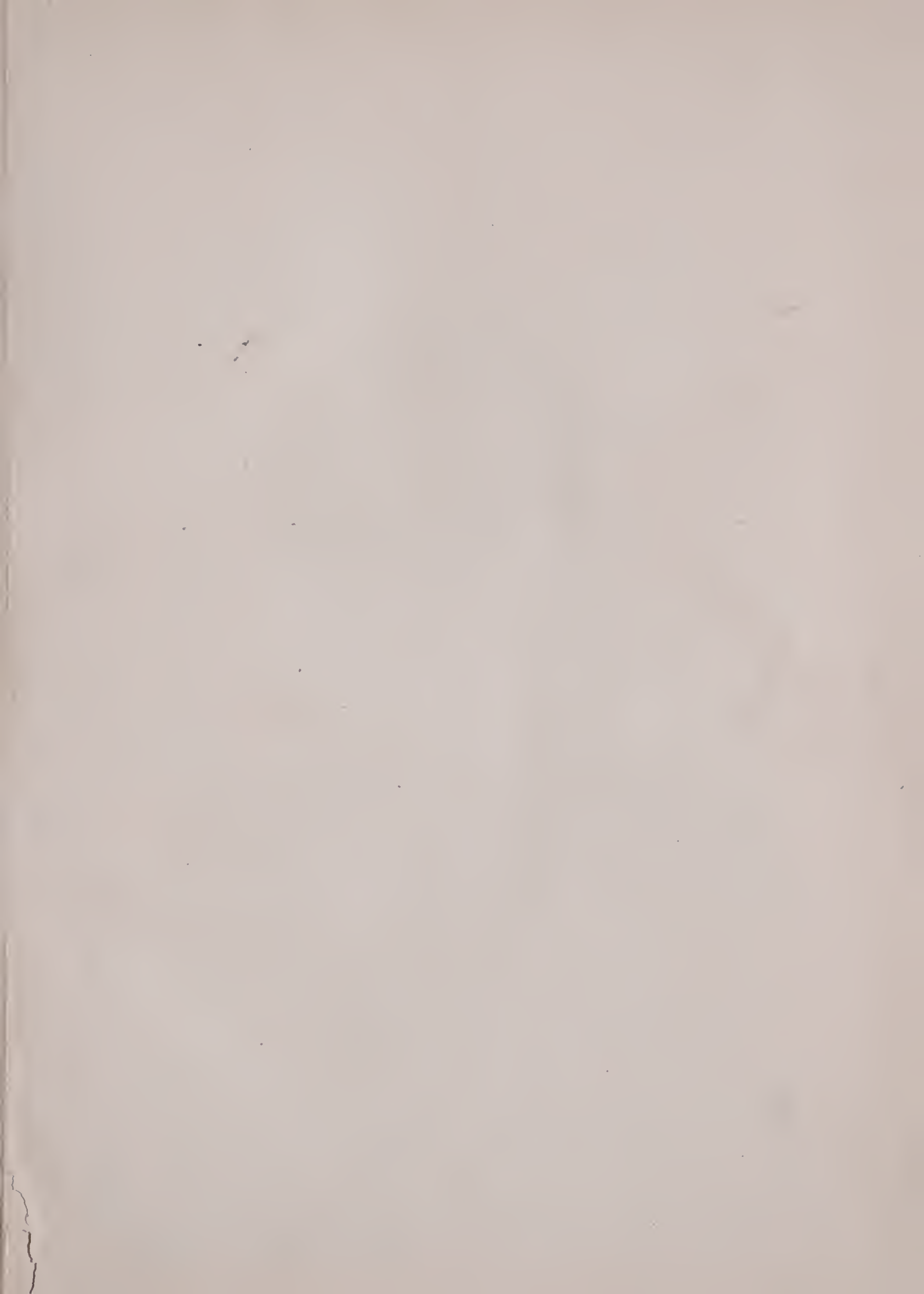


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Very sincerely yours,
Marion Harland

HOUSE AND HOME:

A COMPLETE

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COOK-BOOK

AND

HOUSEWIFE'S GUIDE

BY

MARION HARLAND.

M. V. H. T. ...

"God help us on the Common Days,
The level stretches, white with dust!"

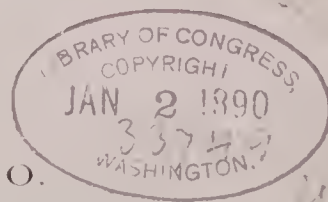
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BY

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P. W. ZIEGLER & CO.

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1889

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HOUSE AND HOME.

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THE HOUSEKEEPER AND THE HOME-MAKER.

THE country is full of housekeepers. Some are better than their fellows; some are worse. Every house in which fires are made, meals cooked and served, and people sleep, must have a keeper.

The only exception to this rule that has ever come under my personal observation was a certain old homestead tenanted by three sisters, a widow and two maiden ladies, with their bachelor brother. It was at the South in *ante bellum* days, and slaves lived in the kitchen and quarters. These cooked food by the quantity, when convenient, and deposited it in pantries and cellar. There were no fixed hours for going to bed or getting up, and no table was ever set. When sister or brother was hungry, she or he repaired to the cupboard, or foraged in the cellar and ate whatever came to hand. Sweeping, dusting and scrubbing were spasmodic and *very* occasional events. Sometimes, the beds were not made for several days, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for none of the white family to rise all day long, except to seek food. As they all were omnivorous readers, and even students, the story prevailed in the neighborhood that much learning had made them partially mad, and, although all lay down to sleep long ago in the bed that needs no re-making, and the old house was burned shortly

after the death of the last member of the queer quartette, the tradition of their eccentricities is still a county tale.

An overwhelming majority of the tenements built for human residence are kept after one fashion or another by women, and most of them are kept fairly well. That is, the inmates are clothed and fed decently and do not suffer unreasonably from cold and heat; the forms of cleaning and keeping clean are observed, and a few of the laws of health. The same may be said, with trifling variations, of an ant-hill or mole-burrow. The lowest form of human *living* is accomplished by her who is a Model Housekeeper—and nothing more. The interior of a bee-hive, a wasp's or hornet's nest better accomplishes the ends at which she aims,—perfection of neatness, order, and systematic working.

We all know The Model Housekeeper. She lives next door to some of us. We could wish her further for good reasons of our own. Besides being a descendant in the direct line of him who thanked God he was not as other men were, herself, her house and her ways are a continual discouragement to us. She is in no other sense than the accident of contiguity, what Mrs. Whitney calls our "Next." Her very door-knobs reproach us by their sparkle; her chairs never huddle together in the middle of the room, and a microscope could find not a grain of dust in the joints, or in the sharpest turn of the carvings. She dusts her ROOMS (pronounced in capitals) with her own hands, using, she tells you, Four Utensils for the purpose. No conscientious housekeeper can dust properly with less. No. 1, a wicker paddle that beats out the dust, without injury to plush or silk upholstery; No. 2, a pointed brush for boring into crevices and corners; No. 3, a fluffy bunch of feathers with which the dust is dislodged; No. 4, a soft cheese-cloth duster for wiping it off. This last is washed and dried every morning "*and generally ironed.*" She

has a way of announcing these supererogatory works of cleanliness that is a hot knitting needle in your guilty soul. When she tells you that every picture in her house is wiped off with a cloth every day except Sunday, and, once a week, taken down, that the back and cords and hooks may be carefully dusted; that she could not reconcile it to her conscience if all the plated and brass rings and handles upon her premises were not polished twice a week, and all the silver looked after every day; that every dish-towel and wash-cloth is inspected by her delicate fingers and nose daily, and that every closet passes under the same; that she could go at midnight to any drawer in any room of her house, and find without a light any article named; that she carries her lists of linen, china and glass "in her head," and defies any careless or dishonest "girl" to embezzle or fracture without speedy discovery, your heart, like Nabal's, dies within you, and you become as a stone for despairing impotency.

"I don't see how you find time for it all!" said a disheartened friend to The Model Housekeeper.

"By not wasting a minute, and by giving my whole time to my work!" rejoined The Model, glancing severely at a magazine laid upon the other's work-basket. "In My Opinion, domestic duties should have the first place in a woman's thoughts."

She was right. The only loop-hole of escape from her condemning sentence opens in the question: "What *are* domestic duties?"

"Have you read, 'Is Life Worth Living?'" asked a rosy-cheeked girl of a pale one in my presence.

"No, but I can answer the question. It is *not* worth living in our house. We are professional house-cleaners,—only we have no rest between seasons. When I get married I mean to revel in dust and disorder,—at least until the honeymoon is over."

Taking the liberty an old acquaintance might claim, of remarking upon the shining purity and absolute order of a country-house to the daughter of the hostess, I was shocked at the dark look that came over a young face which I had noted as weary to haggardness. She followed me to my room that night.

"Please don't praise my mother's housekeeping again!" she said bitterly. "Ours is the cleanest house in the township, but we pay well for it. It has driven my brothers from home to find comfort in disreputable haunts. It is driving me into my grave!"

That Model Housekeeper has now no drawback to the fulfillment of her "domestic duties." The boys will never again leave dusty footprints upon her polished floors, or wear a track down the middle of her stair-carpet when she has warned them a dozen times to go up one side and down the other. The daughter who once declared she would not know her own photograph unless it had a duster in its hand, no longer interferes with her parent's perfectly laid plans. There will be, in the days to come, no marks of grandbabies' fingers upon the mirrors and plate-glass windows.

Some of the most careless housekeepers I have ever known were born and brought up in the "cleanest houses in the township." The apprenticeship wrought out the determination to have homes of their own, and in the attempt, they strayed into the opposite extreme of negligence of everything but so-called "comfort."

It is possible to keep a house not wisely, but too well. She, whom those who appreciate this stigmatize as the "nasty-particular" house-wife, falls into selfish bigotry that swallows up consideration for other people's taste and convenience. Recipes for cookery and methods of work, and observance of times and seasons are formulated into an iron-clad routine stamped as "MY WAY." Intelligent system has elasticity when the pressure is removed. The oft-

quoted MY WAY of our Model Housekeeper requires a dynamite blast to stir it, and the fragments are dangerous.

No sensible person complains of a woman's love for, and pride in her Home. Such love and pride ennoble her. It is when she binds thought, strength and sentiment down to slavish toil, over and beyond the obligation to keep her house clean, comfortable and tasteful, that she comes short of the queenly office of Home-Maker. For, be it distinctly comprehended, our "nasty-particular" housewife does not slave herself and daughters to death for others' good. Husband and children would live as happily, die as peacefully and go to heaven as surely if the picture-cords and hooks were left undusted for six weeks at a time. It is but decent and wholesome to wipe the dust from tables and chairs, but one's spiritual status should not depend upon the daily use of the Four Utensils. An overlooked cobweb in the garret is a minor violation of the duty owed to God and man by comparison with rusted sympathies and Pharisaical condemnation of the publican woman who, standing afar off in the court littered with toys and books, her happy, boisterous children clinging to her skirts and climbing into her loving arms,—durst not lift up so much as her eyes toward the speckless abode ruled over by her sneering censor. Housekeepers may be hired. Home-Makers are won by no wages except love.

The Housekeeper says "My house," pridefully, arrogantly—sometimes, when her subjects are "difficult"—defiantly.

The Home-Maker talks with tender humility of "Our Home"—recognizing within the material structure, the building not made with hands, eternal in the hearts of those who have borne, each a share, in rearing and beautifying it.

If, in this, the last volume upon strictly domestic topics I shall give to the public for several years, I can lead my sister women to a higher plane of home-life and home-duties than they now

occupy, I shall feel that the mission to which I devoutly believe myself to be called, viz.: that of dignifying the so-called common-placeness of housewifely and maternal duties,—has been carried forward a generous step toward a glorious fulfillment.





IF NOT STRAW—STUBBLE.

WHILE there is scarcely a township or country neighborhood in the United States that has not felt, in some measure, the quickening of interest and endeavor in what is loosely termed "Household Decoration," there are thousands of homes that have undergone no visible change in consequence of it. With an inconsiderable minority of these, this is the result of indifference. The owners and tenants stand still upon one and a narrow platform. What was good enough for the fathers and mothers should satisfy the sons and daughters. Or, in honest contempt of æsthetic trumpery and distrust of innovations that menace what habit has made to be solid comfort for them, they set granite faces against the violent removal of ancient hall-marks of taste or usage.

These idiosyncrasies may account for perhaps one in forty of the commonplace, unattractive homes inhabited by fairly-educated native Americans. How well we all know such abodes! They are melancholy enough in the country, but that interior is not entirely uninteresting from which open doors and windows give views of curving hills and winding streams, billowy forest and draping vines. That rural housefitters and keepers do not draw in appreciation of the laws of beauty at the pores is one of the anomalies

of civilization. In the city we have rows, blocks, streetsfull of "specimens"—ugly, uncompromising, hopeless, in the desolation of respectability. Buildings that were thoroughly and substantially furnished when the proprietors went to housekeeping, usually by the wife's parents, or when the thrifty owner recognized the fact of substantial citizenship by buying and fitting up (substantially) No. 10 of the substantial three-story brick block in a healthy and eligible location. He settled within the stanch walls (24 feet front in the clear), with the intention of passing the rest of his days there, and dying in the nest he had builded. To him the glaring efflorescence of the body-Brussels, the square piano, covered by a green cloth embroidered in yellow silks, the crimson reps upholstery, faded into lurid dinginess, of the pair of sofas, the pair of marble-topped tables, the dozen chairs to match the sofas, the what-not—all in solid black walnut—the pair of portraits of self and wife, the pair of oil-color landscapes bought at an auction to fill two vacant spaces on the wall, the gilded clock and pair of white-and-gilt vases on the mantel, the gilded chandeliers and cut-glass globes, are, one and all, so entirely and altogether "the genteel thing," that the thought of change never approaches his imagination. If he notices that other parlors are furnished differently, he draws a comparison in favor of his, as the lover of plain roast and boiled repudiates entrees and garnishes.

Honest John is consistent so far as his lights go. He craves no different disposition of the furniture of office or counting room, sits in the same chair, and writes at the same desk he used thirty years ago. The best men comprehend so imperfectly what her house is to a woman, that nobody thinks of addressing domestic talk to them. It is from no want of love for his wife and desire to please his daughters, that the wine of John's contentment settles upon its lees, and, when shaken, grows muddy.

I wonder, sometimes, if husband and wife ever talk a thing out as two men, and (more rarely) as two women do. The realm of feeling lies with them so dangerously near that of sense that the wife is almost certain to pass the frontier before the conference has lasted five minutes. If she could but once drill into his mind, by the regulation argument, the truth that what business methods, business profits, business reputation are to him, house-keeping and home-making are to her, her point would be gained, and forever. Failing this, she flies into the face of his prejudices and runs the house to suit herself, or accomplishes changes strategically. If she is too pacific for one course, too upright for the other, things remain as they were from the beginning.

Sometimes,—and this is the posture of affairs we assume in the present paper—honest John is amiably indifferent as to the appointments of the edifice in which he takes his meals and sleeps, provided he is well fed and lodged, and “Mother’s” whimsies do not involve a hard pull upon his pocket. She is welcome to make the furniture dance all over the house if she goes in for that sort of amusement, but he will not pay the piper if his bill is heavy.

Our house-wife perceives a certain reasonableness in his objections. Still, having eyes, she sees; having intellect and taste, she learns. If she has not kept pace with the march of improvement, she is not so far behind as to lose the echo of her flying footsteps. She knows as well as do you, æsthetic and wondering visitor, that reps and hair-cloth were never pretty, and have now gone out completely. The sprawling garlands of the body-Brussels, the pairs of everything else may offend your eye. They are a grief of soul to her. She “just hates” the lambrequins overhanging the Holland shades,—one large scollop in the middle, a small scollop on each side, a tassel dependent from the plumb center of the middle and biggest bulge. In sheer desperation she is sometimes

tempted to throw the dozen chairs frantically at the piano that has stood in the same place for seventeen years. She loves beauty,—does this quiet-eyed woman—and would express love and longing by visible signs if she had the means with which to do it.

Casting about for these as a vine sends out filaments, she has fastened upon sundry charmingly-written manuals for house-furnishing and woman's part in the same, and has been sunk into foggier depths. What is it to her that carved wood mantels, with beveled mirrors at the back, tiers of shelves at the sides and painted tiles below, display treasures of bric-a-brac and ceramic art? That a "crimson carpet of very small pattern, in two or three soft shades is very pretty, particularly if the paper be pale pink or cream-color with corner lines of crimson in it?" That "with this carpet, the furniture-covering should be ashes of roses, ornamented with crimson fringe, the sofas of divan shape, well stuffed, with no wood-work visible?" With augmented anguish of despair, she reads, that "a portiere of pale resedas serge, bordered with brown velvet, has a deep dado of the same velvet, and is embroidered in crewels with reeds, grasses and pale-hued swamp-flowers springing from the dado." *

"As when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

The appointments of her pair of parlors are incontrovertible facts of which she cannot get rid,—ugly, inharmonious, irretrievable, but hers and *here*. Carpets, wall-paper, solid furniture, chosen, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding-gown, for qualities that will wear, are more odious for the dreams of beauty evoked by the reading from which we have quoted.

It was characteristic of Israelitish thrift that some of the captives who were ordered to furnish the tale of bricks when straw

* Literal quotation.

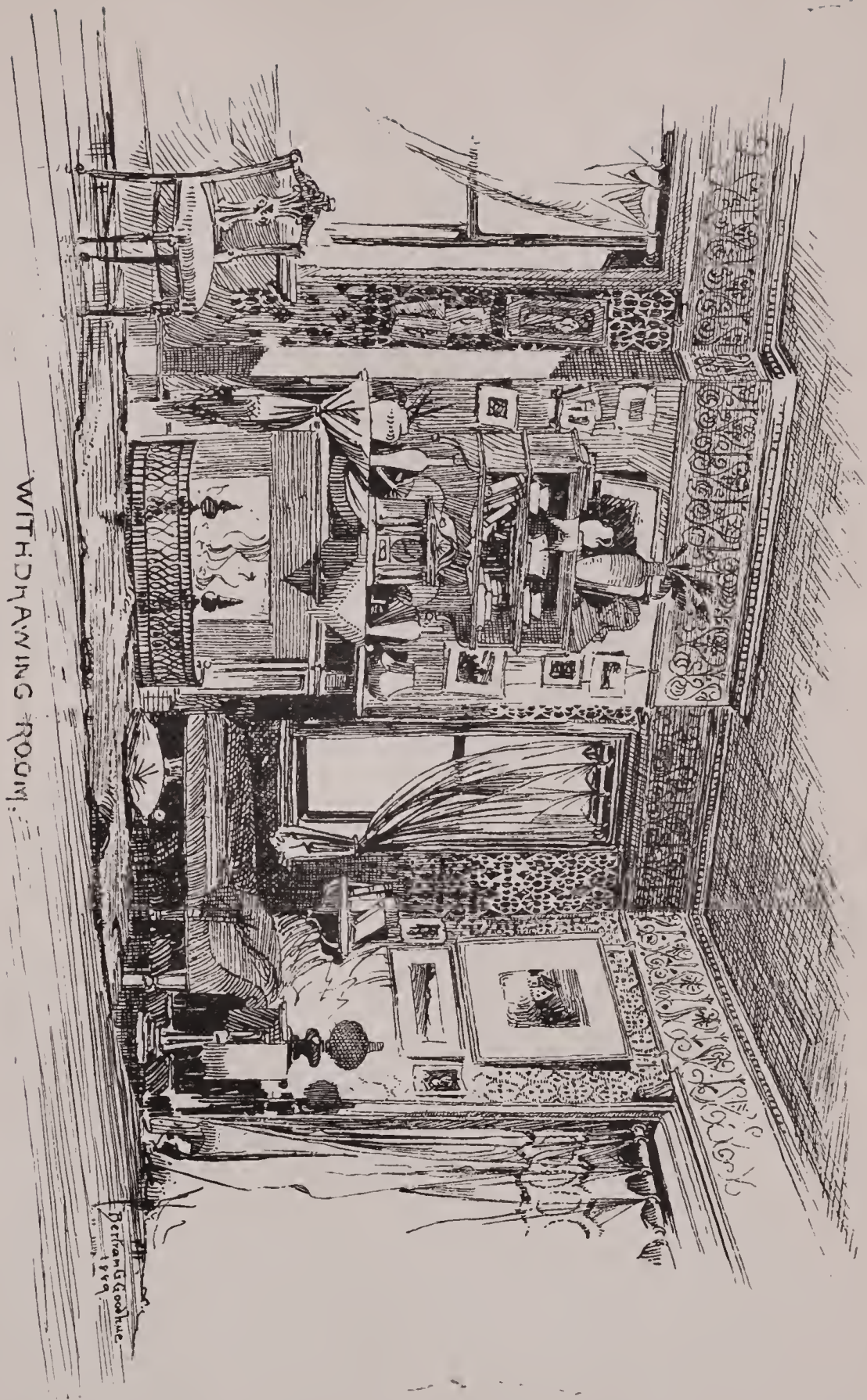
was withheld, betook themselves to reaped fields to gather stubble as a substitute. Their example may revive the courage of the housewife who has made up her mind that "there is no use trying" to alter the aspects of her surroundings.

We will begin, if you please, with the back parlor. As a keynote, drop from your mental vocabulary that misused word "parlor." To yourself, speak of both apartments as drawing-rooms; of the inner, as a "withdrawing room." Pull out the flat, severe summer front and make a hearth for the room by inserting a grate, or arrange, if you dare, the very much better fire-place for burning wood. If you can lay hold of a pair of old brass andirons, you have a prize. But neat, and not expensive ones can be bought of a hardware merchant. The chimney may be shallow, but it will probably "draw" well. At any rate, try the experiment of kindling a fire within it. Set a fender in front of it, and before that a rug. Avoid imitations of Turkish or Persian manufactures. If you cannot pay from eighteen to thirty dollars for a small, genuine article, choose one from Lowell looms, small of figure, modest in hue. If you can afford neither, just now—wait. The looking forward to better and better things is one of the many privileges people of moderate means enjoy above those who can buy whatever they want, whenever they like.

Ask John boldly if he will let you have the Mortuary Memorial Mantels painted to match the wood work of the room. If the latter is white, let the marble be ebonized. Should he object decidedly (as he probably will) to "have so handsome an article ruined," do your best to hide it, or to shade the white stare at that side of the apartment. Have a board made of the size and shape of the mantelshelf and cover it yourself with felt (two yards wide, \$1.37 per yard). Select the color advisedly, consulting the fixed conditions of your field. It is almost certain that the present complexion will need

toning down. To this end, you will choose olive or old gold, or gold-brown, or some other of the soft subduednesses dear to the eye of artists. Tack along the outer edge, with brass-headed nails, a felt lambrequin, trimmed with plush of a warmer and good contrasting color, with long scarf-like ends to conceal the upright shafts which are the ghastliest part of the construction. At the back of the mantel set three shelves, shorter than the felt-covered board by a foot. A carpenter will make them for you of hard wood, red cherry, ash or walnut, at one-third of a cabinet-maker's prices. Ebonized pine is cheap and not bad. Behind them tack velveteen of only fair quality, in color matching the plush trimmings of the lambrequins, to throw into relief the mantel arrangements. Let these be simple in form, and not crowded as to room. Bits of old china, Japanese jars, loose photographs, an odd-shaped bird's nest pinned against the velveteen; on the uppermost shelf a good plaster bust, and a slender vase with one, or at most two peacock feathers drooping towards the bust—set on such trifles as these as irregularly as possible, nothing balancing anything else, and no one prominent object exactly in the middle of the shelf. One of your objects is to break up the pairing system.

Taking the fire-place as the heart of the design, we will humor the fancy by considering the draping, shelves, fender and rug as the pericardium, and work outward. Direct your carpenter to make breast-high shelves, five or six in number, for the recess on each side of the chimney, tack notched morocco two inches deep,—dark green, red or leather-colored—on the edges of the shelves with brass-headed nails; cover the topmost shelf with felt like that on the mantel, and fill all with the family library. The top gives standing-room for easeled photographs, statuettes, ink-stand, portfolios and the like. Family portraits are less out of taste in a library or living room than in a place where you receive general



WITHDRAWING ROOM.

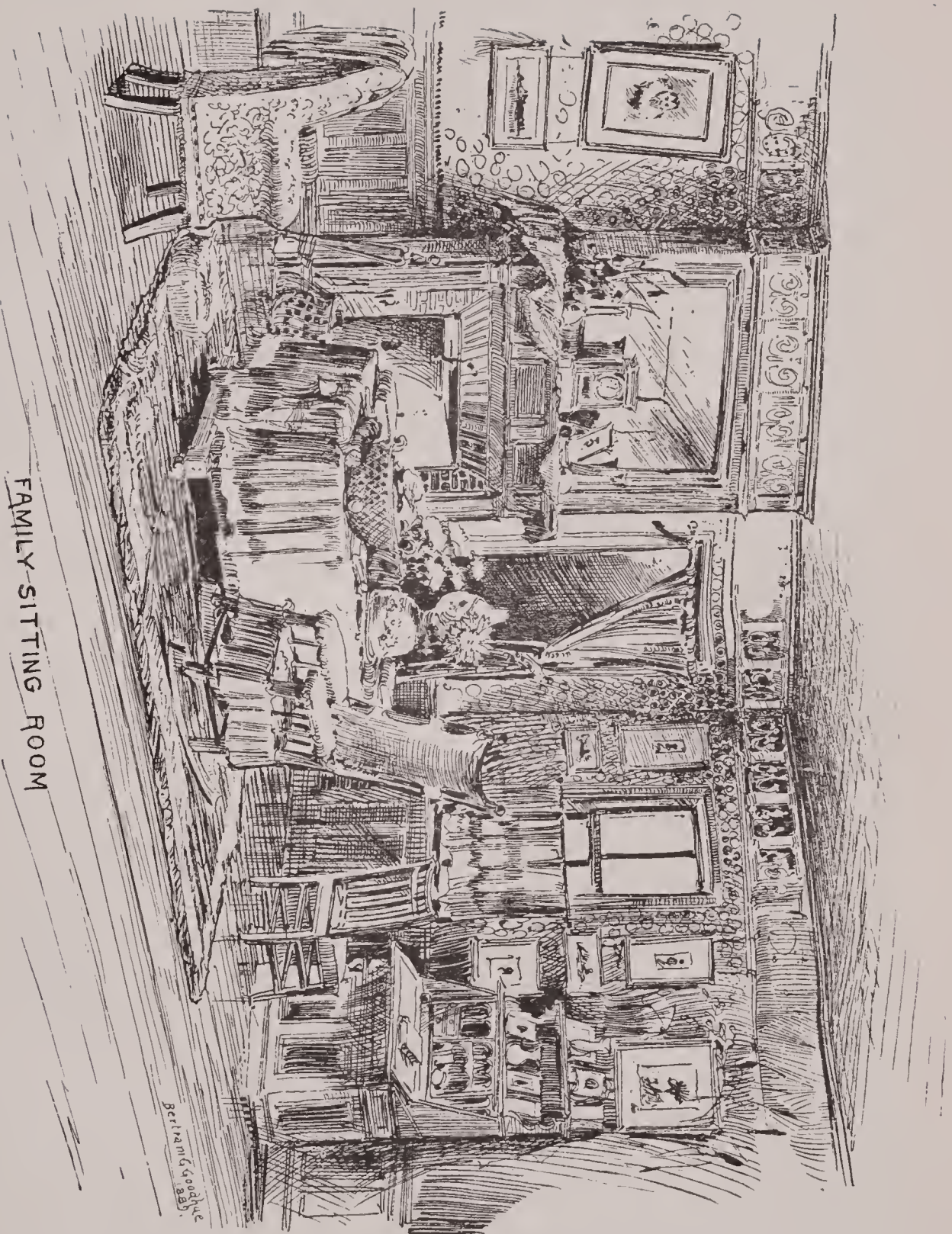
Bentham & Goodhue
1869

visitors, therefore, bring your's and John's in here, and hang above the book shelves. A loose fold of Japanese drapery (60 cents a yard) cast over a corner of the gilt frame will dignify a common picture, and bring out the best points of a good one. Break up sharp rectangles by such ingenious devices whenever you can do it without artistic affectations.

Now for the table with the horizontal slab, inviting obituary record of the death by slow torture of the twins, Comfort and Elegance. In a front parlor a center-table is a solecism. There is no reason why it should stand under the chandelier, since nobody ever sits there to read or write, and every reason why it should be wheeled to one side, or a corner of the apartment, to be out of the way of the entering or retiring guests. But in our withdrawing-room, it symbolizes family concentration, conference, cheer. Cover it with a cloth that will hang low on every side. Should you have to make one, let it be of felt like that you have already used, with a band of the contrasting plush set on about six inches above the edge. I hope you have a reading lamp. There is one in nearly every house now-a-days. Hang on the porcelain or glass shade a banner screen, or a tissue-paper rose or sunflower, to shield the eyes of worker and reader, and set the lamp invitingly nearer one side of the table than the other, where it will mean something. In the middle it is almost expressionless. Scatter around it books that are readable and have been read. The used covers invite the handling of other fingers. A work basket, a glimpse of bright crewels at the mouth of a pretty work bag, a bit of incomplete embroidery, are suggestive, and help to individualize your territory. If practicable, have the piano in here, too, at the back of the room opposite the fire, and open it in the evenings. Send four or five of the solid first inhabitants in reps and walnut into the other room to fill the place vacated by the instrument, and substitute

for them three lacquered reception chairs and a straw chair or two. You can buy these last for three dollars apiece; ebonize or stain them brown yourself—any paint store will furnish the bottles of staining liquid. Tie into the seats cushions of gayly colored stuff; make a much bigger cushion of a confiscated pillow, cover with a stouter fabric—a remnant of momie cloth or turcoman—and lay it on the corner of the rug. Throw an afghan or shawl, the larger the better, over the arm of the sofa, and pull it away from the wall at the further end in recognition of the fire-place. The drooping fringes of the wrap will go far toward correcting the obdurate expression of the behemoth. Perhaps no one will throw himself there to rest while his wife reads aloud by the evening lamp, or his daughter draws lulling music from the piano; but the altered angle of the sofa, the waiting afghan, lend a touch of human interest to the arrangement.

Hang scrim or madras curtains under the lambrequins and over the linen shades of the windows; a felt *portiere* with a broad plush band, eighteen inches from the bottom, from pole and rings in the folding doorway. Or, this may be of momie cloth, serge, or some other of the many cheap and effective stuffs sold for such purposes. Buy a bamboo easel for \$5, or show the carpenter how to make one of pine, and have it ebonized, with lines of gilt or scarlet relieving the black. This will cost about \$3.50. Excellent reproductions of fine engravings by the heliotype and autotype processes are sold for from fifty cents to one dollar apiece, and can be simply framed for another dollar. Send to an art-store for a catalogue, and select one or more to fill the easel. A palm in the latticed flower pot in the back window most remote from the fire, a box of ivy in the corner, are points of cheer in winter time. If you can re-cover an old arm chair that belonged to your grandmother, and turn it socially inward toward the table, you



FAMILY SITTING ROOM

Bettam & Goodhue
1887.

will need little beyond what we have enumerated to make your withdrawing room worthy of the name.

Having furnished it, *live* in it. The cost of the additions I have sketched may be covered by perhaps fifty dollars. The home-air and the flavor and light of the PRESENCE that come from the habitual occupation of an apartment by the people who accord with and enjoy its appointments, cannot be purchased with money.

Abjure tawdry decoration and imitations in the shape of worsted anti-macassars, lamp-mats and wax-work. Japanese art provides many charming articles of use and luxury. The wash-pongees from the same country, when outlined in fantastic designs in colored silks, make such serviceable tidies and screens that you waste time and eyesight in cross-stitch and crochet.

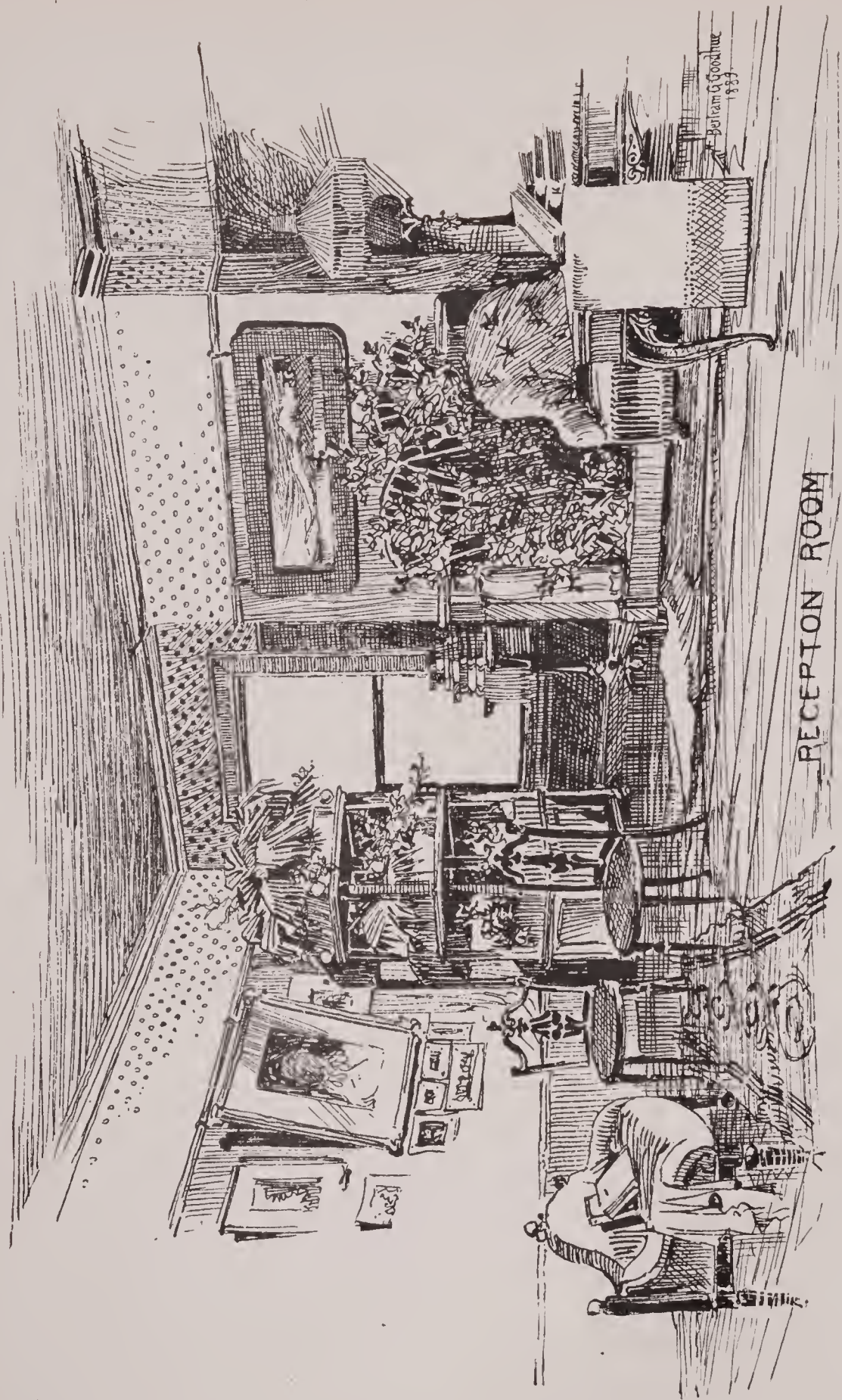
A word as to wall paper. I am afraid this is as sore a cross to you as the *parterre* of the body-Brussels, and that the two (the phrase is technical) "swear at one another." Study combinations and contrasts of color that you may hit upon one which will bridge the chasm in selecting the *portiere* and other draperies, and further distract attention from the disagreement by trophies of Japanese fans, and, here and there, a Japanese banner hung within some disheartening stretch of glare and ugliness.

A pleading voice over my shoulder says: "But the front room, which looks all the worse by contrast with the other?"

I have taken for granted the hypothesis that few of the great and influential middle class who study this chapter with a desire to put their teachings into practical operation, care to disfurnish and refurnish their houses, or even a suite of rooms,—if, indeed, they could afford to do this. Your motto, my inquiring friend, should be, "Strengthen the things that remain." You have wrought to little purpose in the home-nest you have built in the inner room if the taste and ingenuity therein displayed do not steal, like a mign-

onette breath, across the threshold. Until you can spare more money (one dress the less per annum will do it) for carrying on the good work, devise inexpensive expedients for bringing the two apartments into harmony, the one with the other. A trail of German ivy wandering over the rigid lines of the "what-not," or the conversion of the whole structure into a flower-stand set intrepidly before a window; a low trellis of hardier English ivy concealing the summer-front and breaking the effect of the white marble; the falling into conversational groups of the chairs; the diagonal advance of the sofa across one corner, and of the table in another, a worked scarf cast athwart the top of the latter article of furniture; a miniature fernery on the table or one end of mantel; books—always such as people like to look at and read—within reach of the hand of the visitor who is kept waiting for a few minutes; unframed photographs pinned up under larger pictures, a mantel-scarf,—any, or all of these accessories to more substantial plenishing, will refresh the eye and stay your soul with the promise of better things. As a parting hint,—keep the furniture away from the wall. Imagine your rooms inhabited by a merry, moving company of people, and dispose the inanimate contents to suit their convenience and pleasure.





RECEPTION ROOM



THE DINING-ROOM, MEALS AND SERVING.

AN ingenious architect, some dozen years ago, built a block of city houses on a plan which, he fondly assumed, would in time revolutionize the present order of homestead interiors.

Kitchen, laundry and store-room were in the topmost story ; next, came servants' dormitories ; then, those of the family—dining-room, parlors, library, etc., being on the first and second floors. There would be no effluvia of suds, no odor of cookery in the living and show apartments ; the refined colloquy of the drawing-room would not be broken in upon by Milesian jargonizing, or the chant shrilled by Dinah, accompanied by the castanets of rattling dishes, the thump of pots and kettles. Scents and sounds would be borne in a direction in which the man in the moon was the householder's nearest neighbor. Provisions and laborers were to be hoisted to working-day precincts by an elevator. Below this torrid zone would reign the calm of a land where it is always afternoon.

From an æsthetic standpoint, the theory was flawless. As a legislative experiment, it never passed the lower house. And, for once, mistress and maid were of the same mind. The one protested against the climb of three stories whenever she wished to issue an order or to inspect the work in hand ; against the transportation of

barrels of groceries and the passage of meddling Bridgets and thievish Mikes through the heart of her castle on the pretext of calling upon their "frinds." The maid howled at the barbarity of forcing a "gurrel" to risk her life forty times a day in a "murdering dumb waiter," or to run down twice forty stairs whenever the door bell rang. But the fatal defect, it was agreed, was the difficulty of carrying coal by the dozen tons to a fourth-story bin.

After half a year of ineffectual advertisement and exhibition, the benevolent theorist turned his houses upside down, and is still, for aught I know to the contrary, awaiting the millenium of exalted ideals, and the custom of cooking by cleanly gas and imponderable electricity. Until that day, the kitchen must remain, for convenience sake, the lower prop of the household. It goes without saying, that when the size of the lot will permit, it should be a wing, or a rear extension of the main building, and never located in the cellar. It is as needless to state that in most city houses the kitchen is partly below the level of the street. I wish I were not obliged to add—and the dining-room on a level with the kitchen. Three times a day, hundreds and thousands of families plunge down straight gangways into genteel tanks, more or less chill and dark, to go through—perfunctorily—the business of eating and drinking.

Basket-beggars flatten their noses against the panes, one-armed women, and men with no legs to speak of, sue for alms between the area rails; the soap-fat vender, the butcher's boy, the swill-barrow—form a goodly procession before the eyes of hosts and guests. When we are bent upon privacy or festivity, we bar the shutters and light the gas.

There is no temptation to linger in what we may designate as the hold of our domestic craft when we have met the stomach's demands. This duty done, we speed back to free air and sunlight,

glad to escape from the cave where steams exhale and smells cling almost as continuously as in the adjacent kitchen, and one is never free from the jar of culinary machinery.

My heart smites me even as I write, and the remembrance of many among those to whom these friendly talks are dedicated—generous, beauty-loving souls—who are not likely to taste or to administer other than subterranean hospitality in the whole period of their natural (or unnatural) lives. I hasten to say that, still working along the vein uncovered in our second chapter, this chapter is prepared with express reference to those who must make the best of what *is*.

If your basement eating-room is an established fact, accept and ameliorate the position. In most of the dwellings of a most respectable class of householders, it is not only the least pleasant for situation of all the chambers designed for human residents, but likewise the dingiest. Close proximity to the kitchen may have something to do with the degradation of what should be seemly and honorable. Our forefathers, who consumed their food within arm's length of the stove on which it was cooked, "ate to live"—thrusting their knives down their throats to effect the safe conveyance of their victuals. There was no pretence of regarding a meal as a graceful ceremony.

Yet this is what it should be.

"If I could but talk as you do!" exclaimed an artist to a brilliant *raconteur*. "Ideas struggle weakly to my tongue and die in the birth. And, because I am dumb, I must resign myself to pass for a fool when compared with men who know no more than I!"

For answer, the friend drew a loose sheet of paper from under the dumb man's hand. While listening, the artist had sketched the story the telling of which had moved him to envy. Not a line was forceless, but there were in the rapid lining exquisite tenderness

and delicacy which were his rendering of the tale—not the narrator's.

“This,” said the generous critic, holding it up to the view of the company—“is *visible thought*! Every rational being has some mode of expression, although many never find out what theirs is.”

Every woman who has won any measure, however slight, of public recognition of her talent as author or artist, is besieged by letters and personal applications, having for their burden one query:

“Our lives are hard and homely,” these say in effect; “By the dissatisfaction we feel in these, we know ourselves to be capable of higher things. Tell us how to make life beautiful, and show each of us what is her mission.”

It is not dumb poets only who “feel like a seed in the cold earth, quickening at heart, and pining for the air.” Others, besides mute, inglorious Miltons,

* * * “never sing,
But die with all their music in them.”

These obscure women's lives are as much to them as was Elizabeth Tudor's to her. They are as truly given of God as was a de Stael's, or a Clotilda Tambroni's,—talents for which He will demand interest. Is it wiser for them to expend strength and time in piteous whines at the cruelty of fate or to glorify commonness, and make aids for the upward growth of the thorns in the hedges that seem to shut them in?

There is a lesson for the discouraged house-mother,—sick, she believes, unto intellectual death—in the infinite pains and skill with which Trenck, the most accomplished man of his day,—robbed of liberty, fortune and betrothed,—etched on the tin cups in which water was served to him in prison, stories of his sorrow and of his love that made artistic gems of the mean pannikins.



Too many women (and men) mistake for repressed genius the vague unrest which is the soul's response to another's poem, essay, or novel. Your appreciation of a noble utterance is not a guarantee that you could, in the most favorable circumstances, say the same thing, or anything one-half so good.

This is not didacticism, but practical philosophy.

What has this preamble to do with basement dining-rooms?

With dining-rooms, much,—with basements, somewhat. Rebel as we may at the minuteness of the line-upon-line which is our appointed work, refuse as we often do, to see the significance of stitch after stitch, and one short step at a time, all these things are a parable unto us, and of the Master's giving.

Suffer one more illustration—a pendant, if you like, to the picture of Trenck in the dungeon.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, sitting up until three o'clock, A. M., awaiting the arising of her trial loaf of bread, and sobbing out her sense of "forlornness and *degradation*," suddenly remembers Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his statue of Perseus in the furnace, and asks herself: "After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his patience, his energy, his resource, were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtock, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, all these same qualities would have come out more fully in a *good* loaf of bread." That which came to spirited Jane by fits and starts, do you, her trans-Atlantic sister, take as a rule of daily thinking and daily living. Assuming that our eating-room is the duty nearest your hand at present, let all the light that you can get flow into it, and in a double sense. Instead of deciding

that the carpet condemned as too faded for back parlor or guest chamber is good enough for a basement, that out-of-date ornaments and discarded chromos and shabby furniture are here in place and keeping, do not esteem it beneath your dignity and above the occasion to make the apartment as attractive as is consonant with the means at your command. Especially, individualize it into something better than such a sordid eating-place as may be found in a thousand second-rate boarding-houses. While it is not parlor or boudoir, in which to lounge away the intervening hours of the tri-daily meals, it should become a rendezvous to which the several members of the household shall anticipate return at appointed seasons with higher pleasure than that begotten by animal appetite.

Of course, the central and handsomest article of furniture must be the table. If you cannot afford fine china, pretty glass and solid silver spoons and forks, because your parlor must be as elegant as your neighbor's, tone down the elegance of the quarters fitted up for the inspection of outsiders, in order to bring *up* the tone of that which, more than any other single feature of housekeeping tends to make the abode, HOME, for a majority of those to whom your most zealous service is due. Just taste decries glaring incongruity in velvet coverings and hangings in the showrooms, and tawdry plated ware, coarse crockery and napery on the family board. When the table, thus furnished, is surrounded by wife and daughters expensively attired in the reigning mode, the contrast is yet more disagreeable. If your servants handle breakfast and tea things rudely and cannot be taught better, take charge of them in person rather than vulgarize your children's manners and taste by accustoming them to the habitual use of things "that cannot be hurt." My observation and experience go to prove that dainty wares prized openly and even affectionately by a mistress, are almost sure to meet with delicate usage from hirelings. Let them

comprehend that while you hold these in esteem commensurate with their value, you give of your best to those you love best.

Children are yet more easily trained into appreciation of the choice appointments of the table. The daily use of them is an object-lesson, inculcating the truth that, joined to the feminine passion for the fragile store is fonder devotion for those in whose service they are risked. In some subtle way the child respects himself the more, behaves the better, because his mother treats him as other fellows' mothers treat company. He is more apt to sip noiselessly from a cut-glass goblet or a china cup than from a vessel that recalls the witty traveler's complaint of a hotel coffee cup:

"It is like trying to drink over the edge of a stone wall!"

To touch the fair array with unwashed hands soon stands with the boy as profanation. Laugh though we do at Angelina's adjuration to Alphonso in displaying her purchase of an "old blue" teapot—"Oh, do let us try to live up to it!"—there is a grain of reason in it. Avail yourself, without scruple, of every such crumb of refining leaven. So long as you can obtain flowers, never set the table without a bowl or vase of them in the middle of the cloth, or near John's plate. Your girls and boys will soon get the habit of seeking buds, grasses, autumn leaves, etc., as seasons change and serve, thus relieving you of serious thought on the subject, and reducing the expense to a minimum.

In nothing express yourself with more distinctness than in the maintenance of a certain state in the serving and in the partaking of family meals. Drill servants patiently in decorous forms of supplying the wants of those who are seated. As patiently exact from each of the latter as much propriety of demeanor as if a duchess presided at the head of the table, instead of the hard-worked woman who has caught no glimpse of a higher mission than this

stitch-line-and-step existence. Magnify your office, and never fear lest you may not rise with it.

Much of the slovenly serving and free-and-easy table manners conspicuous in households where we have a right to look for better things, is due to the circumstance that but one servant—perhaps none—was kept by the mother in the earlier years of her married life. By the time she could afford to hire “a girl,” the domestic routine was established. Hence it is that “father” digs, if his carver be sharp, slashes, if it be dull, into the mountainous roast in front of him; plunges a spoon into potato, or bean, or turnip dish to the right and left; deposits a share of each edible on the receptacle he is loading, and when it is teeming to the uttermost edge, stretches his arm to its full length to thump the mess at the owner’s place. He goes through the de-appetizing performance with grim dexterity acquired by long practice and the celerity of a ravenous man whose turn always comes last. Peas, beans, apple and cranberry sauce, cabbage, tomatoes, green corn—whatever is sweet or succulent—are dispensed in the saucerlings indigenous to provincial America, which environ the major trencher as moons attend a planet.

Vulgar profusion, rapidly distributed, and disposed of with a certain “quick-or-you-will-miss-it” liveliness, are the only rules that govern such “feeds.” Young children enjoy the license to satisfy hunger in animal fashion, and, it may be added, often carry through life the uncomely tricks thus contracted. As the girls grow into womanhood, and become conversant with the customs of polite society, they sigh that “we do not live as decent people do.” College sons draw down the thunders of paternal ire by sneers at the “scramble for grub,” and do not affect to conceal that they are ashamed of home and the parents to whom they are indebted for

the education that has revealed to themselves the blemishes in their early breeding.

"Mothers over fifty years old are a nuisance and ought to be abated by law," I heard a worthy, and, not an illiterate woman say when it was forced upon her that her brood had grown away from her. "They have no right to live after their children are able to take care of themselves and to despise the ways in which they were brought up. Not that I would'nt alter things to suit them, even at my age, if I could. But Father is a hopeless subject. Somehow, men settle down harder than we do. He says that he left school forty years ago, and is'nt going to enter again, now. I'm afraid"—with a sort 'of weary wistfulness that went to my heart—"the mistake was mine. It didn't seem worth while to be particular about the little matters which I see now, when it is too late to correct mistakes, were not trifles."

One simple and excellent measure towards the avoidance of stubborn "settling" in the matter of table etiquette is to train children to act as waiters when there is no servant to fulfill the duties of that office. The mother should keep herself informed as far as possible, as to the latest and best methods of setting and serving the table, and interest her assistants in carrying these into practice in her modest *menage*, each of the juniors taking his or her turn, according to a system of rotation arranged by her. Little girls, in particular, take eager delight in such details and pride in acting their parts well, but you should not, on this account, excuse the boys from their apprenticeship. They will make more considerate sons, brothers, and husbands for this bit of experimental knowledge of housewifery. Such service and the amicable emulation growing out of it when the business is transacted with spirit, help educate children by overcoming the bashfulness arising from self-consciousness, and by engendering the habit of courteous attention to the

wants of others. Your daughter will better conduct the affairs of the handsome establishment which may be hers, some day, for the practice she has had in a subordinate position. It will not derogate from your boy's manliness that he can pass a plate without emptying the contents into his neighbor's lap, fill a tumbler without slopping the water over the cloth, and even brandish a crumb-scraper with the address of a "professional."

When your aids are amateurs, or when a maid of all work must be summoned by the call-bell from the kitchen or attic to shift the courses, it is advisable to set the dishes of vegetables as well as meat, bread-tray, butter and whatever else is needed for the course in progress, on the table. In these circumstances, let the person nearest a side dish do the honors of the same, "helping" it out neatly and judiciously. Most regularly trained waiters, in this day, prefer to pass entrees and, indeed nearly everything else, from the side-board. The method involves less reaching over and between those who are seated, and fewer circuits on the part of the official on duty.

As a rule of wide and general application,—do not be afraid of innovations. The world in which we live is learning new and easier ways of doing old things every day. If there is a better rule by which to order your labor than the one taught to you by your mother, you do not dishonor her memory in adopting it. People are as virtuous and healthy now as before telephones and potato-peelers were invented, and when four-tined forks were unknown except in the mansions of "the quality." Nevertheless, consider the reluctance of the mind masculine to receive an untried system, the slowness with which it—in common with other great natural forces—adjusts itself to change, and introduce improvements tactfully. For—John—let it never be forgotten,—is not only a vertebrate animal and a fellow creature—but he is—JOHN!



• EVERY DAY SERVICE •

THE DINING-ROOM, MEALS AND SERVING. 47

Home, with its inmates, is your world—your canvas—your sculptor's clay. It may be only a tin cup in the eyes of strangers. Let the etching be clear, and the design an expression of yourself at your worthiest—what you *would be*, rather than what you *are*.

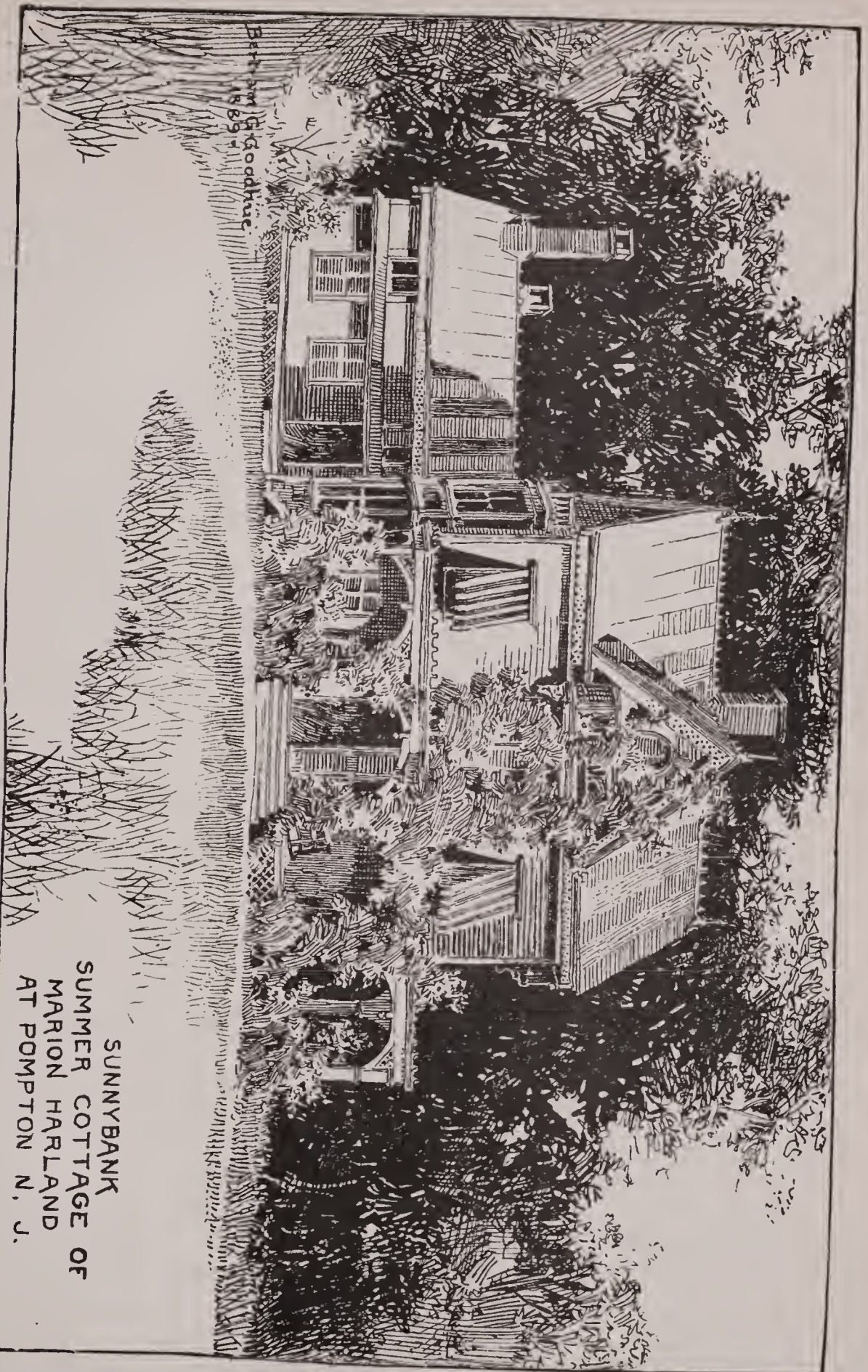




COTTAGE-FURNISHING.

TO the word "cottage," in this connection, is to be applied the first definition set over against it in Webster:—"A small habitation." It does not, in our hands, mean a suburban villa, trebly-storied, with far-spreading roofs and towers flanked by conservatories, and stabling for twenty horses. Nor a Queen Anne mansion (pronounced by the mistress, as the supreme touch of æsthetic mincingness—"An-ne,") breaking up with hyphen-like suddenness, the continuity of a city block,—a thing of buttresses and gables; amazing corners and carving, painted windows and fabulous cost. Nor should the word necessarily suggest the American rendering of the modern ornate in cottage-building for the million, as exhibited in town and hamlet and isolated farmstead. Homes where the unexpected runs riot in staircases, bulging windows, balconies and audacious flights of color. It is easy to make the interior of such habitations picturesque. It is as frequently impossible to introduce real comfort into the irregularly-shaped cupboards marked in the plan as chambers—sometimes, in sarcastic courtesy, as "living rooms." Our cottage may be rectangular in form, and the divisions of the interior commonplace to ugliness. I am afraid the inside walls are kalsomined, and it may even be that the exterior is painted white with green blinds. Why people who

SUNNYBANK
SUMMER COTTAGE OF
MARION HARLAND
AT POMPTON N. J.



have eyes to be blinded, if not taste capable of taking offense, should have persisted during eight generations, in rearing these obtrusive constructions under sapphire skies and amid groves of vividest verdure, is beyond the comprehension of the lover of true harmony. It is yet more strange that the white, glaring walls dotted with unsympathetic green should be chiefly affected in the regions where forests are leafless for half the year, and the heavens pale as from the reflection of the snow-shrouded earth. Let this pass for the present. We are learning and practising better things.

One of the new lessons we will take as the starting point and controlling tint of our cottage furnishing. We are forgetting as fast as is consistent with the adhesive properties of prejudice, the tenet that, in the matter of upholstery, "heavy" and "handsome" are synonyms. Mahogany has refused to be driven from the field, although pressed hard by red cherry, but hair-cloth has for a season—we would fain hope, forever—bidden the world of fashion farewell. The bedstead, uncompromising, yet indispensable obstacle to the graceful negligence with which we would like to dispose our furniture in upper rooms, is lighter every year, and ambles from wall to wall at the housewife's will, more readily than our grandmother's arm-chair ever moved, even at the semi-annual house-cleaning. Our cottager will practically exscind the adjectives "massive" and "rich" from her vocabulary. They throw everything out of joint, and become her modest plenishing as ill as a remnant of her mother's brown satin brocade would accord with the plump prettiness of the wearer were it made into a slip for the cottager's baby.

To begin with the floors;—respectable manuals of economy and sanitary tirades to the contrary notwithstanding—the practical housewife who keeps but one maid-of-all-work (and that one, as likely as not, herself) shakes her head doubtfully over the recom-

mendation of hard wood or painted floors all over the house. The former require careful treatment and much polishing to keep them in really excellent order. A scratch from a chair roughly pushed back is a blemish not easily removed; the gradual grind and grime of passing feet into the grain of the wood are a defacement which, in time, involves the necessity of planing, or rubbing down with sandpaper. Unless properly treated from the first, they are a grievance to eye and spirit.

But hard wood floors are seldom seen in cheap houses, built for sale or rent. The floors in your habitation are probably of pine, the boards of unequal length, the cracks between them wide. You can fill the fissures with putty, and by applying several coats of paint, obtain a smooth surface.

Our sanitarian says, "Having done this, lay down rugs here and there, which may be shaken every day."

Unquestionably, a carpet that is not swept and dusted several times a week is the least cleanly of floor coverings. There is as little question that painted floors must be dusted daily and washed weekly—oftener, if the apartment be in daily family use. In the kitchen a painted floor is almost a necessity, and the stated scrubbing is taken into consideration in the appointment of the week's work. When the sum of this task is multiplied by the number of rooms in your house, the outlook is disheartening. Before offering a solution to the difficulty, let us have a word more together touching carpets.

For many years the array of tawdry lengths of carpeting that hang with a sort of nightmare tapestry at the fronts of "bargain shops," was an inscrutable enigma to me. Somebody must buy them, or the display would not be perennial and the exhibitors still hopeful. "What manner of men and women deliberately select and pay current coin for the pendant horrors?" is a riddle that

may well nonplus a Grand Street or Bowery Œdipus. Much survey of country taverns and third-rate city hotels helps one to account for a majority of these mysterious disappearances. "Smart" cottages, farm houses and flats are responsible for the rest. It is not many months since I was taken by a thrifty farmeress out of the "living room," where a small figured ingrain carpet of subdued colors harmonized with her and the well-saved furniture, across a hall to a locked door. Turning the key, the good woman threw it open with an air Mrs. Pullet could not have outdone when heading the procession bound upon the memorable pilgrimage to view the new bonnet kept in the locked drawer of the locked wardrobe of the best spare bedroom—also locked.

"I wanted you should see our new parlor carpet," said my guide, hastening to uncloset the shutters, then tip-toeing back to the threshold where she had left me.

Her husband, married daughter, and three grandchildren joined us there, and all gazed at The Carpet. There were two large parlors connected by folding-doors. It must have taken at least seventy-five yards to cover the floors. If the average bargain in pseudo-Brussels be a nightmare, this particular specimen was delirium tremens. As the light from the unbarred windows smote it, it seemed to leap up and strike me in the face, so aggressive were the chromes, vermilions, blues and greens, that fought for mastery in the tormented superficies of eighteen by forty feet.

"And only fifty cents a yard!" the owner of this magnificence was saying when I could listen to her. "Real tay-pestry body *Brussels!*"

"You see," explained the daughter, "it was an old pattern and clean out of style. That made it come so cheap. To my mind, it's cheerfuller and more tasty than the fady things folks chase after now-a-days."

Before I could do more than remind myself that such coarse incongruity had never been *in* style with people of just tastes, the father added his tribute :

“ It’ll last for fifty years, seein’ we never use the room to set in week days. It jes’ dooz Mother’s soul good to set in that ’ere big chair a-Sunday afternoons in her go-to-meetin’ close, an’ read her ‘Saints’ Rest.’ I tell her she’ll never get nearer heaven in this world.”

“ Mother ” was a good woman, and, I make no doubt, could meditate upon the glories of the New Jerusalem with her feet on that blasphemy of the loom, when my unsanctified imagination suggested *The Inferno*.

Don’t be persuaded into buying *anything* because it is cheap. What does not suit you is dear at any price. Cheap carpets are the most serious blunder a housekeeper can make, inasmuch as they last forever (in a “best room”) and are so obvious while they are here. Since you cannot afford to purchase expensive ones, get none unless you spread a figureless ingrain on your bedroom, or nursery, or wherever the baby is dressed and plays, and where you sit with him on winter days. Carpeting of this kind is a yard wide and the best costs from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per yard. An old gold, with a border of scarlet and dull blue, is pretty and will wear well. If the hall is trodden by many feet it may be wise to put an English ingrain (unfigured)—what carpet-men call “filling”—on that floor also. In choosing colors, remember that dark shades show dusty foot-tracks more than light shades.

Get mattings for the rest of the house. They are cheaper than any other floor covering, ranging from twenty-five to fifty cents a yard for the yard-wide pieces woven in different colors, less for the plain. Moreover, they are clean, easily kept neat, pretty, and just now, fashionable. Besides the yellowish and bluish-white, and that



I WANTED YOU SHOULD SEE MY NEW CARPET

Illustration by
J. H. Johnson

interspersed by cubes of red, which were the only varieties known to our mothers, we are now offered deep red, olive, orange-and-black, blue, blue and gray, and many other combinations of hues. The "damask mattings," all of which are "jointless," that is without the protruding ends of twine-warp on the under side,—are more costly.

Olive would look well in your parlor, red in the guest chamber. In your bedroom and the family living room, a mingled pattern in fine lines will be most serviceable. Red-and-white will brighten a basement—or otherwise depressed—dining room. Whatever you have there, lay a large rug or drugget over it that the dragging of chairs over the woven straw may not fray it into holes.

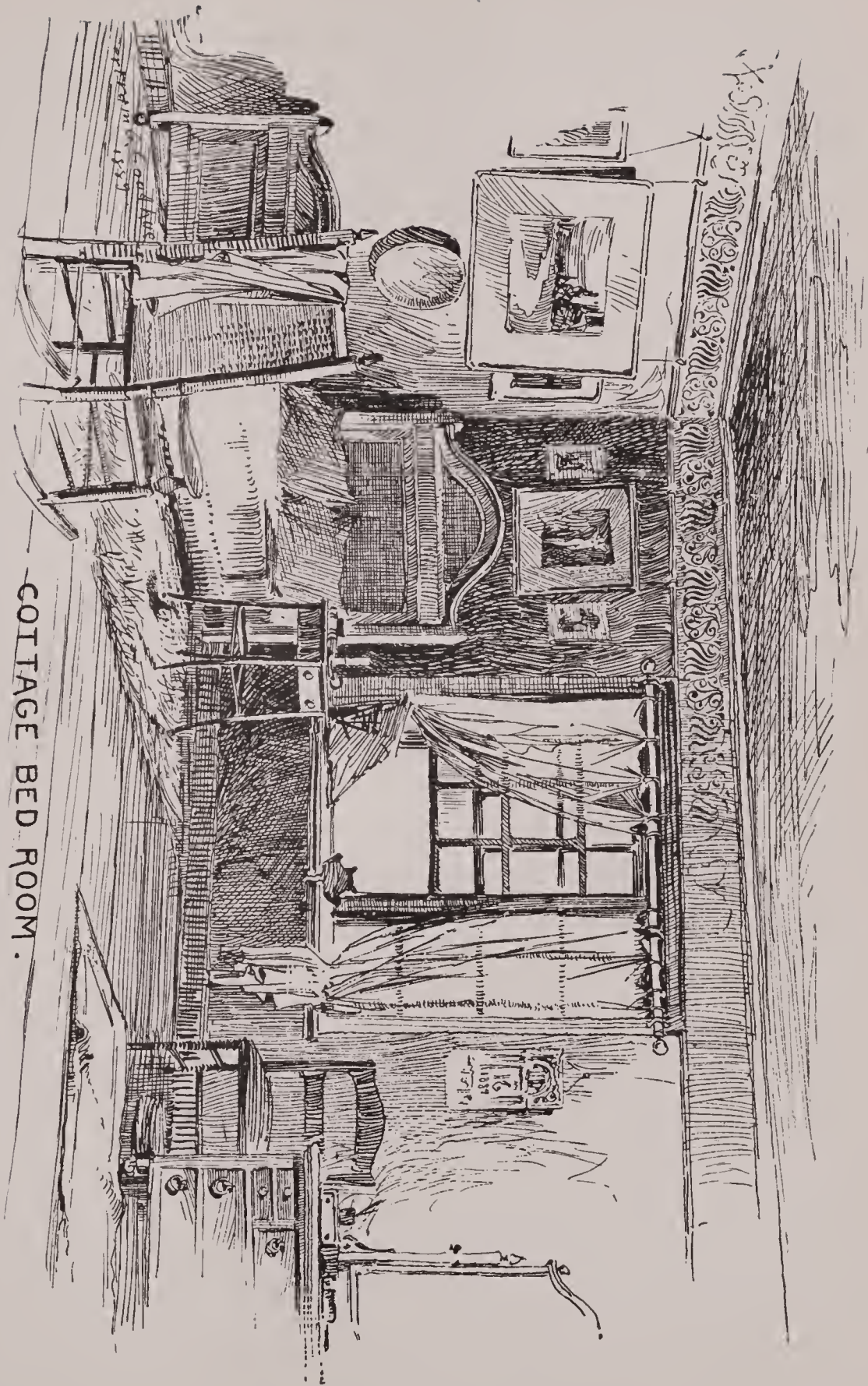
It is considered necessary to hang Holland shades at all front windows, but you need not have them at the back of the house if you prefer to use in some other way the money they would cost. Cream-colored, or ecru, is preferable to dead white. Blue and green are not to be thought of. Do not let a fashion that must be short-lived betray you into the purchase of the mustard-colored shades, ghastly without and within, which impart a jaundiced complexion to rows of city and village houses.

For inner curtains, get scrim, or make those for the parlor of soft muslin trimmed with inserting and edge of antique lace. Plain cheese-cloth at six cents a yard, is less vulgar than Nottingham lace, associated as it is with steam-boat saloons and cheap flashiness of all kinds. Turkey-red curtains, hung from rods and rings, and banded with cretonne of good contrasting colors, will go well with the bright matting in your spare chamber. Drape every window with something. This done, and the matting down, the cottage is half-fitted up.

In choosing from the extensive variety of "cottage-sets" offered for sale, give preference to native woods above those coated with paint. White-wood (poplar) maple, cherry, ash and oak are all pretty,

and not expensive except as they are made so by carvings and other ornaments. The questions of stability and graceful shapes take precedence of showiness. See that bureau-drawers run smoothly, and that mirrors are clear and well set. For the chambers, select bedsteads, bureaus and wash stands, and do not take chairs which are almost invariably stiff and uncomfortable. A Shaker or rattan rocker, and two or three odd seats, including a couple of straw chairs (at \$2.50 apiece) will serve your purpose better than four or six ugly affairs that "come with the sett." The technical affectation of the double *t* gives unintentional point to the rigidity of the idea. It is no longer needful, and it never was sensible to have every article of furniture in the room repeat the exact features of the rest of the family. Be heedful that your colors agree, the one with the other, and that no piece puts the rest to shame by a feint of splendor, then, in grouping and general effect, write YOURSELF—your mark—over and again. This do without slavish deference to the upholsterer, or dread of the criticism of your most particular friend, whose income being ten times larger than yours, authorizes her to cultivate a just taste. Bryant's "Death of the flowers" is as perfect in its way as "Thanatopsis." Have your "way," and do not mar it by ambitions.

If you have but one parlor, let that be a library. Whatever else may go out, "books that are books" are always in. Aristocrats ingrain, they dignify whatever they touch. I marvel much that *parvenus* are so slow in discovering this, so crudely short-sighted in banishing the only patrician element in their houses from the rooms in which they dwell, and are seen of visitors. A book-case stocked with classics that have evidently been read, is a better patent of nobility to the eye of the initiated than a family coat-of-arms. Works of standard fiction, poetry, essays—scattered here and there, on mantel or table, are a guarantee of refinement such as diamonds, laces and catch-words of art and society cannot offer.



COTTAGE BED ROOM.

Fill the recesses on each side of the mantel with breast-high book-shelves ; establish a reading corner within arm's length of one set of them ; supply it with the cosiest chair you own, a footstool, table—draped with a tasteful cloth—reading lamp, paper-cutter and ink-stand. A dictionary stand, also within reach, is convenient—and effective.

Should the room be small, have furniture of corresponding dimensions. Bulky articles lessen the apparent size. A bamboo settee, heaped at one end with soft cushions covered with Turkey-red and pale blue, or olive, is more elegant because it is in keeping with the parlor and its appointments, than a big sofa, which is, perforce, a fixture between the windows, or at the far side of the apartment, there being no other space adequate to contain it.

If you have a knack for domestic upholstery—and this may be acquired—the convenience and beauty of your home can be greatly enhanced at little cost. I do not recommend the endeavor detailed and illustrated by so many writers in domestic journals, to furnish an entire cottage without other materials than a few packing-cases, sawed-down barrels, a hundred yards or thereabouts of chintz, a load of hay, and mother-wit at discretion. The results of obedience to the directions set forth by these economists look well—on paper.

But trunk lounges are valuable, and may be pretty in a habitation where chambers are small and closets few. A stout dry goods box will do for a foundation if you can procure one of the right size. The top must be strongly hinged, and braced by nailing strips of wood transversely on the lower side. Make a bag of sacking or burlaps, one side half an inch wider and longer than the box-lid, after allowing for seams, the upper, two inches wider all around, the fullness being pleated in neatly at the corners. Leave one end open, fill loosely with “excelsior,” or jute ; tack down through the seams on three sides of the outer edges of the lid, and finish the stuffing

through the open end, packing the jute in with a stick until it is smooth and compact. Nail down the open end of the bag and cover all with another piece of burlaps, tacked—except at the hinged back, to the under side of the lid, the edges of the stuff being turned in neatly. Draw this tightly to leave no bulges or wrinkles in the cushion. Cover the outside of the box with the burlaps or other stout material. Finally, stretch and tack chintz, cretonne, or some momie cloth evenly over the top and the sides of the box. If the inside is not clean and smooth, line with wall paper pasted in neatly.

A large trunk lounge, somewhat low and broad, is useful as a seat and a receptacle for blankets, linen, and thin dresses that lose crispness when hung in a closet. Smaller ones do duty as shoe boxes and catchalls for odds and ends. A cheese box, treated as above described, makes a nice footstool and a lurking-place for “Papa’s” and “the boys’” slippers.

In the bath room, set a trunk lounge of fair size in which to keep soiled clothes. Have a strong top made by a carpenter for the bath tub, fitting securely on the wooden frame enclosing it. Tack upon this lid a cushion like that prepared for the lounge, cover with momie cloth or cretonne, and keep it on the tub when the latter is not in use. By this simple device the unsightly yawn of the interior is masked, and the tub is kept clean. The lid can easily be lifted on or off as occasion requires.

This is but one of the many means by which feminine tact and dexterity may take off the rougher edges of the Strictly Useful, without descending to the inanities of decorated rolling-pins and flat-irons. For bed coverings, buy cheap white counterpanes, and affect no finery in the direction of imitation lace spreads lined with colored cambric. If you cannot afford fine china, get Japanese ware, choosing the prettiest quaintnesses your means will allow. It is by no means advisable to have all of the same pattern. In this

respect as in many other departments of house furnishing, "Mottley's the only wear" approved by fashion.

Lastly—shun the extremes of scantiness and crowding. "Cluttering" is a fault too common with those who do their own plenishing, and are solicitous to make modest means go far. An inconsecutive jumble of useless ornament in drawing room or cottage parlor always reminds me of the man, who, hopeless of mastering the mysteries of punctuation, wrote his letters without stops, long or short, and added at the close, several lines of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, exclamation and interrogation points, bidding his correspondents "pepper and salt to suit themselves."

Let your seasoning be well distributed, relishful, and your very own—not another's.





LICENSED BEGGAR, OR BUSINESS PARTNER?

A LOVELESS marriage is legalized crime. Marriage entered upon without just appreciation of mutual relations and obligations is folly so grave as to approximate sin.

Romance-makers and consumers have had their own way with respect to the second of these conditions so long that generations of common-sense teaching will hardly suffice to set loving hearts and light heads right as to this most important of earthly alliances. People who see clearly both sides of other practical issues, descry here no neutral ground on which those who have known for themselves the mistakes of youth and the trials of maturity, may stand to parley with others who are emulously pressing forward to cross the frontier of the New World which is the Old. With the young, inability to reason where love and wedlock are involved, amounts to passionate intolerance of dissuasive counselors.

It is not true that society is, on the point under discussion, divided into two classes—optimists who advocate and exalt married state, and pessimists who slander it. Allow me, as one of the much misunderstood middle-aged counselors aforesaid to make one thing clear at the outset of our talk. Speaking, not only for one woman, but many, and, as I believe, for many men, I strike deep as the first stake to which our measuring line is to be tied, the assertion

that the truest happiness, the purest, most satisfying, as it is the most enduring, for both sexes, is to be found in *marriage*. Furthermore, I venture the opinion that a larger proportion of such unions is happy than miserable. Now and then, one happens in his daily walk of life, upon what may be called an Ideal Marriage. One, in which perfect congruity of mind, heart, taste and sentiment exists and has its perfect work. Each of us sees perhaps half-a-dozen such in the course of a life-time of tolerable length—visions that keep alive within us, as arbutus buds hold the germs of bloom under northern snows, some sweet remnants of faith in that sublimest of philanthropist's dreams—the ultimate perfectibility of the human race. Many more couples rest content, with a nice, every-day satisfaction that prevents fancy from straying into forbidden fields, in the belief that each of the twain is better suited to the other than he, or she could be to any one else. But the great majority, being mated, do not trouble their wits with bootless speculations as to the exactness of the match, and rub comfortably along together. Ups and downs there are, sometimes, not a few. Bruises thus received ache longer than they are complained of; an old sprain never gets over the trick of twinging in certain states of the weather; there is even an old scar or two under lace 'kerchief or diamond-studded shirt front. On the whole, however, husbands and wives are less dissatisfied and do not quarrel so often as would brothers and sisters, if obliged to live together all their lives with indissoluble community of interests. The Honorable Estate is justified of her children, nor is the imprint of the Divine Founder effaced beyond recognition and interpretation. This chapter then, is not even a remote head of an "improvement" of Punch's famous text "for the consideration of persons contemplating marriage"—"*Don't*." It is because a good thing is so good that we who believe in it would make it better, if possible. Because

the black spot of decay is bitterest in exquisitely flavored fruit, we bemoan its appearance there.

If I were asked—"What, to the best of your belief, is the most prolific and general source of heart burnings, contention, harsh judgment and secret unhappiness among respectable married people who keep up the show even to themselves, of reciprocal affection?" my answer would not halt for an instant. It has been ready for thirty years.

The crying need of a right mutual understanding, with respect to the right ownership of the family income.

It has drawn more women into shame than all the gallant, gay Lotharios ever born; driven more into their graves than drunkenness and brutality. The sandals of the thought-reading Diogenes would be worn out and his lantern rusted into a tattered sheath before success would reward his quest in city mart and country high-ways for a wife who never smarted under the scorpion lash.

"The smart is unreasonable?" To the last degree, my dear John, red with generous ire at the thought that my sweeping generalization may comprise her "who is to him a second soul,"—"the custodian of the archives of his heart."

Both phrases are borrowed for the occasion. One from the eloquent sermon of a widower who found far more comfort in speaking *of* his dead wife than *to* her while living. The second from an oration delivered by an eminent lawyer who occupied the same house as that which held the custodian of *his* archives, but presumably had no new deposits to make, since he allowed weeks to pass without seeing her, except at meal time. But the John with whom we have to do is honest, and in very serious earnest. He loves his wife, believes in her, respects her most heartily. He trusts her with his honor, his children, his hopes of earthly happiness. For what has he to live except Mary and the babies?"

“Home and Wife!” He says it reverently as he might quote holy words. When he uttered at the altar—“With all my worldly goods I thee endow,” he meant it, down to the sincere bottom of his soul. In giving her himself, he gave everything. The greater includes the less.

“Don’t you see?” The worthy fellow plants himself in front of the essayist. In his perplexed eyes there is no guile, his speech is seasoned with the salt of directness.

“*Don’t* you see? there is nothing a man enjoys more than making his family happy with the money he has earned. I keep my wife as lavishly supplied as my means will permit. I never grudged her a cent. She knows I like to give her all the cash I can spare. Why a woman in such circumstances should mind asking her husband for money when she needs it passes the masculine comprehension.”

Every word of the declaration has the force of an affidavit. Some men say as much and more, but as they repeat their set prayers—because the form is decent and habitual. Representative John is above suspicion. Emulating his frankness, I reiterate that Mary is unreasonable. I add that in this infirmity she, too, represents her sex. It is a marvel that centuries of custom have not eradicated prejudice from our minds. It is more wonderful that so few of us have divined and broadly stated the cause of the gnawing discomfort that makes the bravest and most loving wife sometimes drop her eyes and blush burningly when her lord “supplies her lavishly” with money which, he reassuringly tells her, he has earned purposely that she might have the pleasure of spending it. It is most surprising that men—analytical, just, magnanimous, as thousands of them are—should not be taught by the very pleasure the best of them feel in thus bestowing largesse—*the complement*

of *which is gratitude*—what is the root (and bitterness) of this unreason.

Women ought not to object to being considered and treated as paupers. But they *do*!

The youngest brother, always beloved of the fairies, who is the winning hero in the story of The White Cat, almost lost heart when having successively cracked walnut, hazel-nut, date, and cherry-seed and grain of wheat, he came to the millet-seed in the center of all. "But," we read, "putting it to his ear, he heard a faint barking, and, gathering courage, he cracked the millet-seed carefully and there was the prettiest little dog ever beheld."

Our millet-seed, when concentric outer-layers have been peeled away, gives up as black and ill-favored a cur-ling as the Prince of Darkness ever sent yelping through a sin-cursed earth.

"*In Forma Pauperis*," is not a tempting class motto; hardly the legend a free born immortal would select to bear upon his phylactery. Yet this is what nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every ten thousand women bind on brow and soul with the slipping on of the wedding-ring. Man, the Bread-winner; Woman, the Bread-eater. Man, active and beneficent; Woman, passive and grateful. So run the antitheses; so ring the changes in the old, old *hateful* story. Having let escape from my (feminine) pen the easing blot of the italicised adjective, let me, in sober sadness, ask the reader's consideration of a few absolutely true illustrations of the working of the principle I have formulated as mildly as is consistent with the chronicler's duty. I premise that in not one of the instances narrated, all of which have fallen under my personal observation, was complaint of the husband so much as hinted at. Herein, to my apprehension, is the most pathetic side of the history. The quiet statement of a fact outside the pale of criticism, the naïve assumption of the necessity, that while the king can do no

wrong, his subjects must live in some fashion, remind me of what I once heard a slave woman say, when commended for her faithful care of her master's children and asked if she had any of her own :

" I done had six, but ole marster, he los' so much money ten year ago, he was obleeged fur to sell 'em all."

The comparison is not flattering. Let us hope that the error of taste is in my imagination.

Before dismissing our well-beloved John, and proceeding to the survey of a series of much less interesting portraits, I offer a story of another husband of another type.

Mrs. A., a rich and most Christian lady, in paying a delayed subscription to a charitable society, made this apology : " I had to wait until certain dividends of my own fell due. I wanted it to be my very own gift."

The treasurer was an intimate friend and there was no one else present. Mrs. A. went on in feigned lightness :

" You are saying to yourself that a woman whose father settled a neat fortune on her, and whose husband is said to be a millionaire, should not have such embarrassments. Literally, I have command of but five hundred dollars a year to which I feel I have undisputed claim. This comes to me from the stock I mentioned just now. The notice of the half-yearly dividend is served on me instead of on Charley, and I seize the opportunity to pay my charitable debts before he can inquire if the notification has arrived. I will not deny that a little scene is usually the result. Being masculine, my dear boy cannot see why I should, as he phrases it, 'split hairs on this point.'"

" " Don't I give you all the money you want ? " he pleads.

" " Yes," I answer, " and more."

" " Then, my love, why not use it for benevolent purposes ? "

" " That would be giving of your substance, not mine," I reason.

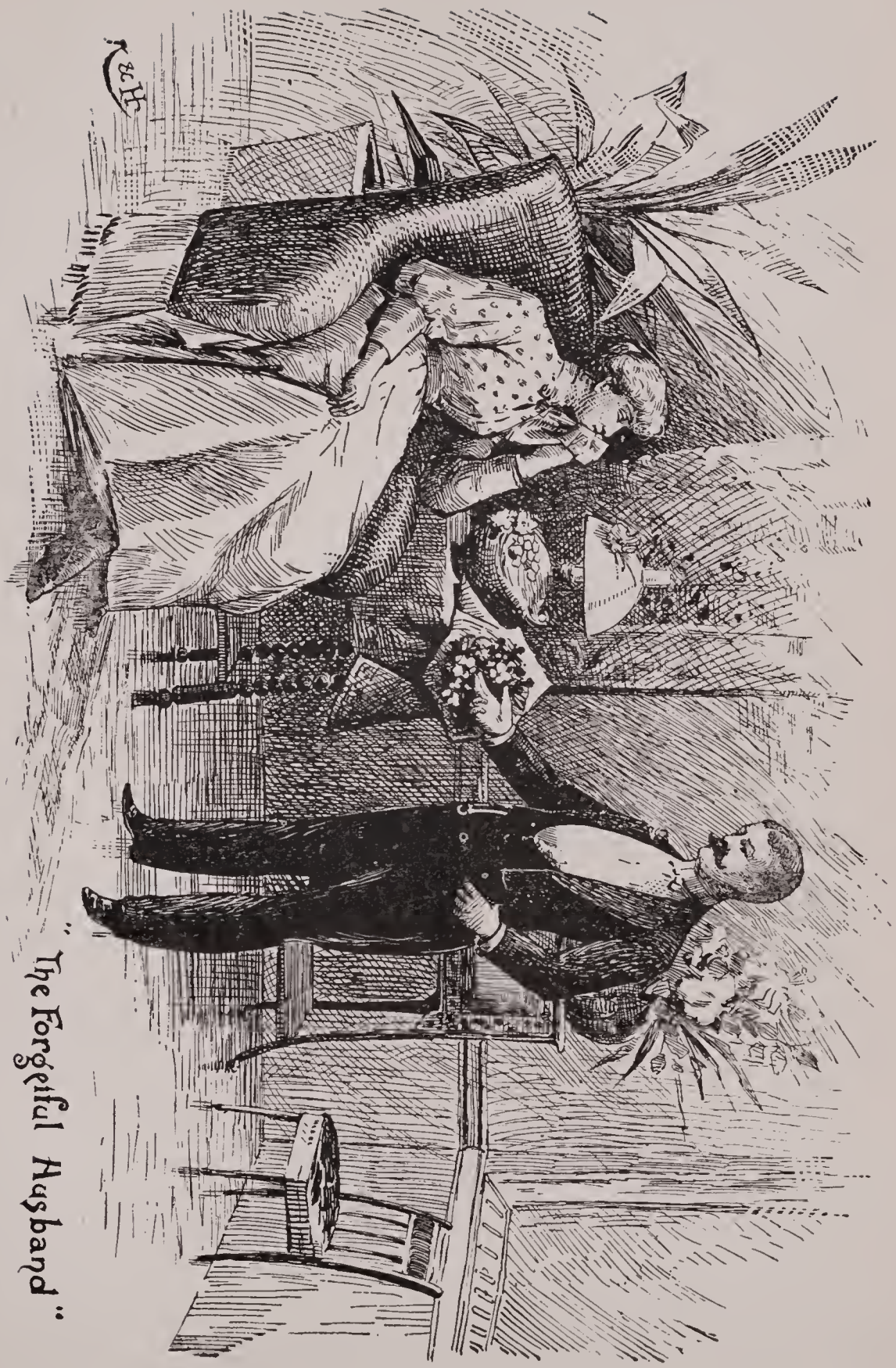
"He shakes his head. "The distinction is too subtle and feminine for me. You know my desire that the property willed to you by your father may be allowed to accumulate for you and the children. It would be most useful should I become insolvent," etc., etc.

"The darling old bat can't see that he is depriving me of the privilege he esteems so highly for himself—the blessedness of being liberal. So, I remain disobedient, and hide the sin when I can. We have Scriptural warrant for not letting the right hand know what the left hand does. Charley is my right hand."

Mrs. B., Irish laundress, aged sixty, sober, diligent and honest, mystified me one day by asking that I would not "find it convenient to pay more nor sivynty-five cints a day for a matther of three months or so. Thin, mem, come the holidays; I'll thrust ye to sthraighten the account. Jist now, wages is fell all over. There'll be no questions asked."

When she left the room the chambermaid explained that Mr. B. drank hard, and to this end demanded his wife's earnings. The old lady had in charge two orphan grandchildren to whom she wished to give shoes at Christmas. Hence the pious fraud.

The case of Mrs. C. comes in here apropos to Christmas gifts. Her husband is one of the richest young men in a flourishing New England town. She was the pretty daughter of a country clergyman. Lest the novel delight of having money to handle should be too much for her, he put on the auditing brake. She might order whatever was used in the elegant establishment of which she was nominally mistress, but he would look over all the bills before giving her money with which to pay them. At the end of the first year—they were married during the holidays—the poor child went home for a Christmas visit, empty-handed. Like many other rich men's wives, she had not a penny of pin-money. Even her street car fares were paid with tickets furnished by her lord.



"The Forgetful Husband"

At the dawn of the second twelvemonth, a happy inspiration visited her. Her butcher rendered his weekly account in pencil, on loose leaves torn from a memorandum-block. Each of these was ingeniously doctored before it was submitted to the auditor. A cent per pound was added here, half-a-cent there, delicacies were taxed in proportion to season and rarity, and the sum total confirmed the evidence of the items. She boasted gleefully to her sister, who was her confidante, that she had several times pocketed \$1.50, twice, \$2.00 a week by the ruse. Each member of the parsonage family had a token at Christmas tide from the lucky daughter and sister who had drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Mrs. D. sat so near me at a "Board meeting" one day that I overheard her voluble preference for giving "goods" towards furnishing the new hospital, rather than money.

"You know," she said with a jolly, unctuous giggle to the secretary "my husband is the kindest creature in the world, but he doesn't believe in charities. He is as liberal as can be about the housekeeping and so forth, only he insists on paying the bills himself. He says that women are not fit to be trusted with more than fifty cents at a time. My husband will always have his joke. Now, he will never know that the piece of sheeting I shall send here is not used at our house. Nor the table-cloth and napkins."

The good soul's relish of the two-fold pleasure of charity and of outwitting her close-fisted spouse was edifying—if the beholder chanced to like that sort of thing.

Mrs. E., refined in sensibilities and a fond parent, submitted a case of ethics to a motherly friend. Her daughter has a passion for music and is already a brilliant performer. Her father thinks she knows enough of the art and declines to spend more money in tuition fees. The better educated wife, sympathizing with the girl's

desire to be thorough, pays without his knowledge, for lessons from a distinguished professor, saving the money out of the allowance placed in her hands for marketing.

"I hope it is not wrong," she faltered in making the confession. "It does seem as if nobody is defrauded. The allowance is very liberal and I am careful to keep a good table. The thing which troubles my conscience is that my girl is privy to a deception practised by her mother on her father."

Mrs. F.'s husband tells the following anecdote of his early married life as a lesson to other thoughtless Benedicts:

"It never occurred to me that my wife might need to buy new clothes. Yet I knew that women went shopping, and might have reflected that even so bountiful a trousseau as hers could not last forever. Nor did the thought that she might want a few cents for carfares caramels, hair-pins and the like, present itself to my stupid mind. We boarded at a hotel, had nice rooms, excellent fare, pleasant society and went somewhere every evening. My little woman was always well dressed, looked happy, and gave no indication of the impecuniosity that was playing Spartan fox at her vitals. One evening, more than two years after our wedding day, I came up town with tickets for the opera and a bouquet for her to carry, for which, I recollect, I paid three dollars. She made one excuse after another for declining to go and when all were overruled, burst into tears, and confessed that she had no shoes fit to wear out-of-doors. In proof of this she showed me her best boots bunglingly cobbled by her poor little fingers.

"Why have'nt you bought new ones?" asked I, naturally enough. I never shall forget the piteous, shame-faced look she gave me.

"I had no money, dear. The fifty dollars mamma put into my purse when I left home went for little necessities long ago. I tried, again and again, to ask you for more, but the words would not leave my tongue."

The reader will please note that in recounting these phases of matrimonial experience, I refrain from commendation or from censure of the feeling that moved the actors to diplomacy, deception and reserve.

If necessary, I could give a hundred instances to prove how obstinate and universal is the aversion to the role of chronic beneficiary, how powerful the temptation to evade it by every device feminine cunning can bring to bear upon the situation.

Let us look at the matter as if we had never thought of it before. Can that which consolidates the best women of the land into a guild of privileged paupers be anything but an evil that calls for redress? This particular form of mendicancy may be honorable in all things, and alleviated in a multitude of cases by the tenderest assiduity of affection, but, in the estimation of their husbands and society—to their own shamed eyes—it is to wives dependence and vassalage. Ask them (when their lords are not by) one and all, leaving out the ten thousandth woman alluded to awhile ago—how they like it.

Representative John comes gallantly to the front once more. “Would you have MY WIFE earn her own living?”

Yes!—emphatically.

“How can she when she is already housekeeper, wife, mother, teacher, nurse, seamstress, companion—to say nothing of general inspiration, and supreme domestic headlight? She is the cleverest, pluckiest woman in two hemispheres, but the duties already bound upon her consume every waking hour. She has not a minute she can call her own. There isn’t a man in town who works so hard and so well.”

The catechist—chivalrous and loyal gentleman—has all unwittingly flattened the base of the egg until it stands upright. The woman who fills nine important offices, as you declare this one does,

earns her living nine times over. The trouble is that as M. Jourdain had been talking prose all his life and never knew it, you and Mary have never appreciated the truth that she is more than self-supporting. Face the fact like a man, and henceforth keep it well before her. Forego something of the complacent glow of conscious liberality, and accept, instead, the calm content of one who meets his notes when due. Or, consider that you two constitute a business firm, and pay over her share of equitable profits. The act is a just partition, not a gift. Don't remind her, when you throw money into her lap with the gesture of a sultan to a favorite dancing-girl, that, although compelled to maintain her, you are so fond of her that you do not grudge the expense. Break yourself of the habit of alluding to family expenses as if she were individually responsible for them, and for the family as well. Some excellent husbands fall into this tone. It is a trick of the trade easily caught, and about as fair as it would be to drag your wife into a morass and, when she is stuck fast in the mud, to thrash her with briers, because your boots are soiled by the operation.

To epitomize the volume that might be penned on the theme without exhausting it :—the wife who acts well her part is as truly independent as is the husband. She has a right to have, to hold, and to use as her own, a given share of the income. Her maintenance, pin-money, etc., are debts due her, not benefactions you are to be praised for bestowing, and she grateful in receiving. Of these things she should be made aware when she enters the firm. A true woman will love and honor her partner the more for such frank uprightness. It is only she who is at heart a courtesan, who fawns upon her spouse for hire.

But Solomon Grundy has a query :

“ What do women know of business principles and methods ? ”

As much—and as little—as their husbands choose to teach them.



• A fellow's own Sister •



THE ETIQUETTE OF FAMILY LIFE.

DURING a recent journey by rail from Boston to New York, my attention was drawn to a couple whose seats in the drawing-room car were directly across the aisle from mine.

One was a young girl, pretty, tastefully clad, and refined in tone and manner. Her escort was a few years her senior, good-looking, well-behaved, and apparently on terms of friendly intimacy with his fair companion. They chatted together blithely and naturally, with no show, on one side of coyness, or on the other of love-making. Their bright faces were a pleasant resting-place for other eyes as well as mine, as I soon became aware from a low-toned dialogue going on just behind me.

"Stunningly pretty girl," said masculine accents. "And a lucky fellow."

"He is apparently of the same opinion," answered a woman's voice. "Are they brother and sister—do you think?"

"He's too devoted by half for that. I've been watching them all the way. He has picked up her fan three times, and never told her once that she was careless to drop it. Twice, he has offered to bring her a glass of water; four times has he put up the window at stations, without waiting to be asked to do it; once, he inquired if the sun hurt her eyes, or was likely to give her a headache. Not a sign of the fraternal in all this. Nor is she a whit more sisterly.

The smile that thanks him for his attentions settles the question beyond a doubt. She's another fellow's sister, you may be sure."

"Perhaps they are married?"

"Not unless this is their wedding trip. That sort of thing doesn't flourish after the honeymoon."

The question of relationship was not settled in my hearing.

The incident is the text of my chapter on the amenities of everyday home-life.

Is custom the parent of expectation, or does expectation beget the ill-favored custom of giving our second best, if not our worst things—to those we love most dearly and to whom we owe most? Or—to put the query differently—do we satisfy ourselves with having deeded to them once for all, our choicest treasures of affection, and, the oath of allegiance taken, hold that they should not exact further guaranty of the fact of possession?

Benjamin Franklin's proposition that grace'said over the barrel at packing-time should do away with the tri-daily blessing of boiled or fried pork, forecast the passion for savings of all kinds which became his leading characteristic. In the matter of family politeness, tens of thousands of his fellow country people put the thrifty boy's suggestion into daily practice.

Mr. Philemon Nemo courted his Baucis with conventional assiduity of devotion. As suitor and betrothed, he fell short in none of the tender arts, supposed by each newly affianced pair to be indigenous to the Elysian groves in which they will henceforward have their permanent abiding place—whereby the lover sets his image in the highest niche of his mistress' heart, and clamps it to the pedestal. His behavior in the various trying and delicate tests to which betrothal subjects the wooer who has won, earned the plaudits of relatives and neighbors. He lived, perfunctorily, yet eagerly, only in her smiles; watched every turn of the eye, studied each trick

of phrase and inflection, that he might meet her lightest want half way in the expression thereof. Pet names and caressing words distilled and flowed from his tongue as perfume from honeysuckle. When he stood with her at the altar, he heaped his earthly all—hopes, loves, life—a glad oblation—upon it. Courtship is defined by a social satirist “as a period, long or short, agreeably spent by two people in deceiving one another to the best of their ability.”

Mr. and Mrs. Ph. Nemo would have frowned down the *bon mot* as blasphemous on their marriage day. Fifteen years later, she smiles significantly—an arid, bitter meaning—at reading it, and he laughs, somewhat coarsely, in stumbling upon it in the “funny column” of the morning paper, “guesses that is just about the ticket,” and inquires “what the women in the house have been about all the morning, that his breakfast is not ready?”

They have fallen by—to them—imperceptible degrees, into the matrimonial habit of speaking slightly of romance and love. Neither, to do them justice, means any real disrespect to the other. In this sort of cant—I would still be just—the husband usually takes the initiative. It sounds “knowing” to affect to despise former enslavement, to regret bachelor freedom, to allude to himself as the victim of a passing weakness. In very jocose moments he talks of his courtship as “temporary insanity.” It is all fun, however he may word it. Baucis might, by this time, be sure enough of his affection to understand his badinage.

She ought to know, too, that when he objurgates the slothfulness of the “women in the house,” he refers to the cook and waitress, and not to her flushed and nervous self, who, in pouring out his coffee spills the boiling liquid on her hand.

“How can you be so careless!” he ejaculates, in serious concern, disguised under pretended displeasure.

He takes as much trouble to mask his softer emotions at this date as he did to exhibit them in that "insane" long ago. The lover would have bounded to his feet and rushed off for healing lotion and bandages. The husband resumes the study of his paper when she has said, coldly, that "it is a mere nothing," wound her handkerchief about the scalded member, and given him another cup of coffee. The pretty foolishness of kissing the place to make it well is never thought of now by either. They "have got beyond all that."

Baucis resigns and suffers more than Philemon in the exchange of sweet nonsense for matter-of-fact. Sometimes, she dreams over those vanished hours; wonders, in that strange, awful constriction of heart women know so well, how her husband can ridicule the memory, as if it were an illusion. She could as soon make a jest of the loss of the little child that drew his first and last breath in one and the same day. Sentiment dies hard, even in commonplace women. If men knew how tender and warm the divine folly keeps their wives' hearts, how it glorifies the humblest home and refines menial labor, they might, sometimes, out of sheer pity, forbear to mock.

There are other children now. They come pelting in to breakfast, jostling one another in their hurry. The father lowers his paper to command them to "stop their racket." The mother frets that they are "always late, and then impatient to be waited upon." Nobody says "good morning," or asks after the health of the rest. The elder girl calls her mother's notice to her small brother's plate where griddle-cakes swim in a lake of butter and syrup.

"I'd be ashamed to be such a pig!" sneers the juvenile monitor, and is ordered by him to "hold her tongue! Who asked for her opinion?" The father gulps down his coffee and bolts his steak with both eyes on the columns of the morning journal which is his

substitute for cheerful table talk. When the bickerings or the teasing waxes loud, he throws in a sharp or heavy word, as he would shy a stone at quarrelsome hounds. His meal concluded, he kicks back his chair, remarks, not crossly, but as certainly not civilly, that he has no more time to waste, and takes himself off for the day without other farewell.

The Nemo connection is extensive, and the branch we are describing highly respectable.

It was my misfortune to be present when one of them asked his wife to bring a cup in which he could mix medicine for an ailing child. She brought a tumbler instead.

"What did I ask you for?" demanded her lord harshly.

"I thought this would do as well, my dear," said the gentle spouse.

"You 'thought!' That is the way with you all. You are always *thinking*, instead of doing as you are told to do! When I say cup, I mean *c, u, p,*! Now, go and get it!"

It was my worse luck to be one of those seated about a family board when the head of the house inquired of his fair young daughter where an article which he named—a book, or penknife, or some such matter—had been put.

On receiving her reply that she had not seen it, he broke into a turbulent torrent of abuse, in reprobation of her carelessness. "What do you suppose I keep you in clothes and victuals and lodge you for? You and your sisters are as lazy and saucy a pack of bad rubbish as ever a man was cursed with," was a clause of the peroration. Do I hear a murmur of "brute" and "boor?" Will the verdict be reconsidered when I affirm that the speaker was an officer in a prominent church, and bore the reputation of being an estimable, affectionate husband and father? Let it be understood that I introduce here no fancy sketches, and draw my illustrations

from "good society." The worst happening of this evil complexion that ever befell me was when "a perfect christian gentleman," high in public office, informed his wife in my hearing, that "any one who made the willful mistake" of which he had just adjudged her to be guilty "was an unmitigated and malicious *fool*."

I know—few better—how intemperate expressions escape the tongue at the lash of anger, but these are invariably in the vernacular of the irate speaker. The man who has never uttered an oath will not let fly a volley of profane ejaculations, let the provocation be never so great. There is a wide world of difference between the fault-finding of the mistress in whose mouth the law of kindness has a familiar abiding place, and the loud tirade of her who has been elevated by sudden riches to "eat from the dish she late had washed." There may be, as one of the sex avers, "a savage in every man," but he is not born full-grown, war-paint on, and club in hand. It was obvious in each of the scenes I have outlined that this was not the first outbreak, by many, of the Nemo barbarian. His leap was too sure, his bellow too loud for a trial-effort.

It is with shame and regret, that, in obedience to the law of stern impartiality I have laid down for my conduct in the present writing, I confess to having heard more than once, women of birth and breeding call their husbands "fools," not in sport, but in very determined earnest; that, now and then, a sweet-voiced girl, regardless of the presence of others besides "the family," refuses flatly to obey her parents, saying, "I won't!" and "I shant!" as tartly as if she had been born in a ditcher's hovel and had her training in the slums. Most vividly do I recall the shock of a reproof administered by a model daughter to her gray-haired father whose version of a story differed from hers:

"You only make yourself ridiculous by such absurd talk," she



said judicially. "At your time of life one ought to have *some* regard for the truth."

She loved her father dearly; was his nurse, amanuensis, housekeeper—his main stay, prop and anchor. But I doubt not that the vitriol of her rebuke burned as hotly as if she had been none of these. The number of times I have known sisters to bandy compliments on the eminent propriety of each minding her own business, is hardly surpassed by that of the "snubs" administered by sisters to brothers, and the interchange of the yet more spicy courtesies between brothers. Lack of room and strength, not to mention common decency, forbid the *expose*. Everybody is familiar with the truth and the superabundant examples of it. It is of a piece with the code which enjoins a distinction which is more than a difference between "company" and every day manners, and even keeps back grammatical speech for such occasions as visits and visitors.

"Not a sign of the fraternal in all this!" said the astute railway critic, in summing up the civilities extended by the young man to his *compagnon de voyage*.

The inference is patent. In the like circumstances, the brother would have sat in his revolving chair, his back to his sister, and jerked monosyllables over his shoulder in response to her queries; have waited to be asked for the glass of ice water, then, brought it ungraciously. He would not have bethought himself of her possible desire to get a breath of fresh air at every station, or that the sun might be oppressive. The tokens of their common humanity would have been reserved for "another fellow's sister."

We have not to deal now with the fact of natural affection, still less with the question of conjugal fidelity. These are presupposed in the assertion that we take too much for granted in our intercourse with those of our own blood and households. The seed of the ugly

weed is planted when the newly made husband remits, for the first time, a polite office to his wife which he would blush to remit were she his guest, or mere acquaintance. One of two things is wrong:—the painstaking devotion of the suitor, or the nonchalance of the married man. If it was Philemon's bounden duty and delight, before wedlock, to pick up the handkerchief of Baucis, to set a chair for her at her entrance into the room where he was sitting, to hand her in and out of carriages and up stairs, to spare her heavy lifting and needless steps, to be urbane in tone and language—in short, to testify in action to the world of his love and respect for the woman he has chosen to bear his name and share his fortunes—it is his duty (even without the flavoring of delight), to treat her in the same manner for the entire period of their united lives.

Wives have a responsibility in this respect which they are too apt to ignore, or to shirk when it is admitted. There is much written now-a-days of the propriety of mothers "keeping themselves up" for the sake of their children. If wives do not keep their lords up in what are *not* the trivialities of courteous attention to themselves, they (the wives) will go without these in the end. There is something sadly demoralizing in the sudden or slow slip of the band on the wheel, when the bride and bridegroom days are accomplished, and the petted angel drops into, "only my wife."

I have called this lapse the seed of the ugly plant which is of rapid growth, and as ineradicable, if once rooted, as pursley and rag-weed. Philemon saunters into his wife's boudoir, hands in pocket, hat on head, cigar in mouth, with never a thought of saying "By your leave," or "Excuse me." He pushes before her in passing out or entering a room; sits down to the table in his shirt sleeves and cleans his nails in the parlor when nobody (Baucis counting as a cipher) is by. If Baucis wishes to attend theater, concert, or lecture, to drive, or walk, or sail, the proposition, in five

cases out of ten, comes from her, not him. With his ante-nuptial apprenticeship in what the French have named "*less petits soins*," he has gone out of the business. If it is kept up, it is the wife who continues it at the old stand.

Children catch the tone of their elders. The sons caricature their bluff sire, and are bullies or boors in their association with mother and sisters, suave courtiers in "society." The daughters refine upon their mother's self-defensiveness, and become sarcastic adepts in the science of "taking the boys down."

In many households, this order of things is considered altogether natural, and not reprehensible.

"What a bore you people must find it to be always on your *p's* and *q's* at home!" said an outspoken woman to one who was not of the average Nemo clan. "You are never *en dishabille*, in behavior, to each other, mince your words and fine down your phrases in family talk as if you were afraid of your own flesh and blood. Now, *we* brothers and sisters speak right out whatever we think and feel,—quarrel all around and make friends every day of our lives."

Many more men and woman, not belonging to the order of Pachydermata—suffer, first and last, with an intensity their associates cannot appreciate from what may be termed the toss-and-tumble style of home life. Wives and sisters may not complain audibly when they are left to help themselves to daily bread from crockery platters while other fellows' sisters and wives are served on bended knee from garnished porcelain. But they see, and feel, and think. Husbands may appreciate the sterling worth of wives whose hands and brains toil unrestingly in the service of their families, and brothers repeat emphatically to themselves that sisters who appear to revel in opportunities of taking the wind out of their sails, are thoroughly good girls, and would go through fire and water for the

boys they rail at as "cubs" and "rowdies." "We understand each other," one and all would protest were an outsider to censure their language as unkind, or to intimate that the son who accosts his mother with, "Hallo," old girl!" or the daughter who interrupts her father with, "You dont know what you are talking about!" strains to snapping the commandment to honor parents.

The toss-and-tumbler is fond of pleading "his way" in extenuation of boorish deportment and brusque speech. I know whole families whose "ways" are so many pet hedgehogs, pampered at home, and imperfectly leashed abroad. They jumble the boast of intrinsic excellence with the parade of external deformity, until weak minds confuse the two. The human pig-nut is, oftener than otherwise, like the vegetable product of the same name—bitter-hearted when one has dragged it out of the tough, thick shell.

It is as easy to be sincere and sweet, as to be sincere and sour. Hearts are not won and kept so much by the exercise of the sterner virtues as by the constant practice of loving consideration for the feelings, gentlest patience with the foibles of those with whom our daily lot is cast. Common-sense ought to have proved to us by this time that oil is a better lubricator of domestic machinery than vinegar. May I offer to the younger members of the home circle a simple rule of action that will reduce to a minimum the friction of daily living, even with those whose individuality is as pronounced, whose views are as independent as your own? A caution that will spare you many a stormy scene, and, perchance, avert the heart-break of unavailing remorse?

Do not say a rough word when a smooth one will serve your purpose as well. Before indulging in retort, or sly thrust or deadly "crusher"—whatever the provocation—ask yourself: "Would I wish this unsaid if I were never to behold his living face again?"



THE VEXED QUESTION---DOMESTIC SERVICE IN AMERICA.

AN English journal remarks in the course of a review of an American manual of cookery: "One thing which impresses the British reader as strange and even droll, is that the presence of the mistress in the kitchen and her active co-operation in the business of cookery are taken for granted. Yet there must be *some* servants in the United States." Making the marginal annotation of an interrogation point over the last sentence, I digress to observe that if the testimony of English books and papers be admitted, the question of what Punch styles "servantgalism," is a knotty one in the Mother Country, where social and caste-lines are sharply drawn, and the existence of a lower class is not disputed by those who belong to it. On the continent, the problem is not only knotty, but prickly. Two or three times in a century, it bristles with pikes and butcher-knives, a complication which, fortunately, does not enter into our discussion of our own puzzle of domestic service. "System," it cannot be called. Even as a dissected pattern, it is unsatisfactory. It is a construction of iron and clay, and the attrition of the parts must work confusion.

To return to our interrogation-point;—Have we, as a nation, any domestic servants?

Every public functionary, from constable up to the Chief Magistrate of the Union, is proud to call himself the servant of the people. "*Ich dien*"—"I serve" is the motto surmounted by the three white feathers in the crest of the heir to the British throne. "Let the greatest among you be your servant," said the Prince of princes, who took upon Himself the form of a servant.

In our Christian land and age, we weakly evade the obvious truth that if some are to be served, there must be others whose part it is to render that service. Having yielded to a certain—or uncertain—class the names of "lady" and "gentleman," and taken up for ourselves and made honorable the titles of "man" and "woman," we carry amiable forbearance a step further in recognizing as "helps," and most frequently as "girls," inferiors in birth, station and culture, whom we hire and wheedle to do such daily tasks as will leave us free to discharge aright duties which they are incapable of performing. I wonder the real American girl does not protest passionately against her dispossession of a royal title. It is amusing, and pitiable, to hear a fond mother extricate herself from the mesh of misunderstanding induced by her mention of "my girls." Unless interpreted by the immediate context, the listeners cannot determine whether she has in mind the accomplished queens of the drawing-room, or the illiterate despots of the kitchen. In fact, our daughters have been doubly robbed. As "young ladies," they went out of being more than a decade ago. "We girls," suggests, to all except the readers of the charming volume bearing that title, the conclave below-stairs, sitting in judgment upon the multifarious iniquities of the Anonyma everywhere known to the guild as "Her," and "She." For, if the daughter be shorn of her titles, the mother is beggared utterly—reduced to a pronoun, and a monosyllable.

There are no more mistresses than there are servants. If the reader would verify the statement, let her use the brace of obnoxious words in the hearing of Bridget, Katrine, or the dusky-cheeked Victoria-Columbia-Celeste of the present generation.

(Let it be noted that the middle-aged mother or aunt of the smart colored damsel furnishes us with the best "help" to be had in this, or any other country, and speaks of herself and her congeners in her honest self-respect, as "servants.")

English Phillis enters the service for which she has been trained, as scullery-maid, and works her way steadily up to the station of cook, then housekeeper. The summit of her ambition is reached when the united savings of herself and the butler warrant them in marrying and setting up for themselves in the public house, or genteel lodging business.

English Abigail usually obtains, besides the education given in the village school, some knowledge of dressmaking and of hair-dressing, before she ventures to apply for a place as lady's maid. Once established in this capacity, her aim is to keep a good home, with the prospect of higher wages as time develops her talents. Being better educated and more refined than Phillis, she is not so likely to marry, unless tempted to change a position she feels to be eminently respectable by the blandishments of a handsome valet, or the solid worth of some thrifty shop-keeper.

"Service" with these women is as truly a trade as millinery. It is a lift in the social scale for the daughters of the day-laborer, a safe and desirable settlement for the children of the small farmer and mechanic.

On this side of the ocean, Bridget, Katrine, and Victoria-Columbia-Celeste—who, on calling to see if she will hire you as a temporary employer, gives her name as "Miss" Howard, or Halyburton,

or Hamilton—are “living-out-girls.” This is the utmost degree of servitude they will acknowledge.

A young woman who “lived out” in my family as child’s nurse for eight years, was once obliged to introduce to me a relative newly arrived from Ireland. As is well-known, those who have lived here long enough to learn the ways of an independent republic hide the “granehorns” from stranger eyes until the bog-moss is, in a measure, rubbed off. But I happened to enter the kitchen while the stranger sat there in linsey petticoat and short gown, hob-nailed brogans and cotton cap, and Ellen had no choice but to name “me mother’s sister, mem.” While I asked how she had borne the voyage and bade her welcome, the worthy creature dropped her dame-school courtesy with every bashful reply—the niece growing redder at each obeisance. That evening, she came to my room to apologize for her kinswoman’s “quare behavior.”

“It’s a thrick as is ’tached ’em at home, mem, where there’s the raal quality and all that. They soon larn better nor to do it here. Och!”—the Irish temper flashing up—“It makes me that mad to see a woman dhrop a curchy in Ameriky, I could *kill* her! It’s a shame and a disgrace in a free-an’-aigual country.”

With this free-and-equal theory, the mistress (nominally), is handicapped throughout her association with her underlings who repudiate wrathfully the thought of subordination. It is the germ of the prejudice against entering any household except as the controller thereof, which fills our kitchens and nurseries with mal-content Arabs. The woman who can earn a living in no other way, sees in this incapacity a manifest call to take up the cross of “living out.” Stiff and stumpy fingers that cannot sew are deemed equal to the manufacture of the dainty *entremets* we covet (and do not get) as variations of homely fare. The brain that cannot compass the mysteries of a trade, can carry weights and measures,

"ME MOTHER'S SISTER MA'AM"



and concoct soups and desserts. O! these "plain cooks!" how rough and crooked they make the daily walk of faint and fagged housewife! It is not worth the trouble of saying that such bunglers further degrade the work they have taken up as a *pis aller*. It is drudgery, and a hateful bondage to them; far more irksome than to the mistress whose fine, clear sense discerns that nothing is common or unclean to willing hands, nothing slavish to the earnest spirit.

Is the situation hopeless? Beyond a doubt, unless, as a preliminary measure to the making of servants, we make mistresses. The only independent American housekeeper is she who understands her profession and her position. As the corner-stone of both, dignify them yourself. Whatever you may think of the principle involved in Mrs. Whitney's eloquent remonstrance against woman's suffrage, you must perceive matter for thought, as well as amusement, in the sketched "May-be" that follows:

"Perhaps it may even be discovered, to the still further detriment of our already painfully hampered and perplexed domestic system, that pursuit of fun, votes, or offices, is more remunerative, as well as more gentlewomanly,—as Micawber might express it—than the cleansing of pots and pans, the weekly wash or the watching of the roast. Perhaps in that enfranchised day there will be no Katies and Maggies, and the Norahs will know their place no more. Then the enlightened womanhood may have to begin at the foundation, and glorify the kitchen again. And good enough for her, in the wide, as well as primitive sense of the phrase, and a grand turn in the history that repeats itself toward the old, forgotten, peaceful side of the cycle, it may be."

Establish in your own mind that house-keeping is a distinct and important line of business, and that you are the firm which has the conducting of your "establishment." If you choose to let your

husband audit accounts, do so. Should you, as age advances or cares thicken, admit a daughter as junior partner, need may justify the step. On no account alter the standing of a paid, uneducated subordinate with regard to your authority and right. There is no necessary hireling, or should be none in a house where the mistress has health and intelligence. The only indispensable member of the corporation is the head. Whatever may be the excellences of your faithful and attached servant, she is your inferior in mental discipline and judgment, if you are fit for the place you hold. To consult her as a peer; to suffer her judgment to bear down yours habitually; to commit the control of any department of the household absolutely to her, is to cast off the belt that steadies a wheel of the machine. In strength, in swift, even motion, it may be all you could desire, may seem more essential to the progress of the work in hand than the band encompassing it. But let the latter break, or slip, and the wild whirl, aimless, if not disastrous, is a significant type of that domestic interior where amiability, or indolence, or mistaken judgment leads to a transfer of the balance of power.

Close upon the heels of the resolution to be commander-in-chief of your household forces, should come the recognition of others in a similar capacity in their respective homes. This is not corollary, but a step in the solution of the problem. A crying need in our free country is the organization of a Harry Wadsworth Club of housewives whose "lend a hand" shall be a living bond of union. As matters now stand, each so-not-called mistress is a free lance with relation to other nominal heads of households. With a few honorable exceptions, every matron engages cook, housemaid, laundress and—most important of all—child's nurse, without heed to the reputation she has borne in her last situation. If a form of investigation is made, the "girl" holds the winning card from the first.

"An' shure, yez is the furrest pairson as iver had the face to ax me for the loike!" spluttered an ornament to the culinary profession when I inquired innocently if she had credentials of character and ability. "I sez the one thing to all thim as applies for me. Take me or lave me! sez I. But I won't demane mesilf by askin nor showin' a stiff-ticket to plase no woman in Ameriky."

When the independent freewoman condescends to exhibit her "ca-racter" or submits to the greater indignity of a visit of inquiry to her late employer, the information elicited has no weight in the decision of the question, if it be adverse to the questioner's desire to "get in the new girl" as soon as possible and be rid of the bother of "changing." We change often enough to get used to the national "bother," one might think, yet it is a disagreeable business whenever it occurs. Let me illustrate:

Early in my housewifely life, I dismissed a cook for good and sufficient reasons. She asked for a certificate to the effect that she could wash and iron tolerably well, and I gave it, subjoining voluntarily, that she was honest and obliging. We parted with expressions of mutual good-will, and I supposed our intercourse was at an end. Not that my conscience was tranquil. The plausible certificate told only half the truth. Would not some confiding fellow housekeeper have the right to accuse me of fraud when she should discover for herself why the woman who was a good cook and fair laundress, whose temper was excellent, against whose sobriety and honesty there was no impeachment, was discharged from my service? But veteran managers had taught me that the superior should lean to the merciful side in dealing with underlings. The servant was dependent upon her reputation for her living. What Christian woman would imperil the poor thing's chances of getting an honest support?

The impersonal aspect of the affair was dissipated by a call from a neighbor whom I liked extremely. My quondam cook had presented her credentials, and my friend had "run around to find out all about her before engaging Margaret."

The "all" was that the woman was disgustingly and incurably untidy, and careless beyond compare. Superadded to these faults was a habit of staying out late every night, and leaving a door or blind unfastened that she might return unperceived. Once, she had set a curtain on fire with a match as she crept in at the dining-room window; another time, a policeman had come up to the second story at one o'clock A. M., to say that the front door was ajar. On a third occasion, finding every other avenue closed, she had gone home with a girl whose employer lived in our block; walked on the roof until she reached the sky-light in ours, and descended through the scuttle, awakening the chambermaid by a misstep. The latter's screams at the approach of the supposed burglar alarmed the household and betrayed Margaret's ruse. She had a genius, furthermore, for breaking valuables. A rough computation of her performances in this line showed that she had, in six months, cost us, beside board and wages, \$150.

I stated these facts to my friend without reserve, but when three or four others called on the same errand, I modified the story as far as was consistent with truth, not wishing to hurt Margaret's prospects of getting a good home. To each visitor I said that the woman had excellent points, and might do well with a more strict manager than myself.

Finally, I was astounded by the apparition of Margaret herself. She burst into my presence, a cyclone in calico, her eyes red with fury. "I want to know why I can't get a place when oncet the wimmen has been to see *you*!" she vociferated. "It's no leddy ye are to be takin' the bread out of an honest girl's mouth!"

As I have said, I was inexperienced, honest in intention and in action, and imagined that I had no alternative but to tell the truth when appealed to directly by a sister housekeeper. I have learned, since then, that my conduct was sufficiently extraordinary, according to American usage, to warrant Margaret's frenzied protest.

An acquaintance once expressed to me her satisfaction that a lady who had called to inquire into the character of a cook had not touched upon the subject of honesty.

"The girl lived with me, four years, and I trusted her more than I shall ever trust another," she said. "At last, we discovered that she was robbing us systematically, and allowing suspicion to rest upon an innocent person. Her trunk was full of stolen handkerchiefs, napkins, stockings, etc.,—belonging to my daughters and myself. We searched it before her eyes, and sent her out of the house. I charged her not to give me as a reference, but it seems she has done it. The cool assurance of the act made me so indignant that I was tempted to tell just why I discharged the creature. Then I reflected that it would be mean and unkind to ruin a working-woman, and held my tongue. I praised her neatness, industry, cooking, and so on, until the new mistress went off persuaded that she has a treasure."

The virtuous and purblind complacency with which this statement was offered would have struck me dumb with admiration had the exhibition been less common.

On the rare occasions when I have been obliged to make changes in the domestic corps, I have adhered to the rule of calling on a former employer, believing that it is the only safe and honorable thing to do. In nine cases out of ten, I have been assured directly, or by insinuation, that my action was eccentric and quite unnecessary. In ten cases out of ten, there was the slightest possible allusion to the imperfections of the late incumbent

consistent with a belief in human frailty. It is manifestly a matter of form and charity to give clean papers to every applicant. There is an immense reserve of amiability in mortal men and women, unsuspected and immeasurable depths of it in the maligned native housewife, when her help has once quitted her service,—but it all runs in one channel.

I write down deliberately the conviction that if there were in the ranks of housekeepers one-half of the class-spirit that prevails among those we employ, The Vexed Question would right itself in less than one generation. None of us affect to ignore the existence of the informal, but mighty trades' union of domestics. In every community, the understanding between those who compose this nameless association is thorough. Your home-rules, the work expected of each hireling, the wages paid, the "privileges" accorded—are as well known as if daily proclamation were made of them at street corners. Let a situation in your house get the name of a "hard place," and you may resign all reasonable hope of stability and peace below-stairs. Were you an angel of love and mercy, trials and tribulations await you, and may not be averted. None save indifferent servants can be tempted to cross your threshold, and they often tarry (literally) but a night. The abhorrent "*Small Pox*" placard affixed to the panels of the front door would scarcely be more effectual in keeping aloof those you would fain have the opportunity to treat equitably and kindly.

The "hard mistress'" reputation spreads fast and far, and is—alas! too easily earned. The incompetent, slothful, dishonest, dirty servant may, if it pleases her whim, live in every house in every block in every street of your town, if the one means of checking her ravages be a candid, fearless description of her works and ways, written or oral, furnished from her "last place."

In all this we are untrue to each other, to ourselves, and to our order. If the "girl" found it impossible to get a new situation without a satisfactory testimonial of character and qualifications from a former employer, she would think twice before marching off without giving an hour's warning. If the employer felt her honor as a woman, her credit as a housekeeper involved, when she writes out the paper which is to transfer one she knows to be disagreeable or inefficient to another's home, she would choose words and phrases with care. "The usual thing" would not run so glibly from her pen, nor the omission of the weightier matters of the law of neighborly kindness be so ingeniously slurred over. There is nothing inhuman in the truth in such circumstances. Dishonesty, ungovernable temper, immorality—are curses we ought to shun for our friends, as for ourselves. We break the second great commandment when we suffer, by default, the virus to enter other homes. In this sense every one of us is—whether she admits it or not—her sister's keeper.

It is impossible in the space of a single chapter to present more than a few features of this many-headed subject. I can add but a word of caution to those who demand a paragon in every hireling. It often happens that the servant who suits you will not fill the measure of your next-door neighbor's requirements, and *vice versa*. In the frank interchange of query and reply respecting recommendation and disadvantage, take this into consideration. If Abigail's faults are not vices, and Phillis' drawbacks are such as may be overcome by patience and judicious training, it may be a wise experiment to try her, and thus indulge the national (feminine) propensity to give the "girl" all the odds compatible with the preservation of the lives, liberties and sacred honor of the benevolent employer and her household.



WHY MONDAY?

IT is humiliating to one in whose creed the tenet that "Life is growth" finds place, to acknowledge how many things are done by civilized, intelligent beings for no better reason than because everybody else does them.

"Why have you not introduced the luggage-check into your railway system?" I asked an Englishman, at the Paddington Station in London.

Cabmen, porters, valets, waiting-maids, foreign and domestic passengers, were stirred up into a seething mass of anxious impatience, awaiting the identification of each separate box and portmanteau. The thought was inevitable, the query irrepressible.

The average Briton has, at home and abroad, always on hand a patent repeater, loaded and self-cocking, when the institutions of his native island are criticised.

"It is not customary in England, you know," was all I got for my inconvenient inquisitiveness.

Have we any better reason for not changing our National wash-day? Freeing our minds of prejudice and tradition, let us ask if any other working-day, unless it be Saturday, could be less convenient for the purpose to which we dedicate (or degrade) the first in the line of descent from Sabbatical heights?



TOMMY SNOOKS,
& BETSY
BROOKS,
SUNDAYS.



BETSY ON MONDAY

Setting an argument which may be called "a light weight," foremost, we must acknowledge that the close proximity of the steam, strain, stress, and general "stew" of washing-day to the holy calm of Sunday's rest and worship offends the artistic sense. The linking together of the two is a palpable misfit, and harshly inharmonious.

Mother Goose's implication in regard to this discordant element of everyday prose is, as is often her way, more pregnant than her actual assertion :

" As Tommy Snooks and Betsey Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Betsey Brooks,
' To-morrow will be Monday.' "

Poor Tommy! The revolt of the poetic nature under the encroachment of the barrenly-realistic upon exaltation of soulful imagination was never more succinctly uttered. Betsey, in her Sunday rig, a bonnet on her head, instead of a cap, a sprig of southernwood in her belt; clean cotton gloves hiding the toil-marred hands,—is such a different being from Betsey in pattens, with apron rolled up to the waist, and sleeves pinned back to her shoulders, her face interlined with worry, and blowsy with the vapor of hot suds, that the lover may well recoil from the vision.

His jeremiad may go on file with Moore's :

" All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest."

The abrupt change from Sunday to Monday is a putting-out, at a breath, of a holy flame, not a flicker or fading. Like the instantaneous nightfall that comes in the tropics with the sinking of the sun, it is bad for eyes and spirit. Seriously, it is strange that physical economists have not long ago condemned this "customary"

overloading of the second day of the week as a violation of a prime principle which declares the danger of sudden and violent extremes. In most families in this Christian land, Sunday is the happiest day of the seven—a period of serene relaxation, of home-comfort and religious enjoyment. In the time when imprisonment for debt was lawful and common, the creditor could not seize the body of his debtor between Saturday midnight and the same hour of Sunday night. A like immunity from business cares and solitudes falls with the dawn of the Blesséd Day upon weary head and eyes. For twenty-four hours, the wolf is out of sight of the door. The housewife crosses her aching wrists, and has leisure to bethink herself of the eternal Sabbath in the land where she will get “rested out.” The household machinery runs without creak or jar; or, if there are faults she overlooks them, “because it is Sunday.” Even our Puritan grandmothers thought it wrong to whip naughty children on Sunday—perhaps from some shadowy and unacknowledged association with the threshing-floor—but the little sinners reaped the benefit of the scruple until the interest was compounded, according to the Puritan method of computation, on Black Monday.

It must be as injurious to health as to temper to tighten every screw, and crowd on all steam while the soft languor of the rest-day still lingers in the soul and body. Monday morning bounds in upon us like a frosty snap in early autumn, or late spring. We are never ready for it.

Saturday is the Peter robbed that the Paul of Monday may not actually suffer for the necessities of existence. Marketing is done for three days, and cooking also, in many households where the cook is likewise the laundress. The remains of Sunday’s dinner do coldly set forth the morrow’s table. If there be a shadow of the chilly shade left over for Tuesday, the house-mother accounts it economy.

The children, spoiled for work by two days "off," recognize as an important element in the general hatefulness of Blue Monday, the hurried breakfast, at which the freshest bread is thirty-six hours old, and the hash of Saturday's inevitable corned beef is as sure to be at the foot of the board, as the pre-occupied face they hardly know for that of the genial father of yesterday. "Mother" is still more business-full than her partner. This is, for her, the field day of the week, and she has neither word nor caress to waste. Luncheon, or the early dinner, brings no respite. The father, if he be wise, takes his down town. The children miss the orderly waiting, the dainty desserts of other days; the mother is too busy to know what she eats. Lessons go worse on Monday than at any other time. Tempers and nerves would be soothed by the reasonable anticipation of a bountiful repast in amends for the indifferent breakfast, but the dejected home-comers know better than to expect it. Warmed-overs, pick-ups, and make-shifts go as naturally with wash-day as the odor of yellow soap-suds and the steam-crumpled hands of the sulky waitress.

That was a wisely-sweet device of a mother whom I once knew, who made it a rule and practice to go into the kitchen herself on Monday, and prepare savory *entrees* or delicate desserts, selecting the favorite dishes of husband and children in turn. It was her opportunity for trying new recipes, and there was a pretence of mystery about the bill-of-fare that brought the participants in the feast to it with eager, smiling faces and merry tongues. It was the only household I ever saw where Monday was heartily welcomed. The knowledge that the mamma's dainty surprises were the expression of her resolution to lift her charges above the reach of the soapy surf, lent sentiment and poetry to the material comforts of her providing.

Wiser still is she who dares on this question to think, decide and act for herself: to do all that one woman can to remove the odium from the luckless day by shifting the fardel, and dividing the weight. It seems so rationally expedient to attempt this, that we are astounded at our own slowness of apprehension and the narrowness of mind which indisposes us to a beneficent innovation.

Little housework is done on Sunday, less than on any other day of the seven. If ever a room is dusted carelessly, a bed made up "with a lick and a promise," as our black mammies used to say, books and papers tossed aside to be put to rights by-and-by—this is the time. "Father and boys" spend the day at home. It is needless to enter into particulars of such occupation, or to sketch the house they leave behind them in their Monday morning flight. Nothing is where it was at nightfall on Saturday night; but who is to restore order? Mamma's execution of "up-stairs work" is as if one hand were tied behind her. The maids have no time to think of anything but "getting out the clothes." With more to do in her special department than at any other season, the head of the establishment is crippled in power. Should she emulate my heroine, and supplement the typical wash-day dinner (with what groanings are the words uttered and heard!) by toothsome manufacture of her own devising, the *menu* is restricted by the pre-emption on the part of the boiler of the top of the range, and the moral and material disorganization of the lower regions—which then, if ever, deserve their name. The ovens are out of temper; dressers are crowded with pans of starch; piles of wrung-out clothes in big baskets stand about on chairs; the priestess of the abhorrent rites is damp and dangerous.

Our "brave lady" of the future will apply the screw tactfully which is to bring herself and household up to washing-day tension. Monday's breakfast will be excellent and nicely cooked, and not slurred over with loins girt for a start, and staff in hand.

The maids fresh from yesterday's surcease of labor, will be in spirits and bodily case for a thorough sweeping, dusting and setting to rights of the whole house. Luncheon-time will find everything in place. That meal and dinner will be of materials bought and prepared for this especial occasion, and of quality that will revive the hearts of lesson-learners in whose mind the trail of tasks, coned on Saturday, got cold over Sunday. The soiled linen will be brought down stairs in the afternoon, sorted, and if need be, mended, then the white things be put to soak. Supplies of soap, starch, bluing, etc., will be inspected and laid ready to hand; bread baked and a custard or pudding or cream, or blanc-mange, prepared for the morrow; and the servants, always up later on Sunday night than any other, because of outings and "company," be sent early to bed to be ready for Tuesday's wash. The whole system—mental, moral, and physical—will be brought up naturally and gradually to the wrestle with the omnipresent, haunting demon of civilization—**DIRT.**





“LADY.”

SOME words are inherently vulgar ; some are dragged into vulgarity by association ; some have vulgarity thrust upon them. To this latter class belongs the pretty dissyllable which stands as the caption of this article.

Everybody knows where we got it. “Loaf-giver,” or “loaf-server,” in the Saxon, described the mistress of manor or castle, whose was the dispensing power and office. The title brings up ancient and gracious pictures to the mind. The rude, abundant hospitality of the Saxon “franklin” owed its every softening feature to the presence at the board of the stately woman whose rule in kitchen and bower-room was as strict, yet gentler than that of her lord in hall and court-yard. We dream, as we speak the words “*hlaf*” and “*digan*,” of the fair Lettice, wife of Prince Guy of Warwick, who for twenty, say some—others, forty years—superintended the feeding at her castle gate of all the poor who would come, none receiving less than a loaf apiece ; of Elizabeth of Hungary, and the apronful of loaves that became roses to her husband’s scrutiny—a story we never tire of hearing ; of Katherine Parr’s sweet, dark eyes glistening with tears at the thanks of her pensioners ; of our own New England ancestresses, in high heels, powder, hoop and farthingale, looking wisely after the ways of the households, yet receiving and holding, until within this century,



"I BEEN HEAR DAT A WASH-LADY NAMED MRS.
JOHNSING HAD SOME CLO'ES TO BRING HOME,
FOR A 'OMAN NAMED S-----

the unsolicited title of “Lady” from parishioners and neighbors. Who does not acknowledge the right of Mrs. Stowe’s “Lady Lothrop” to her dignities? And how many can recollect our grandmother’s mention of “Old Lady” This or That, as a presiding figure in the narrator’s early life?

Philology and tradition clearly define a lady as one who has more to give than her neighbors, and whose province it is to dispense to the less fortunate. Viewed thus, the application is meaningful. To support it aright, there must be superiority to the commonalty, largeness of heart, and liberality of hand.

Against this picture, bracing ourselves for the nervous shock, let us set an authentic anecdote, date of this year of our Lord, 1889. General S——, than whom no warrior is more beloved and honored of his country, met at the door of a hotel at which he was sojourning, during a tour of travel in company with his wife, a colored man, who thus accosted him:

“General S——, I believe, suh? Ken you tell me ef dere’s a wash-lady ob de name o’ Johnsing at present engaged in dis house?”

“I know nothing of the employees here. I am only a traveler and guest in the hotel.”

“Yes, suh. I know dat, of co’s’e, suh. But I t’ought you might ‘a’ met dis partickler wash-lady, ‘cause she done tole me she had some clo’es to bring home for a ‘oman named S——.”

There is a degree less of absurdity in another anecdote as true, and also of recent date.

In one of the largest cities in America, a “boarding-home” for working-girls received a present of a handsome sewing-machine from the manufacturer, for the use of the inmates. On a small silver plate, let into the table, was engraved, “To the Working-women’s Home, from ——.” The name of the firm followed.

The gift was joyfully received, and, for some weeks, was in almost constant use, the boarders being only too glad of this assistance in doing their own sewing in the evenings and off-hours. In an unlucky moment some one descried the modestly-obscure inscription, and proclaimed the tenor thereof. A "strike" was the result. Not one of the forty girls who composed the family would touch the machine with hand or foot. So excited and bitter was the run of feeling against it that the matron found it necessary to lay the matter before the Board of Managers. Even in this body, sympathizers with the malcontents were not wanting. One of these energetically condemned the wording of the inscription as a covert insult to the class the donor pretended to benefit.

"These are young *ladies*," she affirmed, "with sensibilities as acute as ours, and they cannot, without violence to self-respect, overlook the wrong done them personally, and as a class."

After a lively debate, a woman of high social standing and intellectual endowments offered a resolution which, being carried unanimously, stands on the minutes of the society to this day:

"*Resolved*, That the Women composing the Board of Managers of the ——— accept the sewing machine presented by ——— & Co., as a gift to themselves, and that the matron be instructed to convey to the young *Ladies* now resident in the Boarding Home, the information that the word 'working-women' on the machine applies to the Board of Management, and *not* to the boarders."

The refinement of the sarcasm did not tell perhaps where it should. The lesson conveyed by the incident is unmistakable.

The illustration of the trend of vulgar prejudice against what Sarah Josepha Hale used to call "the royal name of woman," even outruns, if possible, the arrogant claim of silly illiteracy to a title they deserve in no one respect.

One must, in mental and spiritual stature, get her head well above the dust of conceit and the fogs of ignorance before she can appreciate the dignity of true womanhood. Her business in life may be that of selling "notions" over a counter. In the calm consciousness that she is as respectable in her station as the wife of a millionaire in hers, she will not throw up her place because the floor-walker inadvertently alludes in her hearing to "saleswomen," instead of "salesladies." As the honest and capable superintendent of a mill, she is royally careless whether or not she be mentioned as a "forelady."

Ruskin's oft-quoted deliverance on this subject is apt here :

"It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only ; and having once been in the habit of accepting the title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of 'Lady,' which properly corresponds only to the title of 'Lord'."

The correspondent title to "Lady" being "Lord," our feminine sticklers for the appellation should allude to fellow-workers of the other gender as, "saleslords," "forelords," and to John Chinaman, as "washlord." Or, to be a trifle more moderate and less ridiculous in stating the necessity of the case, the least that their brothers can ask is that they be registered as "foregentlemen" and "sales-gentlemen."

If all this sounds like trifling, be it remembered at what door the folly lies. High life below-stairs is a favorite theme with the satirist, mainly because it offers so many salient points of attack. It may be said that in a Republic there should be no "below-stairs." In one, and the best sense, there is none. Strictly speaking, nothing is vulgar except groundless pretension.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part. There all the honor lies."

An Englishman said it, and may have been sincere in the enunciation of the dogma. In America, it is so true that it should be lettered in public places, be embroidered and hung up, instead of pious sampler-mottoes, in our homes. Action, and not condition, makes the noble man and the noble woman. The more stanch one's self-respect, the more careless is he or she of the frippery of a title. The broader the platform of dignity, the more room he who stands thereon has for ease of movement. Such fierce assumption of the scanty rag of a name, such touchiness of resentment at imaginary imputations, and the incessant uneasiness lest the aforesaid tatters be torn away—are like the movements of the captain's harum-scarum son (familiar to us all in the days of "Angell's Reader"), when having climbed to the main-truck, he suddenly appreciated the narrowness of his foothold, and the height of the mast.

To continue the familiar quotation from Ruskin :

"I do not blame them for this ; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it."

The author of "Five Talents of Woman" also gives this quotation, and yet, a few chapters later, we come upon this :

"Lady-help wanted as housemaid in small family where cook and nurse are ladies."

"We have just read the above advertisement, and hope that we may take it as an indication that the 'lady-help' system is not altogether a failure. When real 'ladies' become cooks and nurses, it will be a grand success. A real lady knows that she is just as much a lady when she sweeps a room as when she plays upon a piano, or sits on a sofa doing crewel-work."

Without staying to comment upon the certainty that the above advertisement in an American paper would be an exaggerated form of the evil we deprecate, I remark that American ladies—born and bred—do cook, nurse, and sweep rooms, usually in their own houses, occasionally in other people's, and for wages. But these are not the clamorers for the name of “lady” in contradistinction to that of “woman.” She upon whom are laid “the office and the duty signified by the title,” and who honorably fills one and discharges the other, is content to await others' award of the honor due her.





MOUSE OR RAT?

POPULAR anecdotes, like meteoric showers, have periodical returns. After forty years or so, we elderly people are surprised if the threadbare saying or joke is not returned upon us unchanged, or fitted out with a spick-and-span application to suit the present day. Our fathers called them "old soldiers," our children brand them as "chestnuts."

A story that has taken half a century to describe its orbit was told in my hearing the other day to illustrate a political squabble. The Honorable Somebody has used it with telling effect in a campaign speech. We smiled and sighed, a generation ago, over the even-then ancient incident of the pattern married couple who were divorced because they could not agree whether the rodent that ran across the hearth was a mouse or a rat.

After a fierce fight of tongues for two hours, hysterics attacked the wife, and manly compunction the husband.

They made up,

"And kissed again with tears."

"How could we be so wicked?" sobbed Madame.

"And so irrational?" chimed in Monsieur. "And all on account of an insignificant mouse!"

"A mouse! A rat, you mean, my love!" cried Madame, briskly, raising the face, wet with penitent tears, from her husband's breast.

"My darling! how absurd! It was a mouse, I tell you. It was nearer to me than to you, and I saw it distinctly."

"And I vow there was never so big a mouse made! Haven't I eyes as well as you?"

Etcetera, etcetera, until the breach was incurable.

The student of human nature, who has plied his trade for above a score of years, finds it hard to laugh at the satire on his kind, even at the first hearing. The keen little scalpel goes too near the bone, and mangles too many nerves.

The stubborn determination to set people right, at whatever sacrifice of time, temper and cellular tissue, has wrought its wicked will to a woful worst among the children of men since the day in which our common mother insisted upon modifying her husband's opinion of the forbidden fruit. Then, if never since, it was the man who had intuition on his side, and the woman with whom rested the burden of argument and demonstration.

Friends of years become deadly enemies, children forswear parents, and parents disinherit children; political partisans cut one another's throats; churches are riven to the corner-stone, and nation declares war against nation, from age to age, for no better reason than the inability of the individual man to allow his brother to be mistaken. Religion and her preferred handmaiden, Courtesy, prescribe no more arduous task for those who would obey both. "Mouse or rat?" sets society by the ears.

In the home—the woman's world—it does more mischief than bad temper and greediness. It is here that the mother's work of running down and exterminating the little foxes that will, in their early maturity, waste the vineyard, begins. The course of treatment is indicated by the nursery-rule: "It is not polite to

contradict." Contradiction—verbal—being the outcome of the moral inability aforesaid, this dogma strikes the evil directly on the head. The pity of it is that the rule so generally goes to the wall when the nursery doors are cleared.

Shrewd Jacob Abbott in the unsurpassable "Rollo Book," tells of a foolish fellow who mistook the moon-rise for a fire, and was greatly exercised by the apprehension. While he stood gaping at the red sky, "a vulgar fellow" came riding by in his own carriage, and was accosted by the clown with the tidings of the conflagration. The vulgarian disputed the assertion.

"It is the moon, you fool! Can't you see that?"

Argument and dogged reiteration ran high for awhile, and the owner of the equipage drove off, furious with the other's stupidity.

Presently along came a gentleman driving a wagon.

"Look at the big fire over yonder!" called the clown.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, pleasantly, "I hope they will be able to put it out," and drove on his way.

The pith and power of a volume upon breeding, good sense, and forbearance with what cannot be cured, are condensed into the little episode so quaintly narrated. Inherent vulgarity in high places contradict and wrangles over an unpractical trifling difference of belief. Inherent courtesy does not challenge another's assertion causelessly. To allow other people to remain in what we consider error, requires strength of mind, true dignity, and a fine sense of perspective.

A sprightly girl once gave a graceful illustration of this point. In conversation with a conceited ignoramus, she chanced to say:—"I thought it was *he*."

Her superior in sex instantly corrected her, in an undertone, to spare her feelings:

"Beg pardon, you know! But you meant to say, 'I thought it was *him*.' Make it a point of honor, you know, to call my friends' attention to lapses of this sort, you know. It's true kindness, don't you see? No offence, I hope?"

The girl's face was a merry dance of dimple and gleam.

"None, I assure you!" she replied. On the contrary, I am your debtor."

As she was—for a good story.

The conscientious desire to amend the ways and notions of one's friends is the specious excuse offered by wiser people than our coxcomb for what is, when analyzed, the unlovely weakness we are trying to depict in this paper. What is it to me that my neighbor holds opinions diverse to mine with regard to pie-making and predestination? Or, to her that I prefer George Eliot to Miss Braddon? You may think your sister's new Moquette carpet a nuisance because the broom gathers fluff in double-handfuls during the first six months of wear, and she, that the pattern of your Axminster is stiff or trite—and neither be the wiser (and worse) for the other's opinion. If you would have sisterly love continue, reserve on many points is a grace you do well to cultivate.

"I must tell the dear girl that she hurries the accompaniment in that song," I heard a musician say. "It is one of my especial favorites, and her style of rendering it excruciates my nerves. It would be a real kindness to drop her a hint. Nobody but a true friend would do it."

There was the unconscious offense of the performer. *His* ear was pained, *his* sense of fitness outraged.

In like selfish regard for our own sentiments, tastes, whims and ways, is rooted nine-tenths of the officious setting-to-rights going on in homes and communities. The inability to look on, resignedly and indulgently, while others make blunders (according to our code)

is seen, under the microscope of impartial scrutiny, to be egotism of a pronounced type. The man who is always right, and bent upon dragging his associates up to his level of observation, is a pest always and everywhere. His conceit, obstinacy, and intolerance are the animus of his zeal. The blatant reformer is most restive under criticism of himself.

It is the really profound and temperate thinker who does not resent being sometimes in the wrong. Why should we object to saying in effect? "I am wiser now than I was at the time I made the statement you quote against me. I thought and said such a thing last year, or last month. I have learned better since."

The mind and character of such an one will never be pruned, as were the peacock box-trees of a hundred and fifty years ago, along set and rigid lines. While he exists, he will be a living creature that grows and betters himself, not a mummy done up in cerements and drugs.

The world over, the supreme duty of minding one's own business presupposes wholesome neglect of other people's. Violation of this principle begets gossip, scandal, slander—the three hang together as naturally in evil sequence as self, sin, and suffering. All enlarge and multiply with the using. It is the converse of philanthropy that impels us to try to pull straight a web that is not of our weaving, and was never intended for our wearing. Let the mistaken thinker cry "mouse" all day long unchallenged, even though you may have caught, killed and made an autopsy of the rat. In minor details of belief and shades of opinion, none of us is his brother's keeper.

Considered as a domestic and social evil, this is outranked by few. From infancy, the boy disputes with yells and blows abstract tenets, knowing them to be trivial and impersonal in character. The per-

centage of vital interests which are the theme of excited discussion, is pitiably small.

The height of a monument in one of the ruined cities of Central America; the color of an absent friend's hair or eyes; the age of a reigning belle; the number of a second cousin's grandmother's children; the question of leaving the spoon in saucer or cup—are not concrete concerns to this generation, or the one following.

Let other people—even our nearest of blood—be mistaken once in a great while! The effort to accomplish this miracle of magnanimity is recommended as wholesome discipline for the temper. In attempting it, you will learn enough of your hitherto unsuspected weaknesses to help you hold your tongue the next time you hearken to a political heresy, or, what is to your way of thinking, an untenable religious or literary dogma. Untenable to one of your mental and moral build, but the holder enjoys the possession thereof. If he flaunts it in your eyes, shut them. If he springs his hypothesis like a watchman's rattle in your ears, get away from the din. By the unholy frenzy which urges you to rob him of his toy, or, failing this, to throttle the praise of it in his windpipe, you may be awakened to a sad and salutary truth that may quench the proselyting ardor within you, and make you willing to leave him unconverted.





HOUSEHOLD WORRIES.

THE round of a woman's daily life may be characterized as one part work, three-parts worry.

Her husband's day-by-day labor is usually one-part worry, and three-parts work.

The weight, strain and rub of her duties fall upon the heart and nerves. The heavy pull of his is upon muscle and mind.

There are many reasons why this should be so, and why the disposition of life's work will always be thus apportioned. Men have strength—women, endurance. Men are courageous—women, patient.

Let the fault lie where it may, it is undeniable that the machinery with which wives keep homes in running order, providing for physical and ministering to moral needs, would not be tolerated by their spouses in their places of business for a day. The mechanic who does not understand his trade; the indolent and inattentive clerk; the book-keeper who cannot make out a correct balance-sheet—lose their several positions as a direct consequence of inefficiency. Each man, on taking the place, comprehends this fully.

The employer's "That's not my way of doing business, young man!" is trial, conviction and sentence, all in one formula. The

laws of commerce are inexorable. The comfort of customers, the reputation of the firm, and the future income are periled when "a poor job" is turned out of the factory.

"The boss's" standard of excellence may not be high in the estimation of his neighbors. That is his affair, and his the responsibility of obedience to orders. Wherever he sets his mark, his employees must work up to it, or quit! Nobody disputes his right to audit accounts; to visit every nook of his establishment whenever he pleases; to order strict investigation and make merciless exposures should he decide that such are for the interest of the "concern." Over confidence in subordinates is reckoned by his knowing compeers as lax management, and affects his status as a competent manager.

So much for the masculine head of the house. He can take care of himself, and of a business which runs, much of the way, in worn and oiled grooves. In the thickest and darkest part of the "woods," he is guided, to some extent, by the "blaze" of precedent.

Turn we, now, to the woman to whom is committed the duty of expending judiciously the money her husband makes. At the outset of the practice of a profession (for which, by-the-by, she may have had little or no training), she is confronted by the terrific discovery that there are no stable general rules for the conduct of her household. Beyond the fixed and unsatisfactory points that meals must be prepared, and the house kept in some sort of order, the novice's nebulous notions of ways and means get little help toward steadiness and substance from oral or written laws. Veteran housekeepers are officious with wisdom learned from experience, and the tale of each differs from the rest. Of printed manuals, there is a superfluity. She who heeds all, or one-tenth of them, will be beaten prone and breathless.

Those who have read the delightful sketch of "Mrs. Mudlaw's Potato Pudding," will recall the despairing dismay with which the inquirer put up paper and pencil at the end of half an hour's bootless catechism of the cook, and moved the latter to voiceful ire by remarking:

"So you have no particular rule for making it?"

In such calm desperation does our young wife make up her mind, early in the domestic novitiate, that everybody keeps house according to a rule of her own, each doing what seems good (or practicable) in her own eyes, under her husband's vine and fig-tree, with many to molest and make her afraid. She must formulate creed and by-laws for herself, and try the effect of the code upon untried and heterogenous material.

The story of blunders, failures, mortifications, and distresses would wring the heart of narrator and auditor. She may have a full corps of nominal helpers at her back, who ought to be accountable for waste and wreck, but when the day of reckoning comes, she finds herself set in the forefront of the array, with nobody to share the blame with her. Men are often most unfair to us in this respect. The merchant does not consider himself obliged to stand by a clerk who comes to him well recommended, and watch him by the hour and day, to see that he gives good measure, and is civil and obliging. It is a rule of trade that the administration and execution are different branches of business. The Southern negroes have a saying which expresses the popular judgment on this head. They say of one who pays others to do work he is, after all, obliged, by reason of their incompetency, to perform himself, that "he keeps a dog, and then does his own barking." Yet the business man, with a full appreciation of what his "hands" are expected to achieve, recognizes but one culprit when the stairs are dusty in his dwelling, and the soup oversalted. It is not enough for him to be assured

that his wife has given explicit orders in each department; that the housemaid professes to understand her business, and the cook to be skilled in her craft—moreover, that the sensibilities of our domestic crews will not brook espionage and overstrict inquiry. The mistress who “follows up” her assistants zealously will shortly be spared further trouble in that line by having no helpers, in name or in deed, to supervise.

Our domestic potentate reasons out none of these merciful conclusions. “In *his* establishment, the work is properly done, or he knows the reason why. A man has a right to expect, when he has been slaving for his family all day, that some regard should be paid to his comfort at home.”

Happy she who is not familiar with this, and much more of the same sort of talk—who has not cowered like a slave under the knout, in the agony of self-upbraidings, joined to the stinging rebuke of him who feeds, clothes and lodges her, and who adjudges her to be a faithless steward. This is one of the ways by which our American women grow up to be a proverb for premature decrepitude. The husband looks on with impatient wonder as the pretty, lively girl sinks into the careworn wife—a condition hardly ameliorated by the increase of worldly wealth. The more conscientious she is, the more anxious she becomes rightly to administer the affairs of her viceroyalty. With the enlargement of her establishment, cares thicken. The more servants she employs, the more she has to oversee and regulate, the further the fulcrum and weight are removed from the power. The kitchens of many rich people are overrun by a predatory gang, that come and go like grasshoppers. While there are neither laws, nor a pretense of system in our domestic service, the best and wisest of us are not exempt from change and spoliation. American housewives are the most defenseless class of workers in the community.

Here let us pause, as on the brink of an uneasy ocean forever casting up mire and dirt. It is not the object of this chapter to propose remedial measures for the national evil. Thus far, proposed checks have been like the whips with which, at the silly monarch's command, his creatures scourged the waves, and the fetters the sea tossed back to his feet.

A thoughtful sketch written by Helen Evertson Smith, treats as a womanly defect a want of the sense of proportion, in considering and handling a subject. Here lies the secret of the wear and tear that grind the housewife to dust-and-ashes before she has told out half her days. She can hardly overmagnify the office of wife and house-mother. She does, in attempting to fill it, exaggerate thorn-pricks into stabs, and dignify vexation into affliction. The surest way to spoil a subordinate, and to unsettle her ideas of proportion is to let her see that she has the power to wound her mistress and affect the happiness of the family she serves for hire. The ruler steps from her platform to a lower level than her subordinate, when she condescends to plead and supplicate, where the right to command is also a duty. Household-worries should never reach below the surface. In proportion to real sorrow, they are gnats and mosquitoes. Nobody ever died from their bite. The wife's inner life, and the steady equipoise of the mother, are too high in value to be sacrificed to ignoble things.

"The whole world is not worth an oath!" said the finest prince of the Stuart name, when one of his courtiers said of a misadventure which befell the royal hunting-party—

"Your father,—Prince Henry,—would, were he in your place, swear that no man could stand it!"

The whole world of minute annoyances that beset our painstaking housekeeper in the effort to bring the work of hirelings up to her standard of faithful service, is not worth a tear—hardly a

sigh. The philosophic manager, whose sense of proportion and fitness is above the average of her sex, takes up ashes (figuratively) with a long-handled fire-shovel. Our anxious and troubled ("cumbered" in the original) Martha goes down upon her knees on the hearth, and plunges her tender hands into the heap.

The saddest, and one of the most significant things I ever saw, was a woman in an insane asylum, who did nothing all day long but wash and polish one window-pane. Nothing diverted her from the task. With puckered forehead and folded lips, her anxious eyes set on the glass, she breathed upon it, scrubbed it with her apron, and went over and over each inch of the shining surface until the heart of the beholder ached wearily. She had been doing that one thing, and nothing else, for four years. Since then, she has stood with me as the type of thousands whose vision is narrowing hourly through absorption in work, which is not degrading in itself—which is excellent in its time, and respectable in its place—but was never meant to fill the horizon of any human being's mental or spiritual sight. If

" Little things, on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven,"

a multitude of little things, whose wings have been dropped or nibbled away, may swarm like ants upon the tortured soul, and drag it into the earth.





VISITED.

IS hospitality a duty? Let us pull to pieces this one of the dear old "taken-for-granted," and examine it, section by section. Holy Writ so abounds with commendation and re-commendation of it, that we must put the canon, with numberless lesser authorities, into the background, and turn our eyes steadfastly from beholding them while reconstructing our basis.

Thus stands our syllogism: 1. A man's most valuable earthly possession is his *Home*—the term including the satisfaction he has in the enjoyment of the comforts, pleasures, and sweet, wholesome affections which make up domestic life.

2. The obligation to love his neighbor as himself, to do good, and to communicate of what has been freely given to him, is second only to the duty of love to God.

The conclusion is foregone.

"Use hospitality without grudging," wrote the fisherman Apostle, mindful, it may be, of certain unrecorded passages in his itinerant ministry. The revisers have weakened the injunction in rendering the last word, "unmurmuring." The heart-giving, frank and free, makes the ungracious dole of hand and lip impossible. The fact has ugly significance that, with the increase of beauty and luxury in our homes, the practice of the generous virtue has declined into a Crusoeish disposition to draw in our doorsteps after us when

we enter our abodes. The latch-string that always hung on the outside has been superseded by spring-bolt and patent key.

This is not pessimistic platitude. The era of machinery throws adjustable bands about hearts, reels off, marks and delivers sympathies and courtesies to order, each package bearing the stamp, "R. S. V. P." Should payment be withheld, it is understood that no more goods will be delivered to that address. We "receive" and "entertain" on a debit and credit system; invite our friends to accept our hospitality because it is expected of us, less than because we want to see them, or they would like to meet us.

Sometimes this is sheer selfishness; oftener, indolent indifference; oftenest, because our lives are so full and fast that the cozy nooks once sacred to social intercourse are done away with. This is as it should be, if the chief end of man be to make himself comfortable. The nobler living, rounded into perfection, grows to be thus spending and being spent for others. From this platform, hospitality becomes both duty and privilege. I cannot afford, in justice to myself, not to ask my friends to my house, and make them happy while there. The general principle cannot be controverted. How and when to do these things is a question to be answered differently in various latitudes, but a few rules hold good everywhere. To begin with, dismiss as a silly fallacy, however embrowned it may be with age, the idea of treating a visitor "quite as one of the family." As the countryman said when offered bread-and-butter at a Delmonico lunch,—they "can get *that* at home." Abroad, they look for a change of diet.

When a young girl, and one of a gay party at an old Virginia country house, I was invited to pass some days at another a few miles away. The invitation was given in person by the planter and his wife, and included two other girls, visitors with myself at the hospitable mansion.

"Come and spend a week—two weeks—a month, if you can!" we were bidden. "The longer you stay the happier we shall be. We never make strangers of our friends, but consider them a part of the family."

Our engagements allowed us to promise but three days, and with this understanding, we went at the appointed time.

The *chatelaine* met us at the door, was "delighted to see" us, directed a maid to show us up to our rooms, and told us to "feel entirely at home." We wished ourselves there, in very truth, fifty times before nightfall. Our hostess and her three daughters sat on the vine-shaded piazza with their needle-work, and, after we had found chairs for ourselves, chatted gayly together, of people we did not know, and places we had never heard of, but chiefly of personal and family affairs. They were vivacious, sometimes witty, but lacking the key, we were more bored than amused by their *persiflage*. A couple of children varied the performances by rushing against us in their romps, tumbling over our feet and wiping fruit-stained fingers on our gowns. At meals, which were abundant and elegant, we were served in order of age, the mother and two elder daughters before us, and the table-talk ran on brightly without reference, near or remote, to the new-comers. The after-dinner siesta of the whole party was alluded to, incidentally, as a household habit before we were left to find our way to our chambers, and we saw nothing more of our *entertainers* until supper time.

The gardens were fine, and we might ramble in them if we chose, but the recreation was not suggested any more than the noble library was opened to us as a help against *ennui*. One of the daughters, accompanied by a groom, went to ride in the late afternoon; the father took a second to drive early in the next morning, without apology to those who were left behind. All three practiced their music, which was excellent, for two hours at a time. Two of



"MADE TOO MUCH AT HOME"

them sang and played together well, and spent most of the evening at the piano, leaving us free to talk and listen at our pleasure, while their mother knitted placidly on one side of the center-table, the third daughter playing chess with her father on the other. It was an amiable, affectionate home-group; as happy in and among themselves as good health and spirits and easy circumstances could make them. They took no more notice of us in our character as guests than if we had been bodiless spirits, instead of pleasure-loving girls, who had left a merry circle in which we were made much of, for this nondescript existence.

So lost and homesick were we that, on the morning of the second day, we watched for the passing of the country postman, and privily despatched a note to the mother of one of the trio, begging her to contrive an excuse for sending for us that evening. This she managed so cleverly that not one of the free-and-easy party suspected why our visit was abridged, or that we had an irrational prejudice against being made an (unconsidered) part of the family.

Since then, I have never believed people who tell me that they "do not like to be made company of." Reason enjoins that one should fly his own colors, in and out of port. Being an integral part of one household, he can enter no other except as a guest, nor would he if he could.

It follows, as a necessity, if you would treat your visitors as such, that you must know when they are coming, and the length of their stay, in order to prepare a fitting welcome. The English define both these points in giving invitations, thereby sparing the guests needless perplexity. If you say explicitly, "Can you come to us on Monday, the 18th of this month, and remain until Friday of the same week?" your friend is sure, that for the specified period, she occupies her own place, and not that of some one else who cannot come until she has gone, while you can put your domestic affairs

into such a shape that you can thoroughly enjoy intercourse with her.

The fashion of "At Home" days is gaining favor rapidly with those who once condemned it as formal and subversive of genuine friendliness. The woman who engraves the name of a certain day, afternoon or evening, on her visiting cards as the time when she is ready and glad to receive calls, says, in effect, that she appreciates the desire of her acquaintances to see her, and sets too high a value on their time and hers to risk the loss of a visit. She furthermore marks her recognition of the duty of hospitality by resigning a stated portion of the week to the performance of the grateful task. Her visitors are never doubtful as to the chances of inconveniencing her, or of finding her within doors. She belongs, by choice, on that day, to all who will come, and, being prepared to receive them, will be disappointed if they stay away. Any one, except a very intimate friend, is guilty, however unwittingly, of impertinence in presenting himself at any other season, unless by especial permission. People who have never taken the pains to think twice of this view of the subject, have a way of saying, "Let me call some time when I can see more of you—have you all to myself; I *hate* reception days." One must be very sure of his own attractions who thus proposes, uninvited, to absorb the entire attention, for even an hour, of an always busy and useful mistress of a family. If she, with fullest knowledge of her occupations and desires, chooses to appoint the season for receiving the outer world, her wishes will be respected by well-bred acquaintances. It argues presumption and fatuous self-conceit for one to assume that he can never be unwelcome.

The opposite extreme of treating a guest with too little ceremony, is to burden him with attention. Some kindly folk would seem to imagine that their friends part with individuality as soon as the shadow of the hospitable roof envelops them. The determina-

tion to amuse, to feed, to fill them, body and mind, with entertainment during every hour of their sojourn is obvious at every turn. To insist that he whom you delight to honor shall eat twice as much as he wants, and does not know what he prefers to take on his plate; should see things he cares nothing for; drive when he would rather walk; sail, when he abhors aquatic sports from the depths of an agonized stomach; that he shall be diverted when he longs to be alone with his own thoughts for one precious hour of the fourteen that make up his waking day—is benevolent torture.

Study your friend's likes and proclivities, addressing your ingenuity to the attempt to make him happy in his own way, instead of forcing him to feign satisfaction with yours. It is quite as possible to bore him by giving him a surfeit of your society as by allowing him to seek amusement in reading, or a solitary ramble in the direction chosen by himself. If he comes to you tired, let him rest. Should he be loquacious, listen while he has his say. So far from considering you stupid because you sit by, attentive and mute, while he turns his heart and brain inside out, he will be likely to commend you as the prince of conversationalists. The definition of a bore, "One who talks so much of *himself* that he gives you no chance to talk of *yourself*," is one of the best things that has been said in this century. See to it that you are the bored, rather than the bore, when the relations are those of host and visitor.

It is so impolite to discuss persons and topics in the presence of those to whom these are unfamiliar, that one marvels to hear it done every day by people who should know so much better. If the name of a stranger, or reference to an incident or an event of which your guest is ignorant, be introduced in the course of conversation, address a word of apology or explanation to him, and speedily turn the talk to what would interest him more.

The ability to make your home the favorite resort of the people you most desire to attract, is a thing to be coveted. It is no mean ambition to wish to have the knack, talent, genius,—sometimes it is all three,—of “entertaining” well. The road to success here is short and straight; it is forgetfulness of self in the intent and effort to please and interest those who have come to *be* pleased and interested. This is what makes certain houses and hosts “delightful” to all classes and conditions of visitors. The want of it may result in impressing the invited with your superiority to themselves in position, knowledge or riches, but, as a rule, even toadies of an humble mind and one’s most affectionate friends do not like to be put at a disadvantage.

There are sensible people in civilized communities who comprehend that a woman who is worth visiting may have stated work to do that cannot be entirely laid aside for weeks, or days, for the delight of a favorite guest’s companionship. The visitor who cannot see this is an absorbent of the *spongiest* type. Make your invitations to her as few as is compatible with policy.

While giving your friends graciously of your best, avoid the appearance of “putting yourself out” to accomplish this end. Let the flow of hospitality be that of the mountain spring, not the forcing pump. “The first course was roasted hostess,” said a wicked satirist of a dinner party. Your guests will not easily forgive themselves if they remark so entire a change in your everyday manner of living as argues an extraordinary press and strain upon yourself and helpers. However skillful may be your endeavor to “bring up the style” of your establishment to the level of one which has an underpinning of five times your income, you cannot achieve a counterfeit that will deceive others. Strike the true key in the beginning, and do not change it. Be *yourself*, and keep what belongs to, and is *of* you, in just harmony. Bear in mind that

Recreation, Repose, Refreshment, are the Blessed three that should attend upon the stranger or acquaintance within your gates. The hospitality that comes short of this is a misnomer.





VISITOR.

LEXICOGRAPHERS put down as obsolete—"Hospitate; to be the recipient of hospitality."

They may be right in assuming that we do not need the word. We surely want something to express the active-passive receptive condition of the benefits and graces of hospitality. The term itself has been so far estranged from the root, *hospes*, a guest, as to relieve the said recipient of all responsibility, and to double the burdens of the host. As the relations of the two are popularly regarded, the visitor is not even the crust of the loaf, binding it into form and comeliness, yet part and parcel of the generous whole. He is more like the tasteless shell from which we sip Roman punch and ices—taking nothing from, and giving nothing to what it holds. It is a common saying that few people know how to entertain. Coronachs are chanted over the tender graces of the dead virtue of hospitality; tomes written upon the possibilities of resuscitation. A sure evidence of the vitality of the principle in the human mind and heart is offered in the truth that few sighs and little ink are expended in recrimination. Yet the children in the market-place complained—"We have piped into you, and ye have not danced."

If we would have successful hosts, we must have guests who appreciate, and do their duty as seconds to the principals in the

duet. Hospitality as a *pas seul* must always be a failure. It comes to pass, by the curious reversal of positions we deprecate, that a bidden guest often accepts an invitation with the mien of one who grants a boon. If the hospitable request be made verbally, he hesitates, demurs, "is not quite sure that he can manage it," and having thus deprived the act of the little graciousness it might possess when the question is of the receipt, not the bestowal of a favor, finally agrees to "come if he can."

You, if the host, or hostess of the patronizing visitor, know from this beginning, what will be his deportment while he remains under your roof-tree, eats and drinks of your best, and suffers you to amuse him. He is your master and critic; if he be amiable, your defence against yourself in judgment of deficiencies that might incommode His Royal Littleness. I have had such an one apologize for my apple-sauce, and condone my coffee, when I had not hinted at a fault in either. Aware though you may be, that he is your inferior in everything, including politeness, duty compels you to submit to his condescension, to let pass, unchallenged, arrogance, boorishness, real insolence, while he is sheltered by the ægis of Guesthood.

The reason for this is plain. The number of well-bred people in every community is in humiliating disproportion to that of the under-bred. You have ministered to the vanity of a small-souled or ignorant being, who, by an odd system of inflation known to his kind, is lifted by the honor done him above those from whom it came.

"Really, now," said the ingeniously-stupid scion of a wealthy house to a lady who invited him to a party, "I have been out late so many nights lately that I am awfully tired, you know. Can't you let me off this once?"

"With pleasure, now and always," was the amused rejoinder.

The man whose heart, or head, or both, do not tell him that your desire to see him within your doors, and not his consent to be there, is the compliment paid by one person to another, can never "hospitate" with you in the subtler sense of the obsolete verb. It carries with it an implication of reciprocity which fine spirits invariably recognize.

Receive, as a visitor elect, the proposition of your acquaintance that you shall come to his home, for what it is—an act of good-will, and flattery of the most delicate kind. So far from presuming upon it, you should strive to justify his good opinion of you by modest, genial behavior that will be a tacit acknowledgment of obligation. Make him proud, not ashamed of his friend. The truest breeding is that which teaches the sojourner for an hour, a day, or month, beneath another's roof, to fit cozily into the family groove. Life should run more smoothly for the household because you are with them, whereas, in too many instances, the train is shunted jarringly upon another track, and nothing seems home-like until the disturbing influence is withdrawn.

One of the best men I ever knew, a gentle-hearted, large-souled Christian scholar, contrived to make himself so obnoxious as a visitor in other men's houses, that a hint of his coming threw hosts, servants and children into a panic. He would have stepped aside into a puddle to spare the life of an angle-worm, but his mild request that a cup of strong, freshly-made coffee might be sent to his bedroom at six o'clock every morning, obliged mistress or cook to rise in the raw winter dawn to prepare it. At breakfast, he took (or was miserable) a special brand of chocolate, which was not procurable in country places; he could eat no bread or muffins that were compounded with eggs, and never touched pork, veal or fish. Dinner, during his stay, was served by request at five, instead of at six, the



FINICAL VISITOR.

usual hour. A bottle of Rhine wine was set at his plate ; certain vegetables were indispensable to his comfort, and others so disagreeable to sight and smell that they were tabooed entirely. A lunch of sponge-cake (home-made) and brandied fruit furnished a night-cap, without which sleep was impossible. The bedstead was turned so that the earliest morning rays might not strike upon his eyes, and was, furthermore, propped on two hassocks into an inclined plane, to encourage the flow of blood toward the extremities.

An excellent divine, portly and rubicund, carries his daily health-bread in his valise wherever he goes. On one occasion, it was left accidentally on the sideboard, and sliced by an innocent servant for general use at supper time. The owner identified it at a glance, and with great presence of mind, called the host's attention to the blunder. With the mien of an injured saint, he eyed in speechless emotion the servant who collected the desecrated fragments in a plate, and set it beside him. He next inquired what kind of tea was on the tray, and, on being told, shook his head mournfully, and supped on bread and water.

"You perceive, Madam," he moralized, when the uncomfortable party arose from their chairs, "If I had not brought my bread, I must have *starved*."

Both of these men were, to all appearance, in robust health. Both should have remained at home, or, if compelled to go from place to place, should have taken themselves and load of idiosyncracies to a hotel, where they could pay in dollars and cents for the luxury of pancreatic caprice.

Dyspeptics must live? Resisting the temptation to plagiarize Talleyrand's reply to the lampooner who offered the same plea—" *Je ne vois pas la necessite* "—let me urge the broader principle of greatest good to the greatest number. If there is nothing fit for you, as an invalid, to eat on your host's *menu*, take the alternative of

bodily suffering, rather than wound the kind hearts of the caterers. If not prepared to do this, you are physically unfit to "hospitate" comfortably with your best friends.

Doubly unfit, in spirit and breeding, is he who, without the excuse of ill-health, thinks to add to his personal consequence by display of disfavor of what is set before him. Leave regimen behind you when you cross the threshold of your neighbor's house. The parade of your individual appetites disgusts others in proportion as it interests yourself. You need not drink coffee if you prefer tea, of which there is none on the table. Water is a fashionable beverage, and may be chosen without expatiation on the biliary derangement or nervous disorder that makes it imprudent for you "to touch coffee or chocolate." It is never pardonable to say that you do not like anything offered to you. You might as well inform the disconcerted hostess that her effort to provide for your comfort and enjoyment is a bungling mistake. As a safe rule of general application, the less you say as to the inner works of your bodily structure, the better.

Mungo Park had taken a bite of a greasy-looking cake of whitish paste dotted with black, tendered him by an African woman of whom he had begged a night's lodging, when, drawing near to the light, he saw that the specks were *large ants*.

"In great disgust, I was on the point of throwing it away," he says. "But, reflecting that to do this would give pain to my kind hostess who had set before me the best of her store, I refrained, and ate it, instead."

I have sat at Christian men's feasts with millionaires and savants, who might have taken a lesson in genuine refinement from the ragged traveler in the Kaffir kraal.

In the matter of hours for meals, for rising and retiring, conform, without hesitation or comment, to those of the hospitable



TRUE COURTESY.

household. It is underbred and selfish to keep breakfast waiting, because you have overslept yourself, or dinner and tea, while you have prolonged a drive or a walk unseasonably. If a meal is well cooked, it is injured by standing beyond the proper time of serving, and if your host's time is worth anything, you are dishonest when you waste it.

It is quite as selfish in want of tactful regard for other's feelings, if less glaringly inconvenient, to present yourself below-stairs long before the stated breakfast hour. You may not like to sit in your bed-chamber; the parlors may be in perfect order for your occupancy, or the library tempt you to snatch a quiet hour for reading, but she is an exceptionally even-tempered hostess who does not flush uneasily at finding that you came down by the time the servants opened the house, and have made yourself at home in the living-rooms ever since. The inference is that your sleeping-room was uncomfortable, or that she is indolently unmindful of your breakfastless state.

I have an anguished recollection of a long visit paid to my family by an accomplished gentleman whose every intention was purely humane, yet who descended to the parlor each morning at an hour so barbarously early that he had to light the gas to see the piano-keys, on which he strummed until breakfast was ready. There is a savage consolation in the knowledge that, if he is distinguishing himself in the heavenly mansions as a player upon instruments, there is no mother with a teething baby and a headache, in the room overhead.

The habits of your entertainers and such incidents of your visits as are less agreeable than you could desire or might expect, ought to be sacred from criticism while you are with them, and afterward. You are visitor, not monitor. Your mission is to please, not to reform abuses. Gossip founded on the report of "one

who ought to know, having been a guest of the family for weeks at a time," is so far beneath contempt that I may well be ashamed to name it as a possible outrage upon hospitality. Be explicit and courteous in answering invitations, whether you accept or decline. State at what time you will make your appearance at your friend's house, and how long you will stay. If prevented by unforeseen occurrences from fulfilling an engagement, send off your excuses and regrets instantly, that the failure may be nothing more than a disappointment. It is actual unkindness to suffer useless preparations to be made for receiving you and administering to your welfare. If your hostess-expectant knows your tastes, and endeavors to gratify them, there will be an individuality in her arrangements that would suit no substituted guest so well as the one for whom they were primarily intended.

As a final suggestion, accept the caution not to over-praise the appointments of the establishment that widens doors and hearts to take you in. If your own home is grander, your means of entertainment in excess of your host's, the laudation smacks too strongly of patronage to agree with sensitive spirits. If your house be a cottage by comparison with your friend's mansion, the anxiety to admire all that pertains to the latter has a savor of sycophancy. Adapt yourself naturally, without question or comment, to the temporary socket in which you are placed.

Do not—I entreat you by the memory of personal experiences that galled at the time like an ill-fitting shoe, and stung like sand-burrs—*exert yourself to be agreeable*. The perfection of breeding is to make your entertainers believe that the illumination you bring into their home is the reflection of the light shed by their own successful hospitality.



WITH OUR GIRLS.

THIS sentence lies uppermost in an open letter upon my table :
“Our daughter is in her eighteenth year. She has been delicate until within a few months, but seems at present quite strong. Her ill-health has interfered seriously with her studies. Of course, at her age, it is impossible to send her to school. Her manifest destiny is to marry early, and make some man a capital wife and housekeeper.”

A petted, sickly, ignorant child, who has not resolution enough at seventeen, to repair defects in her scholastic training—good for nothing but marriage! This is the translation of the above.

“Heaven help the men, to-night!” says Lady Betty, smirking at her image in the mirror, bedight for the evening foray.

I take up the words solemnly and sadly. Heaven help the men and the nation, when of such material, and of stuff even more flimsy, are to be made the wives of the rising race—the mothers of the next generation!

The proposition that she who is best able to live alone, to control herself and mold circumstances to work together for her good, is also—other things being equal—best fitted for happy, beneficent wifhood, appears simple enough to be grasped by the average intellect. It is my conviction, founded upon years of critical observation, that she who thinks of love as the business of girl-life,

and of marriage as its aim and end; whose intercourse with the other sex is colored by these views and expectations, is the last woman any rational man should wed. I join to this the belief that the prevalence of this habit of thought and purpose debases the standard of both womanhood and manhood in our country. From honest intolerance with it are born the eccentricities in the language and conduct of many pure, noble women stigmatized as "strong-minded," for the lack of more apt classification.

"I am aweer, my dear boy," says Magwitch to Pip, in "Great Expectations," "that on that occasion I was *low*!"

The coarse triumph of a vulgar nature merited the epithet less decidedly than does the attitude our girls and boys, our young men and young women, occupy with respect to one another. Every sportsman knows that overmuch and untimely hunting makes game shy and wild. "Who wants to make game of them!" says Our Girl with spirit. "Look now at me—personally and individually—*myself*! I am not a husband-hunter; I do not care to get married for ages! But I do like to converse with sensible men, and to have a good time with the boys. It may sound frivolous, but I relish innocent fun and frolics. Sleighing and lawn-tennis, and boating-parties, and the like. If I smile twice at the same man, he thinks I want to 'catch' him! The code of the parlor is no higher in this respect than that of the kitchen. Bridget does not 'belave in followers without they mane business.'"

Accepting this very personal "Myself" as the mouthpiece of a class who have a right to a hearing, I say, First: No amount of misconception of your motives alters the truth that our social, as well as our domestic atmosphere is what women make it. And if our best women give over the attempt to refine and reform men, they will become Turks and Yahoos. Next: Respect yourself—body and spirit. There is untold might of influence in the fearless purity of



FREE - AND - EASY YOUTH.

a nature that, having no affinity for evil, passes it unconsciously by. Smile as brightly as you please; enjoy sensible talks and harmless fun, and be as happy with the boys as the Lord meant you and them to be together. But, from first to last, never forget that your duty to them and to yourself demands that both shall be better for the association. If man's work is like that of the more majestic forces of nature—tides and glaciers and stormy wind fulfilling His word—yours is the gradual, but potent ministry of dews and showers and sunlight. Regard and regulate the drift of little things, the thistle-down of thought and action. Go to your needle and knitting-work for lessons in the slow accretion of influence and result; the disasters of unfastened threads, and stitches dropped and overlooked. For example: The man who presumes so far upon his privileges as a frequent visitor, as to cross your threshold with his hat upon his head, or a cigar in his mouth; who lounges at half-length upon the sofa, or helps himself to an easy chair when the ladies present are less luxuriously seated; who sits, unmoved, at your grandmother's entrance, and sees you or any other woman tug at refractory blind or window, or move a heavy piece of furniture; who drops, unauthorized, the "Miss" from your name; who is fond of holding and pressing your hand, or seizing you by waist or arm in what then ceases to be innocent frolic—*may* become a gentleman through your tactful discipline. He may now, possibly, know no better.

"I wish he would not *mean* quite so well, and *do* a little better!" said a young lady to me, once.

A highly respectable youth, seeing, in the course of a call upon her, that his sock had slipped down, coolly laid his foot upon a chair, pulled up his trouser-leg, readjusted the offending garment, composed his pantaloons, and put down his foot, without intermitting his talk.

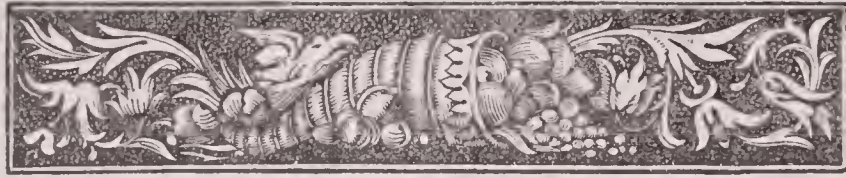
“He is the whole support of a widowed mother, my dear,” pleaded I, faintly. “Whatever his solecisms in demeanor, he always means well.” Upon which succeeded her plaintive retort.

In truth, the marvel is that the majority of our young men are so well behaved, when we remember the herding of schools, colleges, stores and business offices, and how few of them remain under the paternal roof after the age of fourteen. If you girls do not come to their help in a resolute, sisterly spirit, not only in the polishing of the shell, but in the elevation of the inner man, the race of gentlemen must diminish direfully. There are peculiar elements of strength and protection on one side, confidingness on the other, and a certain romantic fervor of attachment in the friendship—pure and simple—between a man and a woman, that cannot, from the very nature of things, enter into the intimacy of one girl with another, or into the sturdier comradeship of men. Human nature knows none sweeter and more stanch. Believing, as I do, in the value and happiness of such attachments, I am loath that the young people I love should be denied the benefits of the same. Is there no power of common sense and will that can give us, instead of prudery and coyness, of suspicion, coquetry, manœuvres, gossip, heart-burnings, unworthy triumphs, worn and callous and bruised affections—the free, frank association, that meditates and distrusts no snare—intercourse that shall unseal springs of healing and refreshment to us, as to our brothers?

Believe me, dear girls, our Father has made no grander creature than an upright, large-souled, tender-hearted man. It is hard to get at the knowledge and understanding of his real nature under the present constitution of society. Still, the genus is so worthy of study and esteem, that you do well to strive by the exercise of what is best and highest in yourselves, to develop the latent germs of true manliness in even unlikely “boys.” There may be an

imprisoned angel in the block. But,—remember, public opinion condemns strongly and justly, speculation for private enrichment on the part of missionaries!





OUR VOICES.

SOME years ago it was my prideful pleasure to chaperone a party of American girls through the exhumed city of Pompeii. The traveling group of six comprised two Southern women, one Western, two from the Middle States, and a sixth from New England. All were highly educated, refined, sprightly, and keenly appreciative of the privileges of the Grand Tour. Five out of the six spoke French, and four, Italian so well as to call forth the commendation of our guide.

"It was seldom," he went on to say, "that Americans were fluent in that tongue, although many had sufficient command of French to make their way on the Continent."

"How do you know that we are Americans?" asked a fine type of our best class of girls. "Why not English?"

She had put the same question to a boatman on Lake Como, and received for reply that "The English have red faces, the Americans white."

The Pompeiian guide was less complimentary.

"The English speak from the chest," he said, illustrating his meaning by driving his rich baritone into the depths of his lungs; "the Americans, with the nose."

Lest we might not catch his meaning he translated his Italian into Roman-French :

" Par le nez ! Comprenez-vous ? Comme c'a ? "

To make sure of our not losing the point, he grasped a swarthy, aquiline member between thumb and forefinger, and reiterated the clause sonorously.

The girls disclaimed the imputation as indignantly as I afterward heard an eminent American clergyman, resident on the Continent, repel a criticism passed upon himself by an English parishioner.

" She told a friend of mine that she would enjoy my sermons more if I had not the ' national nasal twang ! '—a thing of which I was never accused before ! "

It was, I think, Bayard Taylor, who characterized the objectionable habit herein mentioned as the " national catarrh." Nobody is conscious of his own sins in this regard.

One of the most eloquent of Southern pulpit orators once convulsed a company by asserting, with the full explosive might of a prominent olfactory organ, that he " could detect a Yankee anywhere, and in whatever disguise. They all speak through the nose, a trick from which the Southerner is entirely free."

I shall never lose the recollection of the luxury of hearkening to the clear, exquisitely modulated voice of a celebrated statesman and scholar, nor of the shock which succeeded his—" Allow me to introduce my young kinsman"—a graduate of two American and one foreign university, whose provincial " twang " was that of the typical Down-Easter.

Evidently, domestic association, the training of the schools, and transatlantic travel are an ineffectual corrective combination in some instances.

We are so used to the "national catarrh" that we have ceased to notice it, except in the more exaggerated forms. The most serious side of the question is suggested by those who insist that—setting aside ridicule and disclaim—it is the inevitable consequence of the American climate. I have heard this view of the subject ably sustained in a convocation of New England physicians; a prominent New York citizen assured me (through his nose), "There is not a resident of New York or Brooklyn who is not a sufferer from catarrh in some form."

It may be added that color is lent to this hypothesis by the lessening prevalence of nasal speech as one goes Southward. It is bad enough everywhere in these United States, but the coast lands, subject to freezing fogs, and humid northern valleys between mountains where the snow lies long, carry off the evil palm. So many and such great blessings have come to us with our country and climate, that we may bear this adjunct with meek fortitude, as we strive to endure other providential dispensations.

If, at the same time, it is possible, by the introduction of new elocutionary methods into nursery and school, to lift the reproach from us, the consideration of curative measures is better worth legislative interference than civil service and sanatory reforms.

Another characteristic of the national manner of speech has, to our shame be it said, application rather to the gentler, than the ruder sex. Illiterate men may, and do, as a rule, add loudness to nasality of tone. Plowmen talk to each other over intervening furrows in strident monotone. The artisan, whose invention of a trunk-rivet or faucet-stop has set his educated children in "our best society," never modulates—or thinks it expedient to attempt the feat—the harshly sustained demi-shout that used to drown the clatter of machinery.

Clergymen, more than any other class of educated men, are apt, in private life, to raise their voices above the subdued pitch of well-bred conversation. This is especially true of popular preachers. The hortatory would seem to be their natural and only mode of articulate communication with their kind. Still, most men who were passably well brought up, and fairly schooled, and whose social status is good, do not habitually transgress the laws of good taste in the pitch and volume of tone. They may shriek upon the Gold Exchange, and thunder upon the hustings. At dinner and evening parties they have their lungs decorously in hand.

Miss Alcott touches the blemish with a firm hand in her description in "Little Women" of the Vevay party, where were collected, among the guests, "a goodly number of sweet-faced, shrill-voiced American girls."

The American "Lear" may emphasize sorrowfully the old king's praises of the voice "that was ever soft and low."

"My girls keep my foot on the soft pedal all the time," said the fond mother of four. "Their spirits make them forgetful of the laws of proportion."

Our girls behave better, in most respects, than any others upon the civilized globe. They are prettier than English women, dress better than French women, are better read than German women, and out-scream them all. To a sensitive ear, the jargoning of a women's lunch or afternoon tea is simply intolerable. It is not only that the example of loud speech is contagious, but if one would be heard, her voice must be raised to overbear the surrounding Babel. Dumbness is the alternative. The round of afternoon receptions and high teas during the fashionable season—entertainments where the proportion of men is comparatively small—is excruciating or diverting, as nerves are delicate or tough.

"The peacocks' gala-day!" muttered a deep voice in my ear, as we entered the hall of a house presided over by a charming, high-bred hostess, and the tumult of shrieks and laughter bespoke her "at home" day.

The phrase invariably returns to me in similar scenes. It is self-evident that, if all would moderate, as well as modulate their tones, everybody would be heard as easily as when all vociferate; that if nobody laughs loudly, the hum of revelry will not be riotous. But, for all of practical effect the aphorism exerts, it might as well never be known.

Is it because our American girl "goes out" so much, and so learns to adjust her voice to the requirements of "the peacocks' gala-days," that she acquires the habit of loud, dissonant speech in the domestic circle, in otherwise quiet drawing-rooms, and—least pardonable of all—in places of public resort? She spoils our enjoyment, and makes us ashamed for her in picture-galleries, by her high, thin chatter of nothing in general and herself in particular; flirts audibly between opera acts and concert numbers; entertains the occupants of hotel parlors with full particulars of the doings of "our set," and discusses the last bit of gossip across the aisle of a street-car.

Chancing, one day, to get a table at Delmonico's near that at which sat a stately chaperone and four pretty, elegantly dressed girls, I learned more of personal biography and family history than I could write down in an hour. Yet all of the party were evidently people in fashionable, and, presumably, refined society. They comported themselves courteously toward each other, and expressed their meaning in well-chosen terms, but as if they had been separated by half the width of the great room.

It may be that, as I once heard a daughter answer her mother's caution "not to speak so loudly" in like circumstances, our girl is

“not saying anything to be ashamed of.” To her honor be it said that she seldom does, in public or private. Daisy Miller was as innocent as she was indiscreet. It is the glory of the American woman, and of our land, that sinless liberty of speech and action on her part are never challenged uncharitably. But rectitude of character and just taste should so interpenetrate her being as to compel their outward manifestation. A sensible thing, quietly uttered, carries conviction as certainly as when shrilled jerkily. A *bon mot* is as brilliant, distinctly and softly spoken, as when hurled like a catapult at an interlocutor. Animation of manner and vivacity of speech are entirely compatible with gentleness.

In the next chapter I shall have something to say as to our manner of pronouncing and putting our words together. I deal now merely with the quality and key of the voice. Like a great many other personal characteristics, it is largely a matter of heredity.

Once in a while, as one finds a strayed garden flower on a common, we hear the “soft and low” voice among unmistakably vulgar people. Not nearly so often, however, as we find metallic ring, thick gutturals, or a viragoish edge in the tones of an educated woman, that betray the plebeian strain of her forbears. The mother’s intonations descend almost surely to her daughters; the reed-like pipings of the son deepen into the father’s cadences.

Home-training, then, has most to do with this much-neglected branch of education.

The work should begin long before the child goes into the paid teacher’s hands. The use of the “soft pedal” and the legato movement in our home-harmonies is neglected to our national hurt. These are not pleasant things to say, or to hear. Vanity in our individual and social ways is as deep-seated in us as patriotic pride. I have but one apology to submit for plain talk which may seem

gratuitously ungracious—an excuse offered in the form of a time-battered anecdote.

John Sylvester bantered Ben Jonson to a rhyming-match, and led off with :

“ I, John Sylvester,
Kissed your sister ? ”

Rare Ben took his turn thus :

“ I, Ben Jonson,
Kissed your wife.”

“ That’s no rhyme,” quoth John.

“ No ? ” drawled Ben. “ But it is *true* ! ”





HOW WE SPEAK.

IT ought to be as easy to speak correctly as to wound our mother tongue.

So says Common Sense.

It must be easier to speak incorrectly than to pay decent observance to the simplest rules of English grammar.

So says sad Experience.

Aphorism No. 1 is not intended to apply to the confessedly and altogether illiterate, who go astray as soon as they are born, speaking double negatives. When the man who shovels in your winter's supply of coal, inquires, "If you haint got no more jobs for him, jes' now?" you scarcely remark the form of the query. Were it couched in simpler and irreproachable syntax, you would catch the unexpected sound, and be surprised thereby into the conclusion that the coal-heaver "had seen better days."

"Who is it?" asked I of the maid who brought me word that "some one wished to see me on business."

"She didn't give me no name, mem. She is dressed plain, but she speaks like a real lady."

The caller was a broken-down teacher with a subscription-paper, asking funds to pay her entrance fee to the Home for Indigent Gentlewomen. Her shabby mourning and homely face had not

deceived the quick-eared Milesian, whose English was no better and no worse than that of her congeners. She recognized "the lady" by her tongue.

I introduced my escort, on a trip up the North River, to a magnificent woman, with whom he found me in converse on the deck. The adjective is used advisedly. She was tall, portly, handsome, attired in perfect taste, and graceful in carriage. Her address was affable, her voice even and well-pitched.

"A fine looking woman," was my companion's comment as we resumed our promenade on the deck, after ten minutes' chat with her. "One of the *nouveaux riches*, I suppose? She carries off her new estate better than the majority of the guild. But she couldn't help telling me that she 'never see no finer scenery abroad than that on the Hudson River.' "

Let these examples illustrate the fact, that with the uneducated masses, incorrect language is the rule, and the accord of the several parts of speech with one another, exceptional. The marvel to the thoughtful observer is—this truth being incontrovertible—that the would-be-elegant-because-rich take so little pains to acquire the shibboleth, without which they must fight their way into the desired land of social equality with those they envy and emulate.

It is a curious study—this persistent mangling of our vernacular. Why the maid who copies her mistress' costume, and catches her very trick of tone and carriage so successfully as to remind the beholders of the years "she has lived in the one place;" who hears the English tongue properly used by everybody in the house except her one fellow-servant, the cook, with whom she is not on friendly terms—should at the end of ten years, compound negatives and confuse tenses is more than a puzzle. It is a mystery.

A stranger contrariety of cause and effect is that the self-made man who began his own creation at thirteen, worked his way up as

errand-boy, porter, shipping-clerk, salesman and partner, to a place among merchant-princes and a seat in congress, should never, with all his getting, get understanding of the practical bearings of such rules as "The verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person." He more frequently learns to speak a foreign language grammatically than to amend his management of his own. Quick of apprehension and adaption to circumstances in the matter of costume and household ceremonies, his untamable tongue confirms shrewd St. James in every sentence. Time and observation make him a connoisseur in wines, but in modest appreciation of the accomplishment, he tells you confidentially,—"There ain't no manner of use in a man pretendin' to be a connoishure without he has had experience."

He is probably fond of polysyllables, selecting them as his wife buys her diamonds—for their size. He generally employs them intelligently, too, accounting each as a "big thing," concerning which it behooves him to be circumspect. The effect of the phrases containing the ponderous prizes is as if his wife's diamonds had been set at a blacksmith's.

The strangest of all the curious circumstances attendant upon the habitual disregard of grammatical laws is the unconsciousness of the offender. Our self-made man and the wife he has tinkered into "a match-article," court, as ornaments to their drawing-room, eminent scholars and literary lights, domestic and foreign; admire intensely in them the facile propriety of expression in which they are themselves deficient, and never suspect the effect of the contrast they offer. Does the inability to discern the difference lie in the ear, or the intellect?

I have called this insensibility the most singular of the paradoxes connected with our subject. May I retract the statement, and substitute the anomaly of people, born well and bred well, educated

according to the most approved methods, and moving in refined social circles, whose foibles of speech approach in number, and rival in heinousness the direct lingual faults of illiteracy?

People who drop the final *g* from participles, and other words ending in "*ing*," with the constancy the cockney exhibits in misplacing *h*.

People who say "He *don't* like it," without a suspicion that the conjoined abbreviation stands for "He *do not* like it."

People who inquire, "You ready?" "You going?" and, sometimes, "Where you been?"

People who never, by any chance, say "Between you and me," but, with the steadfastness of a holy purpose, "Between you and *I*!"

People who pride themselves upon the elegant accuracy of every sentence formed by their lips, and tell you in cultivated euphoniousness of accent, "I have traveled *some* in England, Russia, Turkey, or Australia," and, "I have not coughed *any* all night."

People who have been on intimate terms with Lindley Murray and his colleagues for forty years, and not learned that *ain't* is not tolerated by any of them, being an un-parseable word.

People who consider the fact that they were born south of Mason and Dixon's line warrant for ignoring the dictum—"After the words *like* and *unlike*, the preposition *to* or *unto* is understood," and crucify our ears by telling us on all possible occasions, "I feel *like* I should do" so-and-so, and "He looked *like* he meant it." Who as musically and audaciously say, "I am a *heap* better," or "a *heap* worse."

I heard a D. D., F. F. V., say in a sermon, "It does seem *like* the Lord has some great and gracious purpose to fulfill," etc. And a few minutes thereafter—"I *expect* that this is the proper interpretation of this passage."

There are people, on the other hand, who, born and brought up in the shadow of Yale, roll the phrase—"I want that you should," like a savory and insoluble morsel under their tongues, and not a few, who, as Mr. Howells' Minister Sewell regrets, will—albeit they are Harvard graduates—say, to the close of well-spent lives, "I don't know *as*."

People—this final count is written with groanings unutterable—who, with the best intentions conceivable (benevolent and syntactical), never let slip an opportunity of using the pronoun "*they*" when the antecedent noun is in the singular number. "If a person thinks *they* can do that." "If anybody has lost anything, *they* can apply at the desk." "I was talking with some one the other day, and *they* said," etc., etc.

None of the phrases cited as foibles of speech trench upon the debatable ground of language. One and all, they are glaring defects, flaws in gems, which lessen their value irretrievably. The critical inspector instantly discounts the intelligence or conscientiousness of him who tenders them.

That those who are guilty of lapses of this sort know better, does not exculpate them, or relieve the listener who respects his noble vernacular too truly to condone the unseemly familiarities that approximate insult. When the delinquents are those who assume to instruct others, the foible becomes guilt.

A distinguished author, at a reception given in honor of her visit to a certain town, pressed the hand of a sister-writer who was introduced to her, with the cordial—"You and I *had ought* to have met before."

An eminent lecturer upon scientific subjects remarked at a dinner-party, "The hall was not sufficiently *het* to-day."

The principal of a collegiate institute announced, during the commencement exercises, that the presentation to himself of a

memorial from the pupils was a "change in the programme made entirely *unbeknownst* to himself."

He was taken by surprise by the testimonial, and the luckless phrase escaped him while off his guard. It should have been impossible for him to make use of it in any circumstances. If he had never said it before, he would not have said it then.

It is impossible to speak too well. Upon each of us rests the obligation to redeem his daily conversation from slovenliness. Ease and purity of diction are not, of necessity, pedantic. One may speak with unfailing correctness, yet not mount verbal stilts.

We owe it to ourselves, to our associates, and to the cause of letters, to set, in honest severity, a watch before the door of our lips.





THE CANDY CURSE.

CROSSING the East River one day, I found myself next to the young mother of a baby. It was a large-eyed, pale-faced baby, prettily dressed, and held in a claw-like hand a stick of peppermint candy. The mother pinned her own embroidered handkerchief about the little one's neck to catch the pinkish drops from the moistened confection.

"How old is she?" asked I, with the free-masonic faith that my interest would be appreciated, which appertains to motherhood the world over.

"Six months," returned the proud parent, who evidently belonged to the second-rate middle class of American matrons.

"Is she healthy?"

"Well, not very. She suffers dreadfully with colic, but that doesn't mean anything. She'll come 'round all right in time."

This particular specimen of babyhood entered upon a career of vice a trifle earlier than common even for a United States infant of the gentler sex. I hazard nothing, however, in asserting that seventy out of every hundred babies born in our favored land know the taste and consequent pangs of the accursed thing by the time they are eighteen months old. Perhaps fifty in the hundred are allowed, as yearlings, to suck the "harmless" gum-drop and try their tender teeth upon the striped lollypop.

A zealous temperance crusader ran a tilt, not long ago, against brandy-drops and rummy-hearted caramels, declaring, truthfully enough, that they would implant in the juvenile consumers of the syrupy *bon-bons* a taste for ardent spirits. The mother who keeps her bantling "good," while she talks or works, by relays of candy, more surely creates a craving which can bring no benefit and may work infinite evil.

The boy usually outgrows the inordinate appetite for confectionery, or indulges it in moderation and privately. It is a girl's trick, and a woman's vice.

Dr. Grace Peckham tells us in a paper on "The Family Sweet Tooth," that each member of every household in the United States consumes annually forty pounds of sugar. She subjoins, apropos to lavish consumption of the useful saccharine—"That it blunts the appetite, impedes the digestion, and mysteriously wreaks vengeance on the liver, cannot be doubted."

I know families—and not a few of them—in which each feminine member averages a pound of candy per week. It is not an uncommon thing for a couple of school-girls to eat a pound of Huyler's "butter-cups," or "Maillard's chocolates," or "Costello's *marrons glacees*," or "Arnaud's jelly-creams" at a sitting. I have seen the belle of a summer resort dispose with apparent comfort of five pound boxes in as many days. So well is this passion of the maiden's soul understood by him whose life-long business it is to make her happy, that he feeds it with the regularity of grist to a mill, her ruby mouth being the hopper.

Candy-shops spring up almost as rapidly as drinking-saloons in our cities; every cross-roads country-store has its jar of stony or crumbly "sweeties," as our English cousins name them; the boy who supplies passengers in our out-going and in-coming trains with the daily paper, without which the patriot mind cannot enter upon

the day's action or the night's rest, deafens us on alternate rounds with laudation of "Broken-Candy," and, lest some weary traveler might escape temptation, the news stands in every station protrude a sly recommendation to "drop a nickel in the slot, and receive a package of delicious *bon-bons*!"

A young man, walking up Fifth avenue, was the edified witness of a *rencontre* between two pairs of fashionable damsels at the junction of the avenue with Thirty-fourth street.

"Do come to the meeting of our Literary Club this afternoon," cried one brace in concert. "Mrs. S., the celebrated elocutionist, you know, reads 'The Coming Man,' while we work. Just the jolliest, pleasantest way of spending a quiet hour you can imagine!"

"What kind of fancy-work do you take?"

"Oh!" a giggled duet, "We eat candy, and wait for 'The Coming Man,' you know!"

"Eat candy!" When does not the girl of the period devour it? A sallow child of fourteen was a guest in my house for some weeks. Her mother committed her to me with many injunctions to extreme care and tenderness. She had never been strong, and was rapidly falling into the confirmed delicacy so common in the growing girl, that neither mother or daughter is as much ashamed of it as she should be of such a wretched piece of work. The anxious but resigned parent in this case, "supposed," as did my ferry boat acquaintance, that "it would all come right by-and-by."

"It" was very far wrong now. The girl, dwarfed in stature, and yellow-brown of skin, was a prey to dyspepsia and sick headaches. For four successive nights, I was summoned to her room to administer remedies for cramp and nausea. She was a sweet, patient little thing, and unaffectedly distressed by the trouble she gave. "But she was subject to these attacks. So was mamma. Mamma supposed she inherited them."

As she turned on the pillow in moaning out the borrowed phrase, I heard the rustle of paper. Thrusting my hand under the bolster, I drew forth a paper of chocolate comfits and cocoanut-balls.

In no wise abashed by my horrified look, the sufferer explained languidly :

"I always like to have some candy where I can eat it in the night, if I awake and feel lonesome. Mamma used to leave a paper of gum-drops under my pillow, when I wasn't more than a baby, so's I wouldn't be afraid to go to sleep in the dark. It's a great deal of company. Mamma calls candy, my 'bedside comforter.' "

Inquiry showed that her father allowed her twenty-five cents a week for "candy-money." Of course, she bought only the cheapest kinds in order to get enough to last.

Confiscation of the poisonous stuff, and gentle remonstrance with the tractable child against the habit I could not condemn unsparingly, since her mother had inculcated it, wrought a rapid and blessed change. In a month's time, she was plump, rosy, and so well that my heart ached when I had to return her to her natural guardians.

There is little or no nourishment in sugar, as an exclusive article of diet. But if babies, school-girls, society-belles, mothers and grandmothers would satisfy their lust for sweets with pure sugar—or even the sugar of commerce—the mischief done would be reduced to a minimum.

Dr. Edson enumerates among the substances added for increasing the weight of candy—"Terra alba, kaolin (decomposed feldspar), whiting, starch and ground-quartz."

Among the coloring substances used to make our candy pleasant to the eye, he gives arsenic, chromium and lead. Adulterations for flavor are managed by help of a distillation of "rancid butter, wood alcohol and oil of vitrol, into essence of pine-apple; also, by

fusel oil and prussic acid," while "a very fragrant, fruity essence may be made of rotten cheese by treating it with oil of vitriol and bichromate of potash."

Much of the cheap chocolate sold at corner candy stores is mixed with clay, colored with burnt umber.

The taste for sweets is natural, and, if indulged within bounds, innocent. The craving for puddings, ices and sweetmeats, at the conclusion of a meal, leads to the introduction of healthful acids into the busy stomach, which neutralize alkalis and oils, and help on the specific end of assimilation.

The practice of munching, at all times and seasons, bon-bons, expensive or cheap, until the stomach and that mysterious potentate, the liver, are provoked to vengeance sure and dire, is what I have called it—a senseless vice, and a crying CURSE.





WITH OUR BOYS.

WILLIAM WIRT—than whom no more graceful and genial gentleman ever lived, even in his day when the “gentleman of the old school” flourished and was the fashion—admonished his daughter to practice sedulously “the small, sweet courtesies of life.”

We often repeat the phrase, forgetful of its authorship. Obedience to the injunction is, I fear me, more rapidly lapsing into disuse than the sage of a century ago could have foreseen in his darkest imaginings.

The gentleman of the old school honored me by a half-hour's talk at a party the other evening. He began or ended every sentence with “Madame,” with a slight and charming emphasis upon the latter syllable. He wore a white cravat, and gloves, and a dress-coat. Two fingers of one hand were gently insinuated between the second and third buttons of his vest; the other hand was thrown lightly across his back. He stood erect, while younger men lolled over the backs of chairs and sofas, or leaned against the wall. His silvery head was slightly inclined toward me, and when I spoke, he listened without wandering eye or uneasy motion.

“In the olden time we needed not to be reminded to select partners for the dance, or to escort ladies to the supper-room,” he said, offering his arm to me with a bow that was a compliment in itself,

GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



11/10/11

without the neat speech that entreated the honor. "Now, the host's most arduous duty is charging into the herds of men in corners and halls, to drive them through the bare forms of civility. It is lamentable, madame! appalling to one who has noted the progress of the evil!"

I looked out the verb "to herd," that night. "To unite or associate as beasts. To feed or run in collections. Most beasts manifest a disposition to *herd*."

Reams of paper are blotted, and thousands of cubic feet of air wasted, in proving that a woman is unsexed by qualifying herself to earn her bread, should need arise. The man who ceases to regard his strength as a protection for her weakness; whose asperities disdain the tempering of her graces; who marks out for himself a path so narrow that she cannot walk therein at his side—may not be unsexed, but he is dehumanized. The taint of the herd clings to him everywhere. Under such leadership the disposition spreads fast and far. Our boys learn the stare, the scamper, the rush, the crowding and hustling, by the time they leave off the skirts they detest as "girls' clothes."

"I shall never invite that person to my house again," said a not very fastidious matron to me not long ago. "He does not know enough to touch his hat to a lady in the street."

I recalled the censure in the course of a morning walk taken in the streets of a large city which shall be nameless. I was nodded at, and to, more or less familiarly, by a butcher's errand-boy, by a candidate for a seat in the U. S. Senate, by a Judge of the Supreme Court, by a wealthy merchant rolling down town in his carriage, by an eminent lawyer born of aristocratic stock, and by the smiling superintendent of a Sabbath school.

The day was bitter, and the butcher's boy had no gloves. I forgave

him for keeping his hands in his pockets, but not for whistling a negro melody as he passed me.

In another city, I have been lately waited upon (?) by a dry-goods clerk to the measure of "Rock-a-by, Baby," hummed over and over, under his waxed moustache, and, upon putting a civil question to the proprietor of another "genteel" establishment, I was almost stunned into astonished silence by a vociferated—"What say!" flung into my face. No wonder that the old-world peasant who stands, hat in hand, before "the lady" who hires him at Castle Garden, soon recognizes in the omission to remove or touch his head-covering, the sign-patent of free-and-enlightened citizenship, and nods as royally as does his mistress's husband. In the matter of hats, our school-boys might be so many Quakers. The instinctive pluck at the cap at the approach of a lady-acquaintance, the bow and smile, the yielding the right of way at crossings and doorways, the spring forward to open and hold back gates, are as graceful and becoming now as in our grandmother's sight, but have a pathetic charm from their rarity.

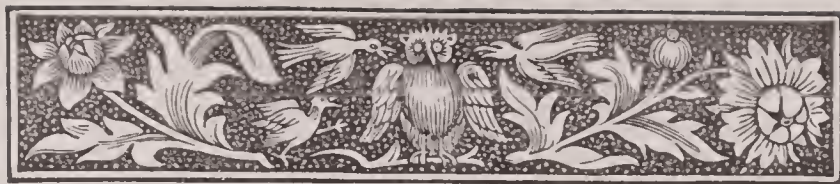
Another cheap and easy declaration of masculine sovereignty is the contempt for, and abolition of the empty titles affixed by old-fashioned custom to the names of seniors, superiors in rank or learning, young ladies, and even school-girls—to these last by virtue of their, then, honored sex. The stately graciousness of Hon. Edward Everett, statesman, scholar and philanthropist, did not deter the college lad over the way from alluding to him as "old Ned Everett, you know." Phineas Fungus, Esq., is enormously rich, the mayor of his native town, and might be governor of the State if he willed it. But the draymen and porters chat at the doors of his warehouses, of "Phinny" and "Old Fun," unless when they are prematurely reverential. Then he is "the Boss."

Familiarity of speech leads as naturally to freedom of touch as brooks to rivers, or neglect of "small, sweet courtesies" to overt boorishness. I do not exaggerate in asserting that the feminine portion of Young America that affects picnics, singing-schools, straw-rides, church sociables and surprise parties, needs as much to be ticketed "Hands off!" as the valuables in an art-exhibition. When the finger of a man who is not my husband or kinsman is pressed upon my shoulder to point a story, or attract attention; when a forward youth fillips my arm with his folded glove at an evening party with:—"I say!" I may be, and am offended, but in a quiet, matronly sort. When I see a thoughtless school-girl sit, hand-in-hand, on steamboat or car with a man whom I know to be a mere acquaintance, or the opera-cloak pressed long and closely about the pretty young thing whom her escort wraps up officiously before leading her to her carriage; when girls are hauled and pushed and buffeted in romping games, and in dances that are nothing better, as the herd might jostle one another, my blood heats with more indignant fire. *No true man will needlessly, much less wantonly, put a woman upon the defensive.* The best that can be said of him who claps the lady-guest on the back as he might her husband, or the coxcomb, who, without her permission, dares to omit the "Miss" in accosting his girl-friend is, as I said in a former chapter, that he "knows no better." If they guessed how often the plea is urged in extenuation of their bovine gambols by charitable friends with juster ideas of the decencies and amenities of society, the shock to self-conceit might be a wholesome lesson.

I have read the letters of my great-grandfather, Colonel under the commission of the Continental Congress, and a sturdy Puritan patriarch, to the wife of many years' standing. His tenderest epithet is:—"My excellent Wife." He usually addresses her as, "Honored Madam." I would that any spoken or written word of

those who note, sorrowfully, with the courtly old censor I have quoted, the progress of the decadence in manners, if not in morals, since the age we deride as formal and severe, could ingraft upon the social free-thinking of this, something of the outward deference to womankind—*as such*—that lends exquisite, if quaint, flavor to the family histories of that date.





OUR BOY, AND OUR BOY'S FATHER.

A WITTY man once told a story to a company of friends apropos to a talk upon the best way of bringing up boys without spoiling them by indulgence, or estranging them by unwise strictness.

I cannot give the anecdote the raciness imparted by the witty man's manner and tone, but I reproduce the matter. The heartache that outlived the laugh which applauded the conclusion, is with me still.

"A Boston clergyman," said the witty man, "consulted one of his deacons as to the evil courses of his (the B. C.'s) son, and the possibilities of curing him of them.

" 'He has rubbed into people's minds the unkind old saying about clergymen's sons,' complained the father. 'He is twenty-five years old, and has been nothing but a sorrow to his mother and myself, since he was expelled from college at seventeen. He drinks hard, gambles and loafes; comes home drunk every night; frequents the lowest places of amusement, and takes pleasure in vile company. Nothing good has any hold upon him. I am at my wit's end. My wife is dying slowly of a broken heart. What would you advise?'

"The deacon was a deep thinker, and a slow talker. He took off his glasses and rubbed them with his pocket handkerchief, while he swung himself gently back and forth in his revolving desk-chair.

“ ‘ Maybe you haven’t made a companion of your boy, doctor—haven’t entered into his feelings and interests as you might. That works pretty well, sometimes. Go to hear Booth and Barrett with him, instead of letting him stray into variety theaters by himself, or with even worse company. Go to a horse-race with him, and talk horse now and then. Take him out to drive with you, and let him choose the horse and hold the reins. Go to see good pictures and hear good music with him, and don’t mind setting up a supper for him afterward at Parker’s or Young’s. See if you can’t interest him in your affairs and talk. Take him to the top of the State House and point out the changes in the country and city, since you were his age. Touch him up on politics and history. Stimulate his pride as a citizen of a great and growing country. Bring in the Boston tea-party, and John Hancock and Faneuil Hall. While you are talking, work him nearer and nearer the edge of the roof, and when you’ve got him where you want him, give him a smart shove and break his blamed neck! That’s the only way to cure *your* boy!’ ”

The element of the unexpected and the incongruous raised a general laugh, as I have remarked. The terrible touch of truth in the grotesque climax pricks like a thorn in the remembrance of the story.

Girls are brought up like hop-vines, convolvuli and other climbers. If there be a little more wood in some than in others, wires are substituted for strings, and the training fingers are plied more frequently than with succulent stems, each terminal bud of which points naturally in the direction of the next needful coil and cling.

Boys grow up—manipulate and dictate as we will. The young tree takes shape early, makes wood, bark, and branches after its kind. The attempt to make wall-fruit of the sturdy thing by

binding it to espalier and bricks, is a continual conflict of wills. Bound in on one side, the rebel flings audacious arms abroad on the other, twists, and writhes, and knots into ungainliness.

"Turns ugly," we say of the boy. The mother sheds ineffectual tears that Dick yawns aggressively or drops asleep over his book during the quiet home-evenings she, "father," and the girls "do so enjoy." Father has his newspaper, mother her mending-basket, and the girls their fancy-work, over which they twitter like wrens in nesting-time. Dick is not interested in their chirpings, nor has he reached the dressing-gown-slippers-and-evening-paper age. Even if he be a student, night-fall, which brings the longing for domestic quiet to elderly world-workers, suggests fun—stir—larks—to him. It is as natural for him to feel the inclination to leap domestic bounds as for a colt to jump the paddock-fence for a gallop upon the upland moors.

The world is before the immature man. It is his to conquer, and he would try his coming strength in a preliminary wrestle, once in a while. At least, he must reconnoiter. His whole nature is uneasy for action. We may know that he is not equipped for it, but *he* does not.

The English have a word that well describes our boy in the transition stage. They say he is "bumptious." If, in the first dress-coat which, with the native youth, now usurps the place in ambition and affection once held by the first pair of "real men's boots," he reminds us, in this same bumptiousness, of a pollywog who has developed one pair of legs, but not parted with his tail, we smile affectionately, and are almost sorry to think how mortified he will be, in the inevitable days to come, in the recollection of the absurd figure he cut. Mentally and morally, he is what he appears to us physically—all growing legs and arms. The inches increase

so fast that he has not time to get used to one before another is here.

Nobody—to the senior's shame be it said—is more intolerant of the lad's figurative and literal lurchings and lunges, than *pater-familias*. Men have shorter memories of their youthful follies than have women. When Paul put away childish things, he threw them clean out of sight. Dick, fretting on his curb, hungering for green pastures while he is fed upon the well-cured hay *pater* munches contentedly, finds it more difficult to believe that his parent was ever coltish, than does the sober old roadster himself. In the recollection of that by-gone period—its follies, scrapes and longings—on the father's part, lies the boy's salvation.

“I fines you joost noting at all!” said the Dutch justice to the prisoner convicted of having got drunk on gin-sling. “I vonce got droonk mit gin-sling mineselluf!”

The attempt to convince Dick that his father has always jogged along the well-sprinkled highway of the respectability which is its own reward, will, if successful, fix a great gulf between the pair, just when the youngster's need of help is sorest.

“Papa was such a pious duffer at school that he wouldn't understand, so I came to you,” was the prelude to a penitent confession of boyish misdoing. “You can't know how it is yourself, of course —” stammering, as a faint smile crept tremulously to the confidante's lips ;—“only, you see, mothers somehow make allowances for everything.”

The father who does—to steal the lad's slang—“know how it is himself,” and is not ashamed to quote his past experience in warning or encouragement, has a purchase upon the young fellow's confidence nothing else can give. Our “B. C.” did not begin the business of entering into his son's feelings by rejuvenation of himself, early enough. The egregious injustice of trying to drag a boy

OUR BOY. & OUR BOYS, FATHER.



up to the plane occupied by a man of forty, when the man of forty will not, or cannot, step down for a while into the tracks left on the lower road by his own rash, uncertain feet, is unreasonable, selfish, and monstrous.

"Out, again!" said a merchant-father, lowering his newspaper to frown over it at his son, a handsome stripling of eighteen, in correct evening costume, who looked into the family sitting-room to get his mother to put a rosebud in his button-hole. "The third time this week! Where, *now*?"

The lad, respectfully enough, named a neighbor's house.

"There is to be a little dance there, this evening, and I promised to come in."

"When I was your age, young man, I spent most of my evenings at home with my parents, and was in bed usually by nine o'clock. I don't know what the world is coming to! But there is no use talking! If you ride to the devil, you must go!"

The boy's sunny face darkened; he bit something back from his lips before he laid them silently to his mother's cheek. The father noted the caress, and remarked upon it when the son had gone.

"If you would use your influence to better purpose, the fellow might be good for something."

The wife's answer is worth repeating:

"It is as natural for young people to get together for social amusements as for old people to hug the fireside, and long for quiet and rest. If we do not encourage the boy to have harmless pleasures at proper times, we tempt him to seek hurtful pleasures at unlawful hours. If he could not go into society without me, I would leave you to read and doze here alone and accompany him, at

any and every cost of personal convenience. I would rather sacrifice myself than him. My service to my generation is nearly done. His has just begun."

The father resumed his paper with a grunt that might mean dissent or contempt. It was not sympathy.

To me, the firm gentleness of the mother's reply was like the echo of Other Words, in which is the healing of the world: "*For I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*"





LITERARY LIFE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME households have none. Households wherein money abounds, and taste in the matter of furniture and dress is distinctly evinced. There is even a pleasing display of the surface æstheticism which, with many, passes for culture, having come into fashion with galvanized (nickel) silver, and machine lace, and cotton-backed velvet. There are still other households where shams are abhorred and in which a part of religion is to have "everything of the best." The father is a solid citizen, who reads one first-class journal through every day, and votes in church and politics on the right side, as his father did before him. The mother is a wise Lady Bountiful at home, and in neighborhood; thrifty, sensible, kindly and not uneducated, as education went, thirty years back of us. Sons and daughters—albeit known to non-fashionists as "society men and women"—are irreproachable in character, courteous, popular and alive to the fact that the world moves to different measure than the minuet music of lang syne.

All these representative families have social, domestic, some of them religious lines,—none what may be styled, according to the most liberal interpretation, literary life. Let me specify at this point that this broad rendering is here applied to what is, in itself, an elastic

definition,—the second given by my oft-consulted lexicon, of the word “literary,”—“Versed in, or acquainted with literature.”

The degree of acquaintanceship with which we have to do is what may be termed amateur cognition, in contradistinction to professional mastery; appreciation of literature as an art, not profound understanding of it as a science. Such knowledge as any of us may have of fashions in dress and household decoration, and political economy, without professional interest in the topic.

In the consideration of our subject we will, therefore, exclude the families of editors, publishers and authors. Unless the intellectual cuticle and epidermis be phenomenally tough, the members of these must take in through the pores some measure of literary knowledge, or, at least, appreciation.

Wise sociologists are beginning to admit that the system of compulsory education, while excellent so far as it goes, does not go far or deep enough. It is, in effect, harrowing, not plowing. Every teacher of youth who brings to bear upon his calling more than mechanical fidelity knows against what odds he labors who tries to undo in six hours what has been wrought in double that time. How grateful is the task of drilling the seeds of knowledge into prepared soil! Such an instructor could describe, with marvellous accuracy, what manner of parents and home influence each of his pupils has, although he may never have entered the doors of one of them. It is the family life that gives mental tone and character, no less than moral. The child who hears ungrammatical speech at home, studies grammar as a dead language. His desk-mate, who meets frequent allusion in his lessons in history, geography and natural philosophy, to matter she has heard talked of in the home circle, is at once on familiar ground. At the best, the province of the schools is only to dig a foundation and build walls. The miscellaneous information picked up, the learner knows not how; the

habit of collecting and classifying material which is acquired by association with trained minds; the dwelling in an atmosphere of thought and intelligence;—these furnish the rest, are the means by which the edifice grows into compactness and beauty.

The inference is patent. Where this kind of education is withheld, the child sustains irreparable loss. It is a wrong, unavoidably or carelessly inflicted, that, throughout his life, stamps the self-made man as one who “had few advantages in youth.” The pat phrase gives the popular verdict on this head. It matters not to what fair proportions he may attain—mentally, politically or socially—there is ever that about him which betrays his tribal antecedents, be it only a consciousness of altitude, a toss and pluminess of air, as of a tall reed that has shot aloft out of a tangle of coarse grasses and mud-flags. More palpable indications of his early disadvantages are provincial tricks of speech, and lingual lapses into glaring faults of grammatical construction. Our rising man tells his friends that he “wants they should visit *with*” him at his own house, he “guesses” and “presumes likely,” and, as the president of a board of education, announces publicly that “children had ought to be learned to speak correct from their cradles” (*sic*). This same president had attended a public school for twelve years. He possessed much crude mental strength which, combined with sharp perceptive powers and infinite energy, made him a valuable citizen and a millionaire. His speech was the vernacular of his father’s house, and he never unlearned it. He thought better than he talked, or he would never have got his head above the mud.

The “society young people” we spoke of, just now, early lop off provincialisms and eschew double negatives, whether their parents follow their example or not, avoiding verbal blunders as they shun mistakes in the etiquette of the table or in the combin-

ation of colors. But, with so large a majority of them that I am ashamed to state it, even the literature of their own language is a sealed well from the day they leave school. Beyond a few novels, usually of the lightest caliber, or lighter tales in weekly or monthly periodicals, the girls read little, the young men less, the parents least of all. It is a marked exception in a rule, terrible in its universality, when the Business Man, whose whole heart and soul and being are in the craft that gains his wealth, reads anything except The Newspaper. , The capitalized words go together as naturally as knife and fork, shovel and tongs. If he be a very successful Business Man, the strong probability is that he considers love of literature a weakness, and what he calls a "bookworm," as scarcely worthy of the scientific classification of the creeping thing whose name he borrows—"An animal of the inferior grand division of Articulates." Book-makers under-rank *Lumbrici* in his estimation. Such an eminently successful citizen (who might have sat for the portrait of Silas Lapham) once told me that he would not have a library in his house for fear his boys might pass their evenings "fooling over books." He—their sire—"could not have made money faster if his skull had been crammed chock full of college learning."

Yet some of his brethren attempt the role of Mæcenas in the matter of pictures and music, conning a limited list of florid art catchwords, and rolling them like unctuous morsels, or a quid of tobacco, in their mouths. Paintings, statuary, opera-box and chamber-concerts represent money; the possession of them pre-supposes depth of purse. It would be singular if the girl who "does not care to read" should, after marriage, develop a taste for literature. If there exist within her any natural love for such pursuits, the comparative leisure of maidenhood will foster it into active growth. Association with people who take it for granted that, as Miss Edge-

worth's Mrs. Harcourt quietly reminds her foolish visitor—"Everybody reads now-a-days"—may engender a disposition and create a conscience in this direction while the mind is immature and the character plastic. But I have yet to meet the unintellectual, frivolous girl who, as matron and mother, learned to love books and sought, voluntarily, to repair the deficiencies in her early mental training. The man of letters who dreams of marrying the beauty who "hardly ever opens a book," and educating her into a helpmeet for his erudite self, would do well to ponder the summing up of David Copperfield's experiment in this kind of agriculture: "It began to dawn upon me," he says, "that perhaps my child-wife's mind was already formed."

If the father's contemptuous neglect of literature deserves the epithet I have applied to it—"terrible"—what shall we say of the mother's indifference, her contented settling down into what is, for all practical and beneficent purposes, illiteracy?

"Who is she?" the stereotyped inquiry of the cynical chief of police when a crime of unusual atrocity was reported to him, may be applied more pertinently when the social, moral, or intellectual status of a family of young people is brought up for judgment. Whatever may be the father's proclivities, the children, in their nonage, either follow their mother's lead, or override, if they do not also despise her. (Yet there are married women who deafen Heaven and the public with cries for "Higher missions!") If the mother's books are valued friends, from communion with which she draws sustenance for heart and mind, if their essence interpenetrates her speech and refines manner and visage, her offspring cannot escape the reflection of color and light from the same source.

If these things be so, and nobody denies them, why is not every mother a reader, and, through reading, a learner for the sake of imparting what she knows to those she loves best? I anticipate

the reply as certainly as if it were already spoken in my ear. I wish I had recorded the number of times it has grated on my tympanum and grieved my soul.

“Nobody would enjoy reading more than I!” then the conventional sigh of resignation, “but I cannot make time for it.”

A plea as false—I mean it!—as *false* as if the speaker were not a Christian woman, the rule of whose life is to keep the Decalogue in letter and in spirit. Women say it with tears in their eyes, coupling it with the confession that they do not read a book through in a year, who, as school-girls, carried off prizes for composition and *belles lettres*, women who “make” three or four hours, *per diem*, for embroidery and housework their servants are paid to do, and, least necessary of all, for gossipry with members of their own families. Without pushing proof further, you may quietly assume, when you hear anyone, except a factory slave, make such an assertion, that the root of the matter is not in her and never was. Your true book-lover will read, and exercise such ingenuity and steadfastness to accomplish this end as her neighbors to the right and left put forth to get hold of the latest fashions or a choice scrap of scandal.

Let us be honest with ourselves—call ignorance and indifference to that ignorance, blindness to duty, carelessness as to responsibility, fatuous content with mediocrity and glaze and veneer, by their right names. It is your business and mine, my resigned sister, to make the “Literary Life of the household,”—duty, which cannot be demitted unless the priestess at the altar be deaf, dumb, blind and idiotic. The selection of good, helpful, ennobling books, the systematic study of these, the reading with and for your children, should be taken into the account of daily tasks and privileges as conscientiously as the family mending, the making of beds, the setting of tables and the polishing of candlesticks.

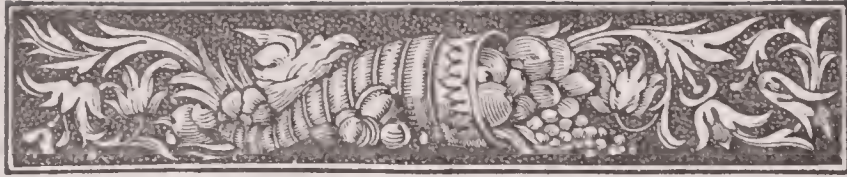


THE WOMAN WHO WILL READ

"*Viti sine literis mors est !*" declaimed my twelve-year-old boy, bursting into the library one evening, where I sat in the twilight somberly pondering the problem I have discussed. And, as I looked up inquiringly,—“ The motto of our school, mamma ! Which is, being interpreted,”—grandiloquently—“ Life. without letters, is DEATH.”

Call the interruption coincidence if you like. Or, is the legend an extreme statement, exaggerated into irrelevancy ?





WOMEN AS MOTHERS.

A LEADER among what is known in New England as the Remonstrants—that is, the party opposed to woman suffrage—wrote to several hundred women all over the country, asking for an expression of their views on the subject. “So many are inanely non-committal, so many illogical, and violent,” she says, “that my assistant in the correspondence proposes, when the replies are all in, to compile the epistles in a volume entitled—‘Reasons why Women should Not Vote.’”

Our boys are, in another score of years, to make the laws, heal the soul and bodies, formulate the science, and control the commerce of their generation. Fathers who, recognizing this great truth, do not prepare their sons to do their part toward accomplishing this work, are despised, and justly, by the community in which they live. Our girls are, in another score of years, to make the homes which are to model and control men who are to make laws, heal souls and bodies, formulate science, and control the commerce of their generation. In these homes, are to be born and brought up by the mothers, our grandsons, who are to make laws, etc., in their generation. The house-that-Jack-built row of bricks runs on in immutable lines into the vista of the eternities.

Yet—and herein is mystery—the mother who does not, with definite purpose, in the fear of God and love of her kind, prepare her daughter to fulfill this mission, loses neither caste nor favor among her congeners. Our protestant sympathies are shed wastefully upon the novice, who, by the rules of certain conventional orders, must mingle in the gayest society to which she has access, that she may test the strength of her resolution by temptation. The lives of our girls, as we help make them, are, for the interim that separates the school-room from the bridal altar, a novitiate, rather than an apprenticeship for the noblest work ever intrusted to human hands. The black veil typifies the marriage ring. In her farewell to the merry-go-round of parties, balls, and frolics generally, our daughter blows the foam from the cup, sparkles, and subsides into stateliness; the wine of existence and herself “settle down.”

Said one affectionate, sensible mother, when reminded that practical knowledge of the duties of mistress, wife, and mother would make the prospective matron’s task easier in days to come,—“But what time have girls who go into society, for regular home occupation? What with a lunch, and high tea, and an evening party, six days out of the seven, and a german every week, to say nothing of theater, opera and dinners, they are driven to the full measure of their strength. I see the force of what you say, but where is the leisure to come from?”

I do not essay to answer this query. The life of the popular “society girl” is as wearing to the nervous forces as that of the “variety” actress, and she “goes off” under the strain quite as fast as does the painted dancer and vocalist. The youth who is her favorite partner abates not a whit of his daily labor on the morrow, most of which she spends in bed, that she may freshen up by evening. What is her business is his recreation. By the time they join hands for the minuet of working-day living, he has come to

consider this style of re-creating his spirits "a bore, you know," and is glad to try domesticity as a change. In entering upon their home-life, she begins to work, he to rest. It ought not, he thinks, to tax the strength of a tolerably healthy woman to keep a well-appointed flat or cottage in order, and direct the operations of one or two servants.

When the sweet voice takes a wiry ring, and the plait between the brows becomes a crease, when her vivacious chit-chat degenerates into a monologue upon housewifely woes—her spouse is naturally perplexed, perhaps impatient, peradventure, even slightly contemptuous. He had thought that she had more "grit," and some perception of the serious side of life. How in the name of precedent and the commonest kind of common sense, can the poor young wife be otherwise than disheartened and chronically fatigued? A new set of mental and physical muscles are brought suddenly into active use. The breaking into harness that seemed in anticipation a novel and enticing sport, turns out to be compulsory exercise. How she will support the experience depends upon her moral and bodily staying-power.

Before the tender feet of the over-wrought creature are used to the shards and pit-falls of her road, a child is laid in her arms. As a girl, she thought and talked freely of probable wifedom, even pictured to herself the pretty pomp of controlling and adorning a home of her own. Thoughts of, and preparations for the one great untransferable Mission of woman, as hers, would have been unmaidenly. In her mental schedule, be it long or brief, there is no note of the necessity or even expediency, of fitting herself in health, in knowledge, in discipline of spirit and temper, for the maternal office. She knows that children are sent to most married people, and that, but for the supply of new material, the human race would become extinct. She has a nebulous idea, too, that the training of



"MOTHER AND BABY"

infants is generally the mother's concern. But there will be time enough to think of such things should Providence add this burden to the rest.

So the months wheel by, and the young immortal who, through her agency, may become the best or the worst man of his age, lies in her awkward embrace, his feeble life hanging upon her ignorance. Why the Allwise Creator should send babies to those who know as much about taking care of them as a peasant Laplander of the precession of the equinoxes, is a problem reserved for the clarified intellects of the hereafter. Now, it is a dissected theorem with half the pieces missing.

"I am the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me a sinner!" is the entry in Margaret Fuller Ossoli's diary when her boy was born. It was the cry of the human and the maternal in the soul of her who frankly confessed, "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable with my own."

Our smaller-minded (and humbler) mother may take up the lament, according to her individual interpretation of its meaning. Without trenching upon debatable ground, may one whose religion teaches her to fill her own sphere to the round outermost verge before aspiring to a higher, point the dismayed learner to the fact hinted at a while ago? We will grant, for courtesy's sake, that it is in admiration of the masculine half of the man created in our Maker's image that we seek to stand firmly upon his level, and, our rights unchallenged, to share equally in his honors and prizes. GOD be merciful to us sinners if in the contest we trample in the mire our Koh-i-noor, our pearl of great price, which man could not purchase by the sale of all he possesses,—our unique of MOTHERHOOD!



OUR BABY.

ONE hears every day an immense deal of wishy-washiness talked by callow pessimists, and their dyspeptic elders, of the unsatisfactoriness of life, the worse than uselessness of living. The first-named consider it knowing to be *blase*, the latter confound ennui and experience. The world is a dear and bonny home, thanks to the dear Lord who made it so very good that His creatures in all ages have not been able to spoil it. Of Queen-mother, Nature, it may be said that as custom can not stale her infinite variety, neither can ingratitude chill her infinite kindness. Each spring-time is a resurrection; each fruit-season brings the thrill of a pleasant surprise; each Christmas-tide stirs our souls as if the Birthday of birthdays—the red heart of all a-throb with living fire set in the mid-breast of white winter—were then celebrated for the first time. Still, as when the morning-stars chanted the completion of the young earth, all things leave the Father's hand fair and new.

Our Baby is, to whatsoever home he may come, the freshest, most exhaustlessly interesting creation the angels ever lowered to our level.

“Come away!” said a girl pulling at her friend's sleeve. “You don't care to listen to that pair of new mothers. They are only comparing notes and asking advice about their lamblings. I heard

one say just now—"I had no idea, until mine came, that a child was such a solemn responsibility." I always stop up my ears and run when they begin that sort of cant."

The other resisted.

"But I *do* care to hear this! They are discussing the reform-dress for infants—and maybe you don't know that we have a baby—my sister's—at our house? That makes all the difference in the world, you see."

With the tenancy of the cradle in "our house," other topics besides the reform-dress start suddenly into prominence. We never pass a child on the street without seeing it. The gutter-baby, pat-a-caking mud-pies on the curb-stone; the patrician baby, making round eyes at the little Arab through the carriage-window; the sickly baby, the healthy baby, pretty babies, and homely babies (if such exist), all pull at the check-strings of our hearts, each reminding us in some way of the tiny bundle of warm unconsciousness at home, lapped in love and fed on kisses. We loiter before windows which display baby clothes; emulate the sweet nonsense of Tradles and his "dearest girl," in selecting the toys we will buy for the boy when he begins to take notice. When caught lingering over school catalogues, we blush and laugh foolishly, and nobody except his father and mother is privy to the secrets of the savings-bank account begun in his own name when he was a day old. "All the difference in the world?" Yes! and in the universe.

Ours is always a wonderful baby. I confess to a sensation of chagrin when a young mother does not confess this directly, or indirectly. In some one particular, if not in all, he resembles no other child ever born, and surpasses the rest of the infant creation.

Many years ago I witnessed an illustration of this vicarious vanity that shocked my girlish sense of fitness, but which I recall

now with reverence. A neighbor's child was, as the old wives insisted, "marked" by a snake on which the mother trod in the garden three months before it was born. The recollection of the deformed baby lent an awful fascination to "Elsie Verner" when I read it, twenty years afterward. She was an idiot girl, and had never walked, when she died at the age of six. Her skin was covered with scales, her head was flat, her eyes were narrow and black. Chancing to call at the house one day, I saw the poor little thing—usually screened from curious eyes—roll and wriggle across the floor to the mother's feet, and, grasping her dress, laugh up in her face. Such a laugh! The cleft tongue shot out with a hiss: the forehead receded entirely under the low forelocks; the eyes gleamed—the whole effect was indescribably revolting. And the mother, a handsome woman in her prime, caught up the animate horror, covered her with kisses, and called her the "dearest, loveliest rosebud ever made!"

Our baby is always an "incomparable sweet angel," the rose of the world. The divine ingenuity that lays up against his coming such store of mother-love, does not over-estimate the prospective demand upon the supply. The care of baby takes more of mamma's time, draws more heavily upon her nerve-power and physical strength than all her other duties combined. She is not her own property, by day or by night. There are as many anxious as happy thoughts of him. She is never quite easy when he is out of her sight, never quiet when he is present, unless he is asleep, and then holds her breath to listen for his.

All this, and so much more to the same effect, is true that we declare without reservation, that the active business of motherhood gives occupation to the hands, heart and head of any one woman. She can no more escape the weight, than can her husband from the burden of his craft or profession. The one is to her, what the other



is to him. This is the kernel of our "talk." You, discouraged mother,—bemoaning your pinioned hands and stagnating mind, fretting for the liberty of a toilless girlhood, for the gala-days that are no more, ready to cry out upon marriage as thralldom, and maternity as degradation—make the mistake of reversing the order of duties. Your husband, with a juster sense of values, resigns recreation, when prudence bids him bide by the stuff, or watch over investments; when he espies a chance to make money, postpones to a more convenient season the merry-making. His holidays are sandwiched between so many weeks that he almost forgets the flavor of one, before another comes. Should he complain, you would call him faint-hearted, and think him lazy.

Yet yours is the nobler and far more important work. He makes money that perishes with his using (and other people's). You make men and women, who will live forever, and, through all that forever, bear the imprint you stamp upon them. He seeks fame that will be his during his life-time. You are carving tablets for the never-ending years. The sublime patience of him who "painted for posterity" should be in you informed by a more sanguine faith, a wider and clearer outlook. None of us can, if only for our own sake, afford to slur over one of the duties that develop into more distinct and grander proportions with our children's growth. In living their lives over with them, we keep ourselves young, yet gain a serener dignity of womanhood. Instead of growing intellectually rusty, we must avail ourselves of every means within our range of studying with and for them. The true-hearted and far-sighted mother keeps a place open in society to which she may return with her young daughter, when nursery cares are over. She sees mercy in sharp experiences by which she has learned to save her boys and girls from like blunders and like sorrows: that she may teach them wisdom, makes herself wise.

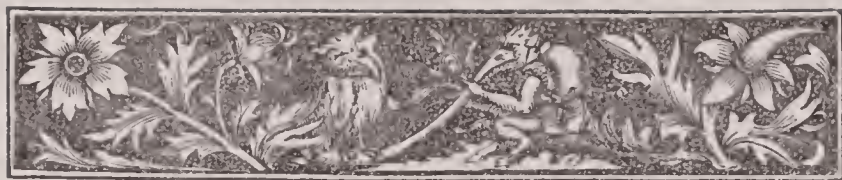
“It is not,” writes a mother of the death of her first-born,—“it is not for the day-old baby that I mourn, but the little one who was to keep me from feeling lonely when my husband is not with me; who was to run down the street to meet papa when he comes home, the boy with whom I was to study his lessons over the winter fire, and whose summer sports I was to share; the college-lad, of whose honors I should be so gloriously proud, the man whose arm would be his old mother’s support. All these I have laid away under the snow to-day, with the wee creature that never opened its eyes upon mine!”

Such are the stages in the forward life, the renewed youth of every mother who still holds to her breast a living child. Her offspring are her reward and her monument.

If *this* life be not worth living, none is.







VAGARIES OF THE AMERICAN KITCHEN.

TWENTY-SEVEN religions have I found in this country!" writes a French tourist, "and but one gravy!"

Had the satirist been familiar with the machinery of the average American kitchen, he might have added—"And that is made in a frying-pan!"

Our housewife may be unversed in the matter of steamers, braising and fish-kettles. The chances are as ten to one that she never owned a gridiron, and would laugh a patent "poacher" to shrillest scorn. Were any, or all of these given to her, and their uses enlarged upon intelligently and enthusiastically, she would shake an unconvinced head and brandish her frying-pan in the face of anxious innovators and disgusted reformers. A convenient implement? Hear her testimony and behold her practice!

For breakfast, her family is nourished, be it winter or summer, upon fried bacon, or salt pork, fried mush and fried potatoes. The bacon is cooked first; done to a slow crisp, and set aside to "sizzle" out any remaining flavor of individuality, while she gets the mush ready. The meat comes out, and the slices of stiffened dough go in, first to absorb, then to be (still slowly) cooked by the hot fat. All the fat is soaked up before the cold, boiled potatoes, cut into clammy "chunks," are put in. In fact, the last relay of mush is

scorched to the bottom of the pan, and the bits of pork, clinging to the sides, are unsavory cinders. A great spoonful of lard sets all that to rights, and is just melted when the potatoes are immersed in it. Browning, under this process, is an impossibility, but a few outside pieces burn satisfactorily, and the rest smoke as the contents of the invaluable utensil are dished. Breakfast is ready. If the wheels of her domestic organization are not greased into fair running order, the fault is not hers, but that of the recalcitrant stomachs that will not assimilate "good, wholesome food."

"Our men-folks set so much store by a warm, substantial breakfast, that I make a matter of duty of getting it up for them," says the dear woman, complacently, wiping the frying-pan, and hanging it where it will be "handy" to fry steak-and-onions for dinner, and to frizzle smoked beef or cod-fish at supper-time.

In proportion to "our men-folks'" appreciation of hot, nourishing viands, is our house-mother's relish of a "comfortable cup of tea." The black earthen, or tin teapot stands on the stove for the greater part of the day, and rarely has a chance to be scalded and dried in the sunshine, as every vessel in which tea is brewed should be at least once in twenty-four hours. So soon as the water in the kettle nears the boiling point, after the morning fire is lighted, the handful of tea-leaves, thrown hap-hazard into the bottom of the pot, is hopelessly drowned, and the decoction set where it will gradually repair the lack of heat in the water. From steeping, it passes to simmering—from hissing to bubbling. The maker thereof must have her favorite drink, "just off the boil." Nor would she recognize it without the harsh, herby taste acquired by the cooking, which refined connoisseurs would brand as "murdering." The process of tea-making on the breakfast or supper-table; the pretty array of urn, spirit-lamp and "cozy" she would condemn as "fashionable foolery." The enjoyment of the delicate aroma of the beverage, newly-made

by pouring boiling water upon just-moistened leaves, and never set over the fire, she would stigmatize decidedly as “downright affectation;” and associate it, by some subtle demonstration, with the hard times and increased price of living. She takes her tea as her mother did, and she likes her “rye’n Indian bread with some substance into it—not as light as vanity!”

Upon stew-pan and soup-kettle, she looks with almost as much disfavor. If the meat she bakes and fries be tough, she blames the butcher. Somebody must eat the coarser portions of ox or sheep, and people in moderate circumstances cannot fare sumptuously every day. In this spirit of equitable economy, she buys rump-steak, chuck-rib or osseous chops, and commits the roasted or grilled leather-and-fat to the digestive apparatus of husband and offspring with calm fatalism, truly edifying to behold. If the eaters develop a tendency to diseases of the alimentary organs, she can discourse as piously upon “providential visitations,” as any erudite College Don over the slaughter done in dormitories and clubs by sewer gas.

Soups she reckons as “slops,” “Unless,” as one of the guild said the other day, “the meat and vegetables be left in. Then, a pot of rich soup is a dinner by itself.”

“Rich” being the synonym of greasy.

Tell her, if you do not mind squandering time and breath, that the chops which, served by her, are a ghastly waste of bone, gristle, skin, burned tallow, and desiccated lean meat—would feed her brood almost luxuriously were she to trim them neatly, stew very slowly, add to the cooled and skimmed gravy (keeping the meat hot over boiling water) a dash of piquant catsup or tomato sauce, and, having thickened it with browned flour and boiled it for one minute, return the same with the meat to the fire for another minute before serving—brown, tender and savory. You will receive for your benevolent

officiousness, a stony stare of indifference, or be told flatly that life is too short to be spent in such "notional doctoring up of the wholesome victuals the Lord has made." In illustration of which aphorism, she will go on with the interrupted conglomeration of pork-fat, cold water and second-rate flour, known to her and thousands like unto her as "family pastry."

When lard, flour and water have been kneaded into a tenacious composite, it will be spread upon plates and stratified variously with insipid custard, or half-sweetened fruit, or a plutonic mixture of molasses, chopped peel, pulp and acid, popular under the name of "lemon-tart."

Profoundly ignorant, or reckless of the truth that grease is not gravy, and is, in itself an abomination to well-ordered stomachs, she serves with roast beef, mutton, veal, poultry, a bowl of brown precipitate, overlaid by several inches of clear oil, and looks contemptuously at the guest who prefers politely to take his meat, as Southern children say of butterless and sugarless bread—"dry, so." When the infrequent soup makes its appearance upon her board, oleaginous islets and continents swim languidly upon the surface, coat the spoons and tongues of those who partake of the unskimmed, unstrained mess of pottage. The colander—the most efficient check upon that Lord of Misrule, the frying-pan—inasmuch, as by its use, some of the reek and drip may be got rid of before the food is served—is seldom in our house-wife's hands, except when squash or pumpkin-pies are to be made. Least of all, does she think of employing it in serving vegetables. Beans, peas, onions, succotash, beets, etc., go to table half-submerged in the liquor in which they were boiled; a little salt, butter and pepper, stirred into the floating mass, constitute the "dressing."

She leaves esculents undrained, and turns washed cups, saucers, dishes, even glass and silver, upside-down upon tray or kitchen

table, "to dreen" before wiping them. The process saves time and towels. Her mother "washed up" dishes, in this manner, and her mother's daughter sets her shrewd face, like the Jamestown Tower, or Plymouth Rock, against new-fangleism in her dominions.

Even in the matter of toasting bread, she is incorruptible in her devotion to traditional usages. Explain—when she inveighs against the "wicked waste" of paring your slices of stale bread—that they will not curl or warp, if the crust be first removed, and that nobody cares to eat toast-crusts. She always has—ergo, she always will—cut her fresh loaf into thin rounds, and char one side of each, while the other is palely smoked, when "people take a notion to a bit of toast with their tea." To her, "it seems like sick-room feed."

For such provisions, we need hardly say, she has no respect; for their preparation, no vocation. I honestly believe that, in our land, where humanity and plenty walk hand-in-hand, and home-loves flourish as they do nowhere else on earth, thousands of young children and invalids perish yearly for the want of suitable nutriment. I could fill many chapters with the truthful details of ignorance and carelessness on the part of those who pride themselves upon their skill as nurses, who enjoy the reputation of being excellent mothers and housekeepers.

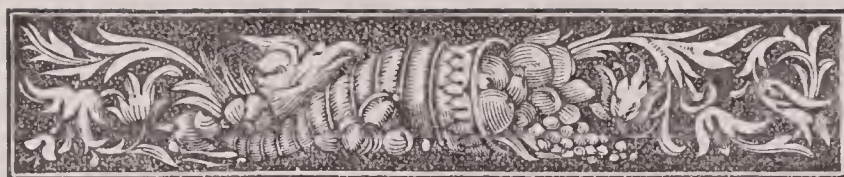
Do you ask, thoughtful reader, where is the remedy for these obstinate vagaries—these fallacies to which our countrywomen, as a body, give the prominence of principles!

I was more hopeful, ten years ago, than I am now, of possible reformation among the reigning autocrats of the culinary department. "Mother" is joined to her sooty idol, the FRYING-PAN; to her family pie crust; to boiled tea; to undrained beets, and drained china. She will go on expressing and dispensing oils, until she sleeps with her mothers, who "always did just so."

The one ray of light penetrating the smoky interior of the National Cuisine, comes from the fact that our young girls—the wives and housekeepers of the next generation—are beginning to look upon cookery as a practical science, and dietetics as a serious study; however refined and accomplished they may be, are opening their eyes to the truth that proficiency in housewifery is a thing to be desired, to make one wise and her kind healthy and comfortable.

To their clear common sense, their affectionate zeal and busy hands, we commit the kitchen of the future.





BREAKFAST AS IT SHOULD BE.

BREAKFAST may be considered the one fixed fact among our movable feasts, the very names of which are varied by the fluctuation of the social barometer. Jones, as a thriving mechanic or smart clerk, living in a nice three-story brick on a side street, has a good dinner of two courses at one o'clock, and "something hearty" with his seven o'clock tea. Melchius Jones, Esq., manufacturer or merchant prince and millionaire, gets his luncheon at a city restaurant, and subsides into the bosom of his family around a gas-lighted dinner-table, so crowded with glass, silver and flowers, that meats and vegetables must be served from the side-board.

Fashion may, and does push the morning meal further on into the day, in households where leisure and luxury have succeeded to the hurry and toil of earlier years. But it is breakfast still, a family repast, and a bountiful one, that refuses to be materially modified by the pressure of imported ideas and habits which are rapidly denationalizing our homes.

The free-and-easiness of the English breakfast hour—the huge cold rounds and joints and game-pies on the side-table for the strong, the toast-and-tea for the weak; the sitting-down and the rising-up at the convenience of the several members of the company—impress the Yankee housewife as unseemly and shiftless. She will not

have "things" standing about all hours of the day, nor would American (imported) servants endure the imposition upon time and service.

But it seems strange at the first blush, that the continental breakfast, simple, inexpensive and convenient, has not been eagerly adopted by us. A hundred jaded women,—sipping chocolate in Parisian and Italian hotels, and seeing that the family appetites are satisfied by crisp rolls, fresh eggs and butter, with an occasional treat of honey or marmalade for the children—brighten into animation with the resolve to introduce the like order in our transatlantic homes. Ninety-nine of the hundred make the experiment upon their return. We have never known an exception to the general failure of the pretty plan. In most instances, the rebellion begins in the lower house. Our "help" cannot work, they assert, without meat twice a day, at least. Across the sea, they labored doubly as hard, and lived upon potatoes, *polenta*, or black bread and sour beer. In our climate they must be fed upon the fat of a more goodly land than they had dreamed of before touching our shores, or muscles grew flaccid, bones soften, and stomachs collapse.

We may temper the heat of our indignant contempt for such flagitious affectation by asking ourselves why the crusty roll, single cup of coffee or chocolate, and boiled egg, no longer upbear *our* strength and spirits until the next meal is served. Why, by degrees, the bit of toasted bacon, dear to the English heart, the Scot's oatmeal, the Cuban's orange, find their way to the otherwise meagerly-furnished board? Why, as the days shorten and the cold strengthens, the children clamor for buckwheats and maple syrup, and papa endorses the draught upon caterer and cook.

Paterfamilias wastes no time in dissertation upon climatic influence, or the tyranny of custom.

"I am a practical man," he says, "who does half a day's work before the French banker or advocate goes to his office. Too busy to suspend operations at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, for the *dejeuner a la fourchette* that supplements his eight o'clock coffee and roll. I don't argue nor expatiate, I only know that in order to do an American citizen's work, I must be well fed, and that, without a substantial breakfast, I am used-up by noon—an exhausted receiver—sir!"

The question resolves itself in his mind into a clear case of supply and demand. The climate may have something to do with it. Habit probably has more. Be this as it may, the engine plays all the time under a full head of steam, and boiler and fire must be fed generously. We do well to imitate the practical in accepting the American breakfast *as it is*, because it *is*. Our suggested reforms will not clear the table of a single dish, without offering a substitute. Because it is a substantial meal, it should be tempting, nourishing and eaten deliberately. As a family gathering, the party should be cheerful and at ease. As the initial repast,—the breakfast of the new day should beget comfort and harmony, put mind and body in tune for labor which ought to be worship. Whereas, the plain truth is that the disregard of some, or all of these conditions is a notorious fact in most dwellings, even among our well-to-do and wealthy classes, and their observance in our homes remarkable by reason of the rarity of the spectacle.

Goblin Care enters the chamber of the dual head of the household, at the turn of the morning tide, when the waves of physical life pulse most feebly. He takes the house-mother by the hand as she starts from her latest and most delicious doze to hurry the tardy cook. He mounts and fastens upon the shoulders of the practical man, who must be at warehouse, office or factory at eight-or maybe

nine o'clock. Whatever the hour, it must be "sharp" upon him before he brushes his teeth, and plunges his face into cold water.

He is in the middle of next week, by the time he kicks aside slippers for boots, and wonders audibly,—“if they are going to keep a fellow waiting for his breakfast.” The morning paper lies at his plate. Electric shocks of stock-market news contract windpipe, and agitate diaphragm as he bolts breakfast, and gulps down coffee. Political excitement congests the stomach-coats and transmutes buttered buckwheats into hot lead. Engrossed in the world's news, brought to his door with the rising of the sun, he throws liquids and solids into the palpitating interior of the machine, with little more thought of order and assimilation than the stoker exercises who “chunks” the black lumps into the fire-chamber, and then bangs the door.

Bridget, marketing, shopping and dress-making, sit heavily upon the soul of wife and mother. The children hate early breakfasts, and are served with the de-appetizing sauce of acerb rebuke for indolence as they straggle in. The dispersion to the different spheres of action is a disorderly rout, and the poor woman left to hold the fort, cogitates, by turns, upon the cause of the dyspeptic qualms that add physical to mental disquiet, and the “crossness of everybody in the morning.”

“It is *such* a comfort to get breakfast over!” is her one solace.

Our busy American citizen may demand, as a vital need, his substantial daily meal. He does not *enjoy* it. The running of a vast majority of human animals upon the daily course is like that of spavined horses.

We are stiff and sore when first led from the stall, but warm to our work and into suppleness with judicious management. Who of us has not experienced the desire to turn the day hind-part-before, setting bodily and mental depression, with the yawning, and peev-



OUR AMERICAN CITIZEN AT BREAKFAST.

ishness, and "gone-ness" that expresses this, at the latter end when bed and slumber would be the natural and speedy cure? Who practices the philosophy of gentle lubrication and moderate movement, leading up to steady labor which we might learn from a doltish groom?

The breakfast table should be a study—hygienic and æsthetic—with those who would profit thereby. Conspicuous among its appointments, set the fruit basket. For those whose stomachic idiosyncracies do not forbid this order of course, let oranges, grapes, bananas in winter, and summer fruits in their season, precede the weightier matters of a meal.

There is amelioration of harsh business, if not refinement of tone, in the sight and manipulation of the gracious gifts direct from the Maker's hands. The juices are a grateful assuasive, and a stimulus to digestion. Oatmeal porridge, soaked over night and steamed in the morning to a smooth jelly—mollient, not drastic—then drenched with cream, may succeed the fruit, or be served as a dessert. The Briton's toasted bacon is a potent persuasive to reluctant appetite. Fried potatoes, thin as a shaving, hot, and so dry as not to soil the enveloping napkin, come delicately and seductively into line. Let the bread be sweet and light, the butter above suspicion, coffee and tea fresh and fragrant. By the time the skirmishing is over—and the process should not be rapid—the business of the hour is fairly begun. Now should the practical man be built up with boiled eggs, or omelette, or beefsteak, or mutton-chops (always *broiled*!), or chickens, stewed or broiled, or savory ragouts, or sausage—the list is long and attractive to eye and imagination. The second cup of hot coffee is here in order. And—not until hunger has been appeased by deliberate and careful mastication of these substantial edibles—should the morning paper be unfolded. Wives and children have reason for their bitter aversion to the triple

sheet, behind the crackling abomination of whose folds the lord of the home devours his provender. If the ill-used stomach could speak, its verdict would accord with their condemnation.

She who dignifies the common uses and needs of life into humanizing, *Christianizing* influence upon those whose daily minister she is, serves her generation well, although her apparent sphere be no broader than her BREAKFAST TABLE.





THE TEA-TABLE.

YORKSHIRE people, in those days, took their tea around the table, sitting well to it, with their knees duly introduced under the mahogany. It was essential to have a multitude of plates of bread and butter, varied in sorts, and plentiful in quantity. It was thought proper, too, that on the center plate should stand a glass dish of marmalade. Among the viands was expected to be found a small assortment of cheese-cakes and tarts. If there was, also, a plate of thin slices of pink ham, garnished with green parsley—so much the better.”

Thus writes Charlotte Brontë, of the Yorkshire teas of eighty years ago. Word for word, we may apply the description to the third and latest meal in the majority of the houses of what may be called our “solid middle-class Americans,”—people who are doing well, and like to live well. Only, we must substitute for the “multitude of plates of bread and butter,” the array of saucerlings gathered about the central trenchers from which our citizen and his family take their food. If the board is spread for “company,” the number of these increases in proportion to the importance borrowed by the occasion from the quality of the guest and the desire of the hosts to set out a handsome “entertainment.” Apple-sauce in one,

a spoonful of cold pudding or custard in a second, lettuce, or other succulent salad in a third, flank the good-liver's plate at his ordinary supper.

When there are invited participants, one often sees marmalade, chicken or lobster salad, a trifle of blancmange, brandied peaches, and, in conclusion, ice-cream, in as many china or glass receptacles—not one being removed to make room for the others. The amused perplexity of him who is not to this fashion born, as he beholds himself gradually environed by these outposts in the contest waged against hunger, is only exceeded by the inflexible resolve of the directors of the campaign that the last and the least of these shall be honored. In their season, oysters, stewed, fried and scalloped—chicken, broiled, roasted or fricasseed; a choice cut of salmon; a big roe shad,—is the bulwark at the lower end of the board. Potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers and green peas skirmish up one line of eaters, and down another, while coffee-urn and tea-pot are fixed towers of strength and observation at head-quarters.

Such, and often more abundant and incongruous, is the evening banquet to which neighbors and such strangers as the master and mistress would convert into acquaintances, are bidden in the formula:—"Come around on Thursday evening, and take a social cup of tea with us. Very informally, you know. Our tea-hour is half-past six." South of Philadelphia, they ask you for half-past seven, and call it "supper."

"In point of fact," as Cousin Feenix would say, it is neither one nor the other. As an amplification—a mammoth and illustrated edition of our Yorkshire and American family-tea—it is an overgrown caricature, swollen out of all likeness to simple cheer and cosy comfort. It is too early and not sufficiently elegant to rank with the formal "party supper." It is much too elaborate to pass for the English fourth meal of the day (sometimes the fifth, if five

o'clock tea be reckoned in). This fifth repast consists, among the middle and lower classes, of cold meat, pickles, beer and cheese. The higher stay stomach and nerve at ten, eleven, twelve o'clock, with salads, cold game, wines, and perhaps one spicy *entree*, such as deviled lobster, or sweetbreads stewed in champagne. Our national "big tea"—no other title suits it so well—costs as much in money and labor as would a pretty little dinner, with five or six courses, duly arranged and served. The machinery, ill-adapted for the weight it has to carry, works awkwardly. Except to those whose primary object, always and everywhere, whenever their knees are "duly introduced under the mahogany," is the gratification of appetite, the entertainment is a baleful weariness, the happiest moment of which is that when the back is turned upon the disorderly table where meats and sweets are jumbled without plan or taste.

It is time that the slowest learner among those who serve and those who partake, should understand that the success of feasts, in our day, from the humblest to the highest, depends upon a judicious display of a few really excellent dishes; that the elegance of a bill-of-fare consists no more in the abundance of the things therein set forth.

The family tea—as such—is actually a more choice affair to which to invite your friend, or your friend's friend, than the mongrel "spread" we have described. Whatever may have been the haste and huddle of breakfast and the early dinner, there is surely no excuse, at the decline of day, for a table-cloth awry, and a clutter of table appointments. With the afternoon dresses of "mother and the girls," the faintest sense of what is fit and fair would, one might imagine, suggest a touch of festal order in drapery, china and glass, and something of the incense of welcome in what is made ready for the tired man of the house.

On the contrary, who does not know by heart (or by stomach) the order complacently recognized by our model cottager as the regulation thing? Imprimis, two plates of dry bread set precisely opposite to one another; item, a dish of chipped beef at the foot, facing the tea-tray at the top; the glass bowl of canned or preserved fruit, or, more probably, the incorrigible national apple-sauce, set in a right line with the butter-dish and cake-basket. In a sun-set saunter through a street of trim, modern houses, "built with especial reference to the wants of small families," one can guess with tolerable certainty, from the smokeless chimneys and bowed dining-room windows, as well as from the absence of all appetizing odors in the cooling outer air, within how many domiciles this prim display awaits the master's home-coming. Let every housewife be a law unto herself in the ordering of the one social and leisurely meal of the trio she has to prepare daily. Abolish routine, and study surprises. Toss up an omelette on Monday, garnished with parsley; mollify the flinty slices of Tuesday's stale bread into cream-toast, and reserve enough of Wednesday's morning baking to make a loaf of French rolls for tea. Chops or a steak will jump with the husbandly mood on Thursday, while Friday's fish-market will divide your mind by an embarrassment of riches that would furnish forth savorily the else scanty board.

If love and ingenuity can vary, each evening, the expression of the common joy at the return of spouse and parent to hearth and home, affection should go to school to cunning when into Saturday night steals, as through crevices in the door the morrow will unbar, a breath of Sabbath rest and holy joys.

"We always use our best china on Sunday nights. It was my mother's; blue, with white lilies-of-the-valley on it," said the so-called prosaic mother of a large family. "It's foolish, I suppose;



OUR SABBATH-DAY TEA.

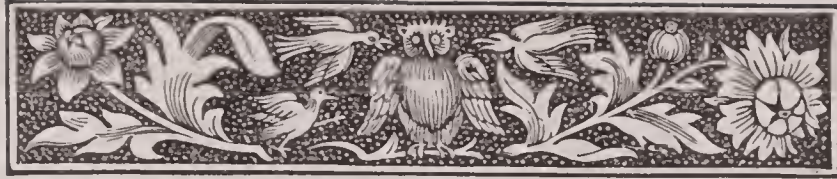
but I have a fancy that we are all better, as well as happier, for our Sabbath-day tea."

Such foolishness is more than shrewdness or clever guess-work. It is spiritual insight. "Our Sabbath-day tea" is, in that household, the swept and garnished nook that will expand into the orderliness and beauty of the whole life. The faith that reaches after the inner refinement, of which the best china—"blue, with lilies-of-the valley," is the visible type, may be but a little leaven, but of such potency that years nor generations shall suffice to trace out its workings. If he is accounted a benefactor in his age who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, what praise shall be awarded to her whose kitchen-range is an altar of sacrifice to the love that strives continually to express tender and unceasing thought of the objects beloved, not in words only, but in deeds? We may smile at the linked images of supper-rolls and devotion akin to that which moved a Rachel Russel and a Margaret More; of a surprise-salad set before the jaded husband at tea-time, and such sympathy with his too arduous labors and pecuniary trials as robs the wife's cheek of bloom and her eyes of slumber. The truth remains, and is stubborn, that hungry Jeannot would rather Jeannette should meet him with an omelette, than with a rose-bud, as an evening welcome home. "A cold tea" is a convenience to housekeeper and to help. *Paterfamilias* agrees outwardly to the assurance that it is more wholesome for the children. For all that, he appreciates the pleasing iniquity of one covered dish and the hot biscuits that ought to-but-seldom-do give him dyspeptic night-mares, while he and the boys are secretly conscious of an increase of self-respect when, on the blessed Sunday evening, the best china is set out for them.

As a people, we know too little, and care less, for family fêtes. In our aversion to foreign sentimentalities, we deny utterance to

feelings that honor our humanity ; make bare and lonely the lives for which we would lay down our own. And what other of our household meals can be so easily converted into a feast that shall wear the air of a voluntary tribute of affection, a benediction and caress, that shall efface the day's worries, and give tone to the evening's pleasures, as our "FAMILY TEA?"





WHAT OUR CHILDREN EAT.

IN an interesting and valuable little work entitled "Food for the Invalid," the late Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, of London, said, "up to a recent period, oatmeal porridge and milk was the food of the nursery, *par excellence*, and is still so where the parents possess good sense and the children good digestion—conditions which do not co-exist in every household."

This one sentence distinctly proclaims the nationality and dwelling-place of the distinguished author.

"Up to a recent period" the food of the American nursery has been more "promiscuous" than that of the adult members of the household, by reason of such adjuncts to the regular daily fare as green apples, pop-corn balls, taffy, and candies illimitable, and indescribable.

"It is astonishing what children can eat with impunity," is a complacent proverb which could hardly have gained circulation in any other country, if we except Lapland and West Africa. Casting aside imaginative drapings, let us omit from the statement just penned the clause, "Up to a recent period,"—and confess what is the diet of children in ninety-nine hundredths of the homes of the comfortable classes of our enlightened land, abodes where poverty

never lays her scrawny hand on meat or sup. We will furthermore exclude such extreme cases of eccentric dietary as recur at once to the memory of each reader.

I have seen a baby just one year and two weeks old, toddling on the orchard-grass and munching, with his double quartette of small white teeth, wind-fall pears of an inferior grade at best, which his mother asserts, "agree with him as nothing else does."

Within a month, another, two months younger, was displayed by his proud papa as a prodigy who "will have a bite of anything his mother eats, yet was never sick in his life."

A year or so ago, I was accosted in my walk on a farmhouse porch by a laughing father, and made to hearken to a story of a feat performed by his whey-faced three-year-old, who had been brought out of town to recruit from a severe attack of cholera infantum.

"The young dog attacked a basket of peaches, not over-ripe ones either, standing by the kitchen door, and ate ten before I left him!"

With a hinted doubt as to the propriety of terming these "extreme cases," as American families go—let us see what is the ordinary nourishment (?) of the American boy or girl from eighteen months old and upward.

Bobby's mamma orders for breakfast:—Oatmeal porridge: fish-balls; stewed kidneys; fried potatoes; hot rolls; buckwheat cakes and syrup; oranges; pears; tea and coffee.

Bobby's eyes roll eagerly over the board as the several dishes are brought on, and when, well-stuffed and happy, he alights from his tall chair at the end of the meal, his bib indicates that he has sampled all, if he has not partaken to satiety of each one. And this not because he is a spoiled child who clamors for forbidden food. He is more than passably docile and obedient, but nobody thinks of refusing to give him kidneys, fried potatoes, buckwheats

or coffee. His mother could not decide, if questioned, which of these is wholesome fare for infants, and which likely to prove deleterious to the young stomach. She has probably never given the matter a thought.

At dinner there will be soup, fish, highly seasoned *entrees*, pastry and black coffee. The supper table will be inviting with lobster salad, Welsh rarebit, jelly-roll, crullers and preserves. Bobby has his share of all, and goes to bed within one hour after bolting the last doughnut, as thoughtless of evil as is the fond parent, who might as kindly treat him to india-rubber *au gratin* and bullets *au naturel*.

He lives through it? Why—yes—generally. That is, he does not always and immediately die as the unmistakable result of the poison. His system takes care of it somehow, or gets rid of it somehow else. If, by the time he is thirty, the long-suffering stomach will pay no more debts of his contracting, who reckons up the account back to infancy and reveals why the trial-balance does not come out right? He lived through scarlet fever, but it left him slightly deaf; the measles kept him a prisoner all of one winter, and his eyes have been weak ever since; or the arm he broke on the base-ball ground is not quite as supple as the other.

All these drawbacks are recorded in the family memory, and freely discussed. Not even the always-vigilant, never-forgetful mother thinks of associating childish excesses in eating with the lad's sick headache, or the man's defective digestion.

While we cannot set aside the weighty bulk of evidence in support of the influence of heredity upon the rising race, we may well, for a while, withhold our feet from spurning the bones of our forefathers, and look for a more modern solution of the ills of our corporeal frames.

We may not love our British cousins, but we cannot deny to them the possession of brawn, phosphates and complexions. Their climate is execrable for eight months of the year, yet we take it for granted that they owe their superiority in the matter of constitution and nerve to atmospheric influences. Johnny Bull, Jr., breakfasts on porridge, and sups on bread and milk; dines on plain roast or boiled meat, potatoes and rice pudding; tastes plum cake at Christmas; hardly knows the flavor of tea or coffee, and eats less candy in twenty years than our free-born Bobby disposes of in a twelvemonth.

I once put a magazine article on "The Royal Children" in the hands of a shrewd, sallow lad of twelve. He looked up presently, with a sniff of infinite contempt.

"I don't think it pays to be a prince if a fellow has got to dine every day on boiled mutton and babies' pudding!"

We set better tables, so far as variety and abundance go, than any other people in the world, eat more, and digest it less comfortably than any sister civilized nation. This generation is beyond repair in these particulars. For abatement of American dyspepsia we must look to the mothers who are making the constitutions and history of the coming century.

The article from which our text is drawn goes on to give the preference to hominy over oatmeal, and recommends American maize as "being the richest in fat of all the cerealia, while it contains albuminoid matter in as high a proportion as does wheat. Preparations of maize," it says, "are peculiarly adapted to the nursery."

Our Bobby, accustomed to the varied *menus* I have sketched, would rebel hotly against a breakfast of hominy and milk. I once heard him condemn mush as "chicken feed." He and his elder brother and sisters are products of an artificial civilization, modeled

on the American pattern. But it is possible to bring up Bobby's baby-brother in ignorance of the savoriness of fried oysters and the piquancy of curries; to train his healthy desire for food in the direction of cereals, milk, boiled eggs, roast beef and boiled mutton, fresh ripe fruits, and what our scornful young democrat stigmatized as "babies' pudding." Sustained by such fare, his digestion will grow stronger with years, his bones firm, his brain clear, and his nerves steady. He may not be mannish so soon as the boy next door, who complains that his coffee is not strong enough to brace him up, and is critical of *ragouts* and *vol-au-vents*, but he will be more manly in a sturdy, wholesome way, with the sort of superiority the elm has over the ailantus. As a preliminary step, let the mother settle dietetic problems on the basis of what Baby may eat, not what he can devour, and apparently digest.





INTRODUCTORY TO MENUS.

IN the preparation of this series of bill-of-fare for family use I have sought to accomplish three things :

First and chiefly—To be practical.

Secondly—To express my meaning clearly and fully.

Thirdly—To adapt *menu* and recipes to the service of people of moderate means.

“How do you make your delicious chicken salad?” asked one housekeeper of another, in the day when the dish was comparatively new.

“Oh, I put in all the good things I can think of, and when it tastes just right, I stop,” was the satisfactory reply.

Too many recipes, furnished by practical cooks, and printed for the use of the inexperienced, are constructed on this principle, and presuppose skill and judgment in the tyro. Almost as serious is the blunder of yielding to the temptation to write out showy lists of dishes as model meals, for the reader whose income is not above the average of that of the young merchant, or professional man. The true cook has, in her modest sphere, such pleasure in recipe-making as the musician or poet has in composition. All three fail of popularity when they discourage, instead of animating those they would instruct. The teacher's province is not to display his own proficiency, but to develop the pupil's powers.

Tuition that falls short of this end is failure.

The housewife who has a fixed and small allowance for marketing, reads in the Home Corner of her family newspaper a breakfast *menu* that calls for a dish of meat, one of fish, and another of eggs; for two kinds of hot bread; for oatmeal porridge; potatoes, fruit, coffee, and milled chocolate—and, with a sinking heart, she turns elsewhere for help in her attempt to vary the monotony of the first, and most trying meal of the day. Recipes and cook-books are not prepared for millionaires' wives. Our prudent manager knows as well as does her would-be mentor, that few families, even among her wealthy neighbors, sit down daily to breakfast-tables spread as lavishly as the imaginary board above sketched. To discouragement is added contempt for the printed guide that would assert the contrary to be the rule.

A clever little woman who has a positive genius for cookery, threw up her hands tragically when I recommended as easily-made and cheap the oyster-bisque, directions for which will be found hereafter.

"I have a recipe for oyster-bisque, thank you! It calls for *sixteen* ingredients. I counted them. One of them is a quart of cream. I could not put that soup into my tureen for less than \$1.50, not computing time and labor. I do not believe in fifty-cent dinners for six people, but we can't afford five-dollar feasts for every day."

A novice brought to me once, an article clipped from a favorite weekly, in which minute instructions were given, dialogically, for the manufacture of meat dumplings. The tale—as a tale—hung well together. But the meat never went into the pastry. Why and how they were kept apart was a worse quandary than the King's enigma as to how the apple got into his dumpling.

With this prefatory, and I trust, not tedious laying of the cloth, we will proceed to business.



SPRING BILLS OF FARE.

No. 1.

BREAKFAST.

Coarse Hominy.

Potato Rolls.

Fried Pigs' Feet, Breaded.

Buttered Toast.

Cold Bread.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

COARSE HOMINY.

This is otherwise known as cracked corn. Wash it well and set it to soak over night. In the morning, drain and cook soft in boiling water, salted. Eat with sugar and cream, or cream only.

POTATO ROLLS.

One cup of potato, mashed or whipped, until smooth and light, with two tablespoonfuls of butter and two cups of lukewarm milk; one tablespoonful of sugar; one scant cup of flour; one-half yeast cake—dissolved in warm water; one teaspoonful of salt—an even one; mix these together, using but half the flour over night, and

leave them to rise. Early in the morning, work in the rest of the flour, knead thoroughly and let it rise for an hour and a half; mold into small rolls after a second brisk, hard kneading, set in a pan and leave in a warm place for half an hour before baking. Send hot to the table.

FRIED PIGS' FEET, BREADED.

Buy the pigs' feet ready pickled from your butcher. If they have only been kept in brine, soak three hours and boil until tender. While hot, cover with boiling vinegar, in which you have put a tablespoonful of sugar and half a dozen whole black peppercorns for each cupful of vinegar. Do this the day before you cook them for breakfast. Before frying, wipe each piece well, roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and cook in plenty of cleared dripping or lard. Drain off the fat, and send to the table hot.

BUTTERED TOAST.

Slice the bread nearly an inch thick, pare off the crust, and toast quickly over a clear fire, buttering each piece lightly as you take it from the toaster. Lay in a hot dish until all are done. As soon as the last slice comes from the fire, send all to the table. Should a corner scorch, scrape before you butter it. The whole surface should be of a light yellow brown.

LUNCHEON.

Roe Omelette.

' Steamed Brown Bread.

Stewed Potatoes.

Crackers and Cheese.

Cake and Marmalade.

Chocolate.

ROE OMELETTE.

Boil the roe of the shad you are to bake for dinner in hot water, with a little salt, for twenty minutes. Take it out and plunge into ice-cold water until cold and firm. Wipe, and break into a granulated mass, removing all the skin and strings. Mix this with a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, and season cautiously with salt and cayenne pepper. Have ready in a saucepan half a cupful of drawn butter. Beat the roe into it, and set in boiling water while you make an omelette of six eggs whipped light, whites and yolks together. Add a little salt, pour the eggs into a frying-pan where a tablespoonful of butter is simmering; shake steadily until the omelette thickens, spread the roe mixture on half of it, double the other part over it, and turn out dexterously on a hot dish. Garnish with parsley.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.

One cup of rye meal (not flour); one cup of Indian meal; half a cup of Graham flour; one cup of milk; half a cup of molasses, (syrup will not do); one even teaspoonful of salt, and the same of soda. Sift flour, meal, salt and soda twice together to mix all well. Add the molasses to the milk, and work into the flour; knead for five minutes, turn into a greased mold and steam for three hours. Eat hot; but it is also good when cold.

STEWED POTATOES.

Peel and cut in small square bits, dropping these in cold water as you go on. Cook tender in boiling, salted water. Turn off half of this when they are nearly done, and replace with a like quantity of hot

milk in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of butter cut up in flour. Simmer three or four minutes, pepper, salt, and stir in a teaspoonful of finely cut parsley. Boil up and dish.

CHOCOLATE.

Six tablespoonfuls of chocolate wet to a paste with cold water. One quart of milk. Heat the milk in a farina kettle, stir in the chocolate paste and boil five minutes. Draw the kettle to the front of the range, and with a clean Dover egg-beater, whip the hot chocolate one minute before pouring into the pot in which it is to go to the table. Sweeten in the cups.

DINNER.

Purée Maigre.

Baked Shad and Mashed Potatoes.

Beefsteak with Sherry Sauce.

Spinach *au naturel*.

Suet and Sago Pudding,

Neapolitan Sauce.

Fruit.

Coffee.

PURÉE MAIGRE.

One turnip; one carrot; half an onion; one tablespoonful of chopped cabbage; half a can of tomatoes; half a cup of raw rice; stalk of celery, chopped; three tablespoonfuls of butter cut up in two of prepared flour; two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; one quart of cold water; pepper and salt to taste; one teaspoonful of sugar; one cup of milk.

Pare and grate turnip and carrot. Peel, and slice the onion, and parboil it with the cabbage for twenty minutes, throwing the

water away. Soak the rice for two hours. Put all the vegetables except the tomatoes, with the rice and cold water, into the soup kettle; cover and stew gently for an hour after the boil is reached. Add the tomatoes, simmer for half an hour, and run through a colander. Return to the fire, stir to a boil, add the floured butter, boil up a little faster and stir in the milk, scalding hot. Season and pour out. Be careful not to let the purée "catch" in cooking. (Put a tiny bit of soda in the milk.)

BAKED SHAD.

Wash and wipe a fine roe-shad, inside and out. Have ready a forcemeat of crumbs, a very little minced fat salt pork, a teaspoonful of butter, and one of minced parsley, seasoned with salt and pepper. Sew this up in the fish, lay the latter in a dripping pan, pour over it a cup of boiling water, and bake for one hour, at least, covered. Baste five times with butter-and-water, while baking. Transfer the shad to a hot-water dish; make the gravy by stirring into the liquor left in the pan the juice of a lemon, a tablespoonful of browned flour wet up with cold water, a little salt and pepper. Boil up sharply, and send to the table in a gravy-boat. Garnish the shad with slices of lemon, on each of which is laid a little finely-bruised parsley. Send mashed potato around with it.

BEEFSTEAK WITH SHERRY SAUCE.

Broil the steak in the usual way, lay it within the chafing dish, and cover it with the sauce, after which put on the top of the dish and let the steak stand five minutes before it is served.

SAUCE.

One glass of sherry ; juice of half a lemon ; one tablespoonful of catsup ; two tablespoonfuls of butter cut up in one teaspoonful of browned flour ; half a teaspoonful of salt ; a quarter-teaspoonful of pepper. Heat butter, catsup and lemon juice in a saucepan, add seasoning and wine, boil up quickly, and pour upon the steak.

SPINACH *au naturel*.

Wash, pick off the leaves, rejecting the stems, and put over the fire in just enough boiling, salted water to cover it well. Cook fast for twenty minutes, turn into a hot colander, and let it drain into a vessel set on the range until all the water has run off. Stir into it quickly a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, press firmly to get the shape of the colander on the under side of the mass, and invert upon a hot platter. Lay hard boiled eggs sliced about the base. Serve very hot.

SUET AND SAGO PUDDING.

Four tablespoonfuls of sago, soaked for four hours in cold water enough to cover it ; a generous half cup of powdered suet ; one cup of fine dried crumbs ; one cup of milk and a tiny bit of soda ; one cup of sugar ; four eggs ; one teaspoonful of corn-starch wet with milk ; one even cup of Sultana raisins ; one even teaspoonful of salt.

When the sago has soaked for the required time, stir it into the heated milk, and bring almost to a boil before adding the required crumbs. Pour this on the beaten eggs and sugar, beat one minute, and add suet, sago, corn-starch and salt. Butter a

straight-sided mold, and strew with raisins carefully washed, dried and rolled in flour. Put in the batter carefully, a little at a time, not to wash the raisins to the top. Steam two hours. Dip in cold water and turn out on a hot platter.

NEAPOLITAN SAUCE.

Two cups of powdered sugar; two tablespoonfuls of butter; two tablespoonfuls of red currant jelly; juice of half a lemon.

Warm the butter slightly, and stir with the sugar to a cream. Divide into two parts, whip the lemon juice into one, the jelly into the other. Wet a bowl and fill with alternate strata of white and pink sauce. Let it cool on the ice, and when hard pass a knife close to the sides of the bowl to loosen it. Send to table on a cold salver.

No. 2.

BREAKFAST.

Wheat Germ Meal Porridge.

Ragout of Liver.

Egg Biscuit.

Watercresses.

Strawberries.

Tea.

Coffee.

WHEAT GERM MEAL PORRIDGE.

This excellent breakfast cereal is particularly good when boiled in milk-and-water in equal quantities. Wet up a cupful of the "germ meal" in cold water to a thick mush, thin to gruel-like consistency with hot milk, and cook fifteen minutes in a farina kettle, after the water in the outer vessel reaches a boil. Salt to taste and eat with cream.

RAGOUT OF LIVER.

Heat three or four spoonfuls of nice dripping in a frying-pan, add an onion, sliced, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and thrice as much minced breakfast-bacon; when all are hissing hot, lay in the liver cut in pieces as long and wide as your middle finger and fry brown, turning often; take out the liver and keep warm in a covered hot water dish; strain the gravy, rinse out the frying-pan, and return to the fire with the gravy, and an even tablespoonful of butter worked up well in two of browned flour. Stir until you have a smooth, brown *roux*; thin gradually with half a cupful of boiling water and the juice of half a lemon; add a teaspoonful of minced pickle and a scant half teaspoonful of curry powder wet with cold water. Boil sharply, pour over the liver, put fresh boiling water in the pan under the dish, and let all stand closely covered for ten minutes before serving.

EGG BISCUIT.

Two cups of warm milk; two eggs; two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter; half a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in warm water; one quart of sifted flour; one teaspoonful of salt.

Mix with the butter (melted, but not hot) the yeast, salt and three cups of flour together over night, and set in a covered bowl to rise. Early in the morning, add the beaten eggs and the rest of the flour, and set for a second rising of an hour, or longer. When light, roll into a sheet almost an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and lay in a floured baking pan. At the end of half an hour, bake in a good oven. They are delicious, cold or hot.

WATERCRESSES.

Wash well, pick off decayed leaves, and leave in ice-water until you are ready to eat them. They should then be shaken free of

wet, and piled lightly in a glass dish. Eat with salt. They are a piquant appetizer on sultry mornings, and very wholesome.

STRAWBERRIES.

Do not ruin the flavor by washing them, nor wither them and sap their sweetness by laying them in sugar. "Cap" with cool, light fingers, heap in a bowl, and sprinkle sugar on them after they are served in the saucers to waiting eaters expectant. The larger varieties of strawberries are best served with caps and stems on. The eater uses the latter as handles, and dips the berries into dry sugar, one by one. This is the prettiest way of eating breakfast strawberries.

LUNCHEON.

Clam Scallops.

Deviled Tongue.

Stewed Potatoes.

Radishes.

Crackers and Cheese.

Tea and Cake.

CLAM SCALLOPS.

Chop 50 clams fine, and drain off through a colander all the liquor that will come away. Mix this in a bowl with a cupful of crushed crackers, half a cupful of milk, two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of mace and the same of cayenne pepper. Beat into this the chopped clams, and fill with the mixture, clam shells, or the silver or stone-china shell-shaped dishes sold for this purpose. Bake to a light brown in a quick oven, and serve in the shells. Send around sliced lemon with them.

DEVILED TONGUE.

Slice a cold boiled tongue (fresh or smoked) and fry the slices quickly in nice dripping. If you have none, use butter. Chop a little onion fine and stir in before the tongue is fried. Take up the slices, arrange neatly, overlapping one another, in a hot-water dish. Strain the fat, return to the fire, stir in a teaspoonful of browned flour, half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of cayenne, and half a cupful of boiling water. Stir, and boil for one minute, and pour over the tongue.

RADISHES.

Cut down the tops to within an inch of the roots. Wash, scrape off the fibers, and arrange tastefully on a dish with bits of ice between them.

DINNER.

Browned Potato Soup.

Shad Baked with Wine Sauce.

Larded Leg of Mutton.

Green Peas.

Stewed Macaroni.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Coffee.

BROWN POTATO SOUP.

A dozen potatoes of fair size; half an onion, sliced; two quarts of boiling water; two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; two eggs, beaten light; half a cup of milk; pepper, salt and cleared dripping for frying; a tablespoonful of butter; heat the dripping in a round-

bottomed saucepan and fry the potatoes (peeled carefully so as to leave all the starch in them, then left in cold water for half an hour) and onion to a fine brown; drain, drop them in the boiling water, and cook soft. Rub through the colander back into the kettle with the water in which they were boiled; add the parsley, stir to a bubbling boil, and season with pepper and salt. Heat the milk in another saucepan, melt the butter in it, add the eggs, stir one minute; take the soup-kettle from the fire, pour in the milk and eggs, and serve at once. If the potatoes do not thicken the water to a purée, roll the butter in a tablespoonful of flour and stir directly into the soup kettle instead of into the milk.

SHAD BAKED WITH WINE SAUCE.

Clean, without splitting the fish, leaving on the head and tail. Lay in a dripping pan, pour a small cupful of boiling water over it, invert another dripping pan upon the lower, and bake one hour, basting six times with butter and water from the dripping pan. Transfer the fish to a hot platter; strain the gravy into a saucepan; thicken with a heaping teaspoonful of browned flour; season with salt and pepper, and add at the last a glass of brown sherry. Pour over the fish, and send to table covered.

LARDED LEG OF MUTTON.

Cut half-inch wide strips of fat salt pork into lengths of four inches. With a narrow-bladed knife, make horizontal incisions in the meat to the bone, and, where this does not oppose the blade, clear through the joint. Roll these "lardoons" in a mixture of pepper, mace and vinegar, and insert in the holes made by the knife. If you have a larding needle, the task is easier. Set the meat in a

dripping pan, dash a cupful of boiling water over it, and roast ten minutes for each pound, basting often. Ten minutes before taking it up, rub over with a mixture of a teaspoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of tart jelly. Strain the gravy, pour off the fat, and thicken what is left with browned flour, season with salt and pepper, boil up, and serve in a boat.

GREEN PEAS.

Boil the pods fifteen minutes in slightly salted water ; strain them out, drop in the peas, and cook tender, but not until they break. Drain dry ; stir in salt, pepper, and a good lump of butter. Serve hot.

STEWED MACARONI.

Half a pound of "pipe" or "straw" macaroni ; one cup of milk ; one teaspoonful of minced onion ; one tablespoonful of butter ; half a cupful of cheese ; pepper and salt to taste, and a bit of soda in the milk ; break the macaroni into short pieces, and cook about twenty minutes in boiling water, salted. Meanwhile, heat the milk (dropping in a tiny pinch of soda), with the onion to the scalding point. Strain out the onion, drain the water from the macaroni, and put the milk into a sauce-pan. Stir in the butter, cheese, pepper and salt, finally, the macaroni. Cook three minutes, and turn into a deep dish.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

One cup of powdered sugar ; one tablespoonful of butter ; three eggs ; one rounded cup of prepared flour ; two tablespoonfuls of cream ; one generous quart of berries.

Rub the butter and sugar to a cream ; whip in the beaten yolks, the cream, the whites, at last, the flour. Bake in three jelly cake tins and let the cakes get cold. Cut the berries into halves, and lay between them, sprinkling the strata with sugar. Sift sugar on the topmost layer. Slice and eat with cream.

No. 3.

BREAKFAST.

Brewis.

Cornmeal Dodgers.

Deviled Beef in Batter.

Cold Bread.

Browned Potatoes.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

BREWIS.

One even cup of dried bread crumbs ; a pint of milk ; a quarter-teaspoonful of salt ; two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Save crusts and broken slices from day to day. When you go to bed, the night before you wish to make brewis, spread these bits in a dripping-pan and set in the cooling oven 'to dry. Take them out in the morning, and crush with the rolling pin into rather coarse crumbs. Heat the milk, salt it, and when it boils, stir in the crumbs gradually until you have granulated mush. It should not get stiff. Now, put in the butter, stir and beat until hot, and serve in an open dish. Eat with sugar and cream.

CORNMEAL DODGERS.

One quart of Indian meal ; one quart of boiling milk ; two tablespoonfuls of sugar ; half a yeast cake, dissolved in warm water ;

one tablespoonful of lard and the same of butter; one even teaspoonful of salt.

Scald the meal with the milk, stir in the sugar and shortening, and, when it is almost cold, beat in the yeast. Let it rise all night. Beat up again one hour before breakfast, and set it for a second rising. Heat a dripping pan, grease well, and drop the stiff batter on it by the spoonful. Let these be an inch or two apart, that they may not run into one another, and shut up in a *quick* oven to bake. They should be rough on top, and higher in the middle than at the sides. If the batter runs, add a very little flour. It must be stiff enough to stand in a heap. Eat very hot.

DEVILED BEEF IN BATTER.

Cut slices of underdone roast beef, and lay them for an hour in a mixture of half a cup of vinegar, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and made mustard. Turn them over and over, several times, to absorb the dressing. Lay on a clean cloth, press with another to take up the liquid, and dip in a batter made in the proportion of one egg, half a cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, with a little salt. Fry in dripping or lard, drain off the grease, and serve.

BROWNED POTATOES.

Boil in their skins, dry off and peel, set in a baking pan in the oven, and as they heat, butter three times at intervals of five minutes to glaze them.

LUNCHEON.

Scalloped Cod, Halibut or Salmon.

Hashed Potatoes, Browned.

Cold Bread.

Butter.

Pickles.

Crackers and Cheese.

Lady Cake.

Tea.

SCALLOPED COD, HALIBUT OR SALMON.

Two pounds of cold boiled fish ; two cups of milk ; one even cup of bread crumbs ; two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour ; pepper and salt to taste ; one tablespoonful of finely minced parsley ; two eggs.

Pick the fish fine with a fork, heat the salted milk in a saucepan, rub the flour and butter together, stir into the milk, with pepper and parsley, and pour this on the beaten eggs. Strew the bottom of a baking dish with crumbs, put in a layer of sauce, then one of fish, another of sauce, and so on until the ingredients are used up. Cover with the rest of the crumbs and bake, covered, until it bubbles all over, then brown.

HASHED POTATOES, BROWNED.

Pare and cut potatoes into small dice ; lay these in cold water for half an hour ; stew tender, but not soft, in hot, salted water ; turn this off, and cover the potatoes with a cup of hot milk, in which you have melted a tablespoonful of butter cut up in a teaspoonful of prepared flour. Turn all into a greased pudding, or pie dish, and brown lightly in a quick oven.

LADY CAKE.

One and a half cups of powdered sugar ; half cup of butter ; two tablespoonfuls of milk ; whites of five eggs ; two even cups of sifted prepared flour ; One teaspoonful of bitter almond flavoring. Rub butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and flavoring, then whites and flour alternately. Bake in jelly cake tins, and when they are cold, divide by layers of whipped cream, sifting sugar on top.

DINNER.

Catfish Soup.	Larded Liver.
Canned Corn Pudding.	Stewed Tomatoes.
Russian Cream.	Light Cake.
Fruit.	Coffee.

CATFISH SOUP.

Three pounds of fish when they have been cleaned, skinned and beheaded; two cups of milk, heated, with a tiny bit of soda; two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour rubbed up with three of butter; two beaten eggs; two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley; three cups of cold water; pepper and salt.

Cover the fish with cold water and stew gently until the flesh slips easily from the bones; take from the fire, pick out and throw away the bones; chop the fish, strain the liquor in which it was boiled, and return all to the fire; as it boils, stir in floured butter, seasoning and parsley; boil two minutes; pour the scalding milk from another vessel over the eggs, turn into the tureen, add the fish-soup and serve. Line the tureen with Boston crackers, split, soaked in boiling milk and well-buttered before pouring the soup upon them. Pass sliced lemon with it.

LARDED LIVER.

Wash a fresh calf's liver, and soak it for an hour in cold water slightly salt. Wipe dry, and with a sharp knife, make perpendicular incisions clear through the liver about an inch apart. Into these, thrust strips of fat salt pork long enough to project on both sides. Into the bottom of a pot or saucepan put a tablespoonful of minced onion, some chopped parsley or other sweet herbs, pepper,

and a half-cupful of strained tomato juice. On this lay the liver, sprinkle as much onion on top as there is below, cover *very* tightly and set at one side of the range, where it will not reach the boiling point under an hour. Gradually increase the heat, but never let it be strong, for two hours more, when uncover the pot for the first time, to test with a fork if it be tender. It should be so tender that the fork enters as easily as into the crumby heart of a well-baked loaf. Take out the liver and keep hot, while you strain the gravy, thicken with a great spoonful of browned flour wet in cold water, and when it boils, add a glass of sherry. Pour over the liver. Carve the latter horizontally. It is as good cold as hot.

CANNED CORN PUDDING.

Mince the corn fine. Beat up three eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the same of melted butter, an even teaspoonful of salt and a cupful of milk, lastly the corn. Beat hard and bake covered in a greased pudding dish half an hour, then uncover to brown delicately.

STEWED TOMATOES.

Cook twenty minutes, before seasoning with a tablespoonful of butter, an even teaspoonful of sugar, less than half as much salt, a dash of pepper, and the merest suspicion of minced onion. Stew five minutes longer, add a teaspoonful of fine crumbs, boil up and serve.

RUSSIAN CREAM.

Half a package of Cooper's gelatine, soaked four hours in water enough to cover it; one quart of milk; four eggs; two cups of sugar; a generous glass of sherry; two teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

Scald the milk, take from the fire, and stir into it the yolks of the eggs beaten light with the sugar; also the gelatine. Stir all the time while mixing and return to the fire; boil five minutes, still stirring, remove to the table, add the whites beaten to a froth, the flavoring and wine, strain through a sieve, and pour into molds wet with cold water. Set in a cold place to form. It is well to make it the day before it is to be eaten, if you have an early dinner; in the early morning, if you dine in the evening. It is delicious. Eat with cake.

No. 4.

BREAKFAST.

Graham Porridge.	Fried Tripe.	Rice Muffins.
	Fried Potatoes.	
Tea.		Coffee.

GRAHAM PORRIDGE.

One cup of Graham flour; one cup of boiling water—a large one; one cup of hot milk; salt to your liking.

Wet the flour with cold water, and stir into the boiling, which should be in a farina kettle. Salt to taste, and cook half an hour, stirring up from the bottom now and then. Pour in the warm milk a little at a time, mixing well, and cook ten minutes after it is all in. Serve in an open dish, and eat with cream and sugar.

FRIED TRIPE.

Cut pickled tripe into squares as large as the palm of the hand; wash in two waters, and cover with boiling water. Simmer gently for twenty minutes, turn off the water and put in, instead,

an equal quantity of milk-and-water, cold. Bring to a boil, drain and wipe the tripe, rub each piece with butter and pepper, with salt, if needed; roll in flour or egg and crumbs, and fry in hot dripping. Drain off the fat and serve on a heated dish. Send lemon and Chili sauce around with the tripe.

RICE MUFFINS.

One cup of cold boiled rice; two cups of milk; half a yeast cake, dissolved in half a cupful of warm water; one full tablespoonful of lard, melted; one tablespoonful of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt; three cups of flour; bit of soda, twice the size of a pea, dissolved in boiling water.

Rub the lard and sugar into the rice, and into this, the milk, working out the lumps. Add the yeast, and flour enough for a good batter. Leave it to rise five or six hours, stir in soda and salt, beating hard, half fill muffin tins, let them stand, covered, twenty minutes, and bake. They are richer if you add two eggs in the morning after the "long rising." Eat hot.

FRIED POTATOES.

Pare potatoes, and slice thin, or cut into strips. Lay in cold water for an hour, spread on a dry towel, and, covering with another, gently pat them to dry off the moisture. Have ready hot dripping, and fry quickly to a light brown, not too many at once. Take up with a split spoon, and shake in a hot colander to free them from grease. Serve in a dish lined with a hot napkin. Mem.: Do not let them get warm after you take them out of the ice-water, before cooking them.

LUNCHEON.

Meringued Eggs.

Welsh Rarebit.

Bread and Butter.

Prudence's Gingerbread.

Cocoa-theta.

MERINGUED EGGS.

Whip the whites of the eggs very stiff. Lay great spoonfuls of the standing froth on a platter that will stand the oven heat. With the back of a tablespoon make a hollow in the middle of each heap, and put a raw yolk in it. Set in the oven until the meringue begins to color faintly, sprinkle with pepper and salt, lay a bit of butter on each egg, and serve in the platter in which they were baked.

WELSH RAREBIT.

Six rounds of toasted bread; two beaten eggs; three large spoonfuls of dry grated cheese; one tablespoonful of butter; two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs; one tablespoonful of cream; one saltspoonful of mustard; a pinch of cayenne; a saltspoonful of salt.

Work the butter, cheese, salt, pepper and cream gradually into a smooth paste, add the beaten eggs, the crumbs, and spread half an inch thick on rounds of buttered toast. If the paste is not laid on heavily, it will be absorbed in cooking. Set in a quick oven until they begin to brown. Eat at once.

PRUDENCE'S GINGERBREAD (*without eggs*).

One cup of molasses; one cup of sugar; one cup of buttermilk, or loppered milk; half a cup of butter; one tablespoonful of

ginger; one teaspoonful of cinnamon, or nutmeg, or mace; about four cups of flour; one rounded teaspoonful of soda, sifted twice with the flour.

Stir butter, sugar, molasses and spice together; when you have warmed them slightly, put in the milk, and then the flour. Beat until the batter is several shades lighter than when you began, and bake at once in small tins.

COCOA-THETA.

Heat four cups of milk in a farina kettle; stir in, when it is scalding hot, four tablespoonfuls of Wilbur's cocoa-theta, and leave in the boiling water, covered, for five or six minutes before pouring it out. This is a most delicious preparation of the chocolate family. Many who cannot drink cocoa as usually put up, may take this without harm to head or stomach. It is a pleasing accompaniment to gingerbread.

DINNER.

Corn Soup (*maigre*). Boiled Cod with Egg Sauce.

Baked Mutton Chops.

Baked Spaghetti.

Fried Bananas.

Orange Pudding.

Fruit.

Coffee.

CORN SOUP (*Maigre*).

One can of corn; two cups of milk; one quart of water; three eggs; three tablespoonfuls of butter, rolled in as much flour; one tablespoonful of chopped parsley; pepper and salt to taste.

Chop the corn fine, and put into a quart of boiling water in a farina kettle. Cook for an hour, rub through a colander, season

with pepper and salt, put back in the kettle, heat to a boil, and stir in the floured butter. Scald the milk in a separate vessel (dropping in a tiny bit of soda) pour it slowly on the beaten eggs, keeping the egg-beater going all the time, add to the soup; stir for one minute; put in the chopped parsley, and pour into the tureen.

BOILED COD.

Select a firm, thick piece of fish; sew up in mosquito net and put over the fire in plenty of boiling, salted water. Cook one hour for a piece that weighs between four and five pounds. Undo the netting, lay the fish on a hot dish, rub all over with butter and lemon juice, and put three tablespoonfuls of the egg-sauce on it, the rest in a boat.

EGG SAUCE.

Heat a cup of milk and water—equal quantities of both; when it boils, stir in a heaping tablespoonful of butter, rubbed together with as much flour. Cook three minutes, and turn it out upon two eggs beaten light. Return to the fire; add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a hard boiled egg minced very fine. Boil one minute—no more—and pour out.

BAKED MUTTON CHOPS.

Trim them neatly, and let them lie in a mixture of melted butter, pepper, salt and lemon juice for half an hour, turning over and rubbing the chops faithfully with it. Arrange the meat in a dripping pan, and, as it heats, baste with hot water in which has been dissolved a little butter. Keep covered except when basting them. When the chops are nicely browned, remove to a

hot-water dish to keep warm. Strain the gravy left in the pan, put over the fire with half a cup of strained tomato juice, season, and, as it boils, stir in enough browned flour to thicken it. Cook two minutes, and pour upon the chops when you have sprinkled them with tiny specks of currant jelly. Let them stand covered for three minutes before serving.

BAKED SPAGHETTI.

"Spaghetti" is otherwise known as "small" or "straw" macaroni, and is considered more delicate, as it is certainly prettier than the "large" or "pipe macaroni." Break half a pound into even lengths, perhaps into two-inch pieces. It is easier to serve and eat it thus than when long coils of it drip over dish and plate. Cook it gently in boiling, salted water until clear and tender, but not broken. Twenty minutes should suffice. Drain it, and fill a buttered bake-dish with layers of spaghetti divided by layers of grated cheese and butter-bits, seasoned with salt, add a cupful of milk, raising the layers to let it sink to the bottom; strain grated cheese thickly on the top, and bake, covered, for half an hour. Afterward brown on the upper grating of the oven.

FRIED BANANAS.

Pare, then slice sound, ripe bananas lengthwise, roll in flour, until thickly coated, and fry to a delicate brown in butter. Line a dish with white, soft paper, lay each slice on it as you take it up, to absorb the grease and send to table very hot.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Three eggs; One cup of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of butter; juice of two oranges. and half the grated peel of one; juice of a

lemon; grated peel of half a lemon; two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch or arrowroot—the latter is the better of the two.

Whip butter and sugar to a cream; whip in, by degrees, orange and lemon-juice and grated peel; lastly, the yolks of the eggs, and the arrowroot wet with water; have ready a pie-plate lined with a nice paste; fill with the mixture and bake; make a meringue of the beaten whites, and a heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar, whipping in a teaspoonful of lemon-juice at the last; when the pudding is firm and begins to brown, spread this on the top and leave in the oven until the meringue is “set” and incrusts on the surface.

No. 5.

BREAKFAST.

	Wheaten Grits.	
Fresh Mackerel.		Farina Cakes.
Stewed Potatoes.	Cold Bread.	Berries.
Tea.		Coffee.

FRESH MACKEREL.

Clean, wash, wipe inside and cut, pepper, salt and roll in Indian meal and fry in hot lard or good dripping; drain, and serve hot. If you wish a sauce for them, add to half a cup of boiling water the juice of a lemon, a quarter-teaspoonful of mustard and a tablespoonful of butter rolled in one of browned flour; salt to liking; boil up once and serve in a gravy boat.

FARINA CAKES.

One quart of milk; two cups of boiling water; half a cup of farina; three eggs; one scant cup of prepared flour; one table-

spoonful of melted lard ; one teaspoonful of salt ; one tablespoonful of molasses. Mix the farina with the boiling water, stir in salt and lard, beat hard, and let it stand in a cool place all night ; then beat in the eggs, the molasses, the milk—gradually—and, lastly, the flour, stirring all hard ; bake on a hot, greased griddle. They are very nice, if the batter is not too stiff.

LUNCHEON.

Galantine.

Minced Potatoes.

Cress Salad.

Crackers and Cheese.

Cake and Cocoa-theta.

GALANTINE.

Cut from a piece of fat, fresh pork an oblong piece of skin, five or six inches wide, and eight or ten long. Leave a lining of fat on the inside. Lay in vinegar enough to cover it for four hours ; then, spread on a platter, and cover the fat-lining with minced meat of any kind and all kinds (ham holding an important place) veal, mutton, beef, liver, poultry, etc., seasoned piquantly with pepper, salt, herbs, onion, a touch of spice, and a pinch of grated lemon-peel. Moisten with gravy, and put in a bit of fat, now and then. Fold up the pork-rind on all, bringing the edges together, and putting in a stitch or two to hold them in place. Wrap in a single thickness of stout cloth, sewing it closely about it, and put on to boil in plenty of cold water, in which is mixed half a cup of vinegar to each quart of water. Boil slowly five hours ; let the galantine get nearly cold in the water, take it out and lay under heavy weights all night ; undo and remove the cloth, clip the threads and draw them out, trim off the edges, and it is ready for

the table. Cut clear through skin and stuffing in carving it in neat slices. This "relish" is very fine.

MINCED POTATOES.

Mince cold boiled potatoes with a sharp knife ; put a spoonful of beef dripping, or butter in a frying pan, with a tablespoonful of finely minced parsley, a quarter teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, pepper and salt. As it simmers stir in the potatoes, and continue to stir and toss until very hot all through and quite dry. Serve in a deep dish, hot.

CRESS SALAD.

Wash and pick over the cresses, shake off the wet, and serve in a salad bowl. At table, pick the twigs to pieces and season with sugar, pepper, salt, vinegar and oil. Mix well, and pass crackers with it.

DINNER.

Asparagus Soup.

Boiled Bass.

Roast Sweet Breads and Green Peas.

Mashed Potatoes.

Young Onions.

Belle's Bright Thought.

Coffee.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.

Three pints of soup stock ; one large bunch of asparagus, cut into short lengths, the woody parts by themselves ; one cup of milk ;

one tablespoonful of butter, rolled in one of prepared flour; pepper and salt.

Put the stock over the fire with all the stalks and one-third of the green heads; cook until the asparagus can be rubbed through a colander, leaving the wood behind; rub all through that will pass easily; return the soup to the fire, season, and bring to a boil; drop in the reserved heads cut into inches; cook until these are tender. In another vessel heat the milk, stir in the floured butter, and add to the soup. Line a tureen with dice of fried bread, and pour the soup upon them.

BOILED BASS.

Clean and wash the fish, but do not split it or remove the head and tail; sew up in a piece of mosquito netting fitted to the shape of the fish. Have in the fish-kettle plenty of boiling water, in which have been mixed a few tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dozen peppercorns, two or three blades of mace, and a tablespoonful of salt. Cook ten minutes for each pound, and ten minutes over. Undo the cloth, lay the fish on a hot dish and pour over it a cup of drawn butter, seasoned with a tablespoonful of capers and the yolks of two hard boiled eggs, chopped fine. Pass mashed potatoes with it.

ROAST SWEETBREADS AND PEAS.

Wash the sweetbreads, drop into boiling water, cook for fifteen minutes; then plunge into ice-cold water, and leave them there half an hour. Wipe dry, roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs. Lay in a dripping pan; pour around them half a cupful of boiling water in which you have melted a teaspoonful of butter; cover, and

bake them half an hour, basting several times. Remove the cover, and brown. Boil the peas as directed in a former recipe, drain, butter pepper and salt them, heap on a hot dish and lay the sweetbreads around them.

YOUNG ONIONS.

Cut off the tops, wash, remove the outer layer of skin, and boil fifteen minutes in fresh hot water. Drain this off, cover the onions with milk and hot water in equal proportions, salt slightly, and cook ten minutes after the boil recommences, or until the onions are tender. Drain, barely cover with hot cream or rich milk in which a lump of butter has been melted, salt and pepper, and send to table. No one who has once eaten onions cooked in this way will ever like those prepared (or ruined) after the ordinary mode.

BELLE'S BRIGHT THOUGHT.

One package of Coxe's gelatine, soaked for four hours in a large cup of cold water; two cups of boiling water; juice of a lemon; one cup of pale sherry; two cups of sugar; whites of six eggs; three pints of fine strawberries.

Put soaked gelatine, sugar, lemon juice, into a bowl, pour in the boiling water, stir until dissolved, and let it cool, but not congeal, before adding the wine. Whip the whites to a stiff froth, and beat in a great spoonful of the jelly at a time, setting the bowl of meringue in ice-water as you work. When all the jelly is in, whip steadily for fifteen minutes, until you have a white sponge which will just drop from a spoon. Have ready a melon-shaped mold, or a round bottomed bowl wet with cold water, and lined evenly with strawberries, capped and rolled in sugar. As you cover the bottom,

pour in enough of the snowy sponge to keep them in place, building up the lining and filling thus until the mold is full. Set on ice for five or six hours. Loosen around the edges with persuasive fingertips, turn out on a cold dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar as you serve, cut in careful perpendicular slices, and send around cream with it. For cream you may substitute custard if you like. A beautiful and delicious dessert, and easily made.

No.6.

BREAKFAST.

Wheat Germ Meal.	Broiled Shad.	Melissa's Shortcake.
Baked Potatoes.	Bread and Butter.	Berries.
Tea and Coffeee.		

WHEAT GERM MEAL.

This breakfast cereal is less heating than oatmeal, less laxative than wheaten grits, and more palatable than either. To one quart of boiling water, add one small cupful of wheat germ meal, with a half-teaspoonful of salt. Stir, and cook in the farina-kettle for fifteen minutes. Eat with sugar and cream, or with cream alone.

BROILED SHAD.

Clean, wash and split the fish down the back. Lay on a well-buttered gridiron, skin upward, and broil over a clear fire, lifting a moment should it drip on the coals or brown into burn. Turn the fish when the inside is browned. When it is done—from twenty to twenty-five minutes should suffice for a fair-sized shad—lay on a

hot platter, and rub with a sauce made by beating a tablespoonful of butter light with pepper, salt and finely minced parsley, adding, if you like, a little lemon juice. Garnish with parsley.

MELISSA'S SHORTCAKE.

One quart of Hecker's prepared flour; half a cupful of butter; one even teaspoonful of salt; two cups of milk.

If you can get a cup of cream, put half the quantity of milk and less butter. Sift the salt with the flour, chop in the butter until you have a yellow dust, wet with the milk and roll out with as little handling as possible, half-an-inch thick. Bake in broad, shallow pans well greased. When done, cut into squares, split and butter while hot, and send at once to table.

LUNCHEON.

Scalloped Fish.

Baked Potatoes.

Deviled Biscuits.

Pop Overs.

Chocolate.

SCALLOPED FISH.

One heaping cupful of cold, boiled fish, picked into fine flakes with a fork; one cupful of drawn butter; one tablespoonful of minced parsley; pepper and salt; half-cupful of fine crumbs; one tablespoonful of grated cheese.

Mix all well together except the crumbs, turn into a greased bake-dish, strew crumbs on top, and brown quickly in the oven.

DEVEILED BISCUITS.

Split stale rolls or biscuits, and toast to a light brown on the upper grating of the oven. Prepare a mixture of one cupful of dry cheese, grated fine (Parmesan, if you can get it), one tablespoonful of best salad oil, half a teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, a mere pinch of cayenne, and the yolks of three eggs beaten smooth. Incorporate faithfully; spread on the inside of the biscuits; set them in a quick oven to get heated through, and serve, covered with a napkin.

POP OVERS.

One quart of prepared flour (Hecker's is best); one quart of milk; four eggs; one tablespoonful of melted butter; one teaspoonful of salt.

Beat the yolks light, and mix with the salted milk; add the butter, then flour, and whipped whites alternately. Do all this briskly; fill one dozen stoneware cups with the batter, and bake in a *quick* oven. Serve in the cups, and eat with liquid sauce. They should not stand one minute when you have taken them from the oven, but be served at once.

DINNER.

Mulligatawney Soup.

Imitation Terrapin.

Mashed Potatoes.

Succotash.

Marmalade Pudding.

Fruit.

Coffee.

MULLIGATAWNEY SOUP.

Two quarts of the liquor in which a calf's head has been boiled, simmered down to three pints; half an onion; a blade of mace;

juice of a lemon; half a cupful of raw rice, soaked in a cupful of cold water for two hours; one tablespoonful of butter, cut up in one of flour; one teaspoonful of curry powder.

Strain the liquor through a cloth, put in the mace, chopped onion and rice, and cook until the latter is very tender. Wet the curry powder with the lemon-juice, and when you have stirred it in, add the floured butter. Boil sharply for one minute, and serve.

IMITATION TERRAPIN.

Boil a calf's head the day before you wish to make soup and this dish, and let it get cold in the liquor. Slice the meat from the head, and cut into dice. Mince the tongue fine, and make into forcemeat-balls with fine crumbs, pepper, salt, and a raw egg. Roll in beaten egg, then in flour, and leave in a cold place until you are ready for them. Season a large cupful of liquor sharply with Worcestershire sauce and salt, stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in as much browned flour, and bring to a boil. Put in the meat, and stew gently ten minutes before adding the juice of a lemon and a glass of brown sherry. Lastly, drop in the forcemeat balls, cover the saucepan closely, and set in boiling water for ten minutes before dishing. The yolks of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs improve this dish.

SUCCOTASH.

Empty a can of corn, and one of string beans, several hours before you wish to use them, draining off the liquor from both. Put together into a saucepan half an hour before dinner, and barely cover with milk and water in equal parts, boiling hot and slightly salted. Cook gently twenty minutes, and stir in a tablespoonful of

butter rolled in one of flour. Season with pepper and salt, stew ten minutes more and dish. You may substitute Lima for string beans if you like.

MARMALADE PUDDING.

One quart of milk ; four eggs ; one cup of sugar ; slices of stale bread, buttered.

Fruit marmalade,—peach is best if you have it, but apple, quince or raspberry will do if you have not. Scald the milk, and pour it on the eggs, which should have been beaten light with the sugar. Return to the farina kettle, and cook five minutes, but not until the custard thickens. Cut the bread an inch thick, pare off the crust, butter on both sides, and cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices fitted in neatly. Spread the marmalade thickly on this layer, and wet with the boiling custard, waiting to see it absorbed before putting another layer above it. Proceed in this order until all the materials are used up. Fit a plate, or other lid, on the bake-dish and let the whole stand for half an hour, to absorb the custard before it goes into the oven. Bake, covered, until the pudding is heated through, then, brown nicely. Eat cold with cream. This excellent pudding may be made more elegant by whipping the whites of three eggs to a meringue with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and spreading it over the top after it begins to brown. Shut the oven door until the meringue is faintly colored.

FRUIT.

With the approach of the warmer weather, the prudent housewife will pay more attention to this part of her *menu*. Make the dish of cooling, anti-bilious fruits attractive by selection and arrangement.

Nuts belong to winter-time when fats are needed to produce carbon. Raisins, always unwholesome, clog digestion weakened by "spring fever," and irritate morbid livers. "Eating-apples" are nearly out of season, but oranges and bananas valiantly relieve guard between them and the grapes and late pears that lasted after the holidays, and the coming berries. The juice of a lemon, mixed with four times as much water, unsugared, and drunk just before bedtime, will do more to counteract malarial influences and correct a surplusage of bile than a dozen blue pills.

NO. 7.

BREAKFAST.

Graham Flakes.	Apples and Bacon.	Corn Bread.
Baked Potatoes.	Fruit.	Coffee.
		Tea.

GRAHAM FLAKES.

These are otherwise known as "Granulated Graham," and furnish a pleasant variety in the list of breakfast cereals. They can be prepared at five minutes' notice. Put a scant cupful in a deep dish; cover with a quart of boiling milk and water; put on the dish-top, set in hot water, and let the flakes swell until you are ready to dish them. Add salt if you like. Eat with cream and sugar.

APPLES AND BACON.

Core and slice tart apples, but do not peel them. Fry thin slices of breakfast bacon until clear and "ruffled." Take them up and keep warm while you fry the sliced apples in the bacon fat to a

light brown. Lay the apples in the middle of a heated platter, and dispose the bacon about them as a garnish. Drain both meat and apples in a hot colander before dishing them.

CORN BREAD.

One-and-a-half cups of white Indian meal, and half as much flour; four eggs whipped light; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one tablespoonful of sugar; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted twice with the flour and meal; two cups of milk; one even teaspoonful of salt.

Stir sugar and butter together to a cream; add the beaten eggs; beat two minutes, and put in the milk and salt; last of all, the meal and flour mixed together, and sifted with the baking powder; beat up one minute to aerate it thoroughly, and pour into a shallow pan. Bake steadily, rather than fast, and eat hot, cutting it into squares.

LUNCHEON.

Salmon Fingers.	Dressed Potatoes.
Crackers.	Cheese. Olives
Corn Starch Hasty-Pudding.	
Hasty-Pudding Sauce.	

SALMON FINGERS.

Soak a pound of smoked salmon four or five hours in tepid water, when you have scrubbed off the incrusting salt. Lay then in cold water, and bring it to a gentle boil. Take out the salmon and

cover with ice-cold water, leaving it thus for fifteen minutes, changing the water once for colder. Wipe the fish dry, and cut with a keen blade into strips about the length of your middle finger, and an inch wide. Have ready in a dish some melted butter in which have been mixed the juice of a lemon, a teaspoonful of Harvey's, or Worcestershire sauce, and a pinch of cayenne. Turn the strips of fish over in this, until well coated, then, roll in flour and fry in hot dripping. Arrange symmetrically on a hot dish. This is a piquant relish and easily prepared.

DRESSED POTATOES.

Bake large Irish potatoes, turning them several times to keep the skin whole. When they yield to a hard pinch, cut a piece from the top of each, scrape out the insides carefully, and whip to a smooth paste with a little milk, butter, grated cheese, salt and pepper. Work the potato until it looks like cream, fill the skins with it put back the caps on the cut ends, and set the potatoes upright in a hot oven for three or four minutes. Line a deep dish with a napkin, and send the potatoes in it to table.

CORN STARCH HASTY-PUDDING.

One quart of boiling milk; four tablespoonfuls of corn starch; one teaspoonful of salt; one tablespoonful of butter.

Wet the corn starch with cold milk and stir into the boiling. Cook in a farina kettle ten minutes, beat in the butter and, this dissolved and incorporated, turn into an open deep dish.

HASTY-PUDDING SAUCE.

One cup of hot milk; one cup of sugar; two eggs; one tablespoonful of butter.

Stir the butter into the boiling milk, add the sugar, and pour this on the beaten eggs. Return to the custard-kettle and stir until it begins to thicken. Flavor with vanilla, adding, if you like, nutmeg, and set in hot, not boiling, water until needed.

DINNER.

Fish Bisque.

Roast Sweetbreads.

Imitation Spaghetti.

Rice and Tomato.

Graziella Pudding.

Fruit.

Coffee.

FISH BISQUE.

Strain the water in which fresh cod or halibut has been boiled, through a cloth, season with pepper and salt, and set away in a cold place for next day's dinner. Of this make a *bisque* as directed below.

To a quart of the liquor, heated to boiling, add a cupful of the cold fish left over, minced very fine; when it has simmered five minutes, stir in three tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of flour and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Have ready in another vessel a cup of hot milk in which a scant cup of dry crumbs has been stirred, with a bit of soda no larger than a pea. Mix these with the soup, stirring all together well, simmer one minute, and serve. If made exactly according to the directions given and well seasoned, this bisque will be very good. Send sliced lemon and crackers around with it.

ROAST SWEETBREADS.

Parboil the sweetbreads by cooking them for ten minutes in boiling salted water. Drop them into a bowl of ice-water and leave

them stand there fifteen minutes, changing the water as it warms. Wipe dry, roll in salted and peppered flour, and arrange in dripping pan. Put a teaspoonful of butter on each, and roast forty-five minutes, basting often with butter-and-water. Take up, and keep hot in a chafing-dish while you strain the gravy into a saucepan ; add a little hot water, and a tablespoonful of butter cut up in one of browned flour. Season and boil up, add half a can of mushrooms, cut in halves, cook three minutes, and pour over the sweetbreads.

IMITATION SPAGHETTI.

Boil and mash potatoes, adding salt and butter, but only a tablespoonful of milk, as you want a stiff paste. Rub this through a colander into a buttered pie or pudding dish. It will fall in small, pipe-like shapes. Leave them as they lie, and, when all the potato has passed through, set the dish on the upper grating of the oven to brown delicately.

RICE AND TOMATO.

Boil a cupful of rice in salted water (plenty of it), shaking now and then until each grain is tender, but whole. Have ready a cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes, well seasoned with butter, pepper, salt and some minute atoms of onion. Dish the rice, stir a generous tablespoonful of butter through it, with two of grated cheese. Mix well, and pour the tomato sauce over all. Set in hot water for five minutes, covered, and serve. A little gravy is an improvement to the sauce.

GRAZIELLA PUDDING.

Half a pound of figs ; two cups of fine bread crumbs ; one half-cup of powdered suet ; two cups of milk ; one half-cup of sugar ;

four eggs ; two tablespoonfuls of flour ; a good pinch of cinnamon ; bit of soda, the size of a pea, in the milk ; one half-teaspoonful of salt.

Cover the crumbs with the milk, and let them soak while you prepare the rest of the materials. Mince the figs, when you have washed and dried them. Beat the eggs light and add to the soaked crumbs, next, the sugar and spice and salt, and, finally, the figs dredged with the two tablespoonfuls of flour. (All the flour must go in.) Beat very hard from the bottom to the top, pour into a buttered mold, fit on a close lid, and steam for three hours. Dip the mold into cold water for a second, turn out, and eat with hard sauce.

NO. 8.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy.

Pop-overs.

Eggs in Toast Cups.

Stewed Potatoes.

Strawberries.

Tea.

Coffee.

POP-OVERS.

One pint of Hecker's prepared flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt ; two cups of rich milk ; two eggs.

Sift flour into a bowl ; beat the yolks light, stir the milk and flour into this. Lastly, add the whites whipped stiff. Bake immediately in heated and greased "gem" or muffin tins. Send at once to the table.

EGGS IN TOAST-CUPS.

Slice stale bread three-quarters of an inch thick, and cut with a large cake-cutter, or tumbler, into rounds Press a small cutter on

these about half the way through, and scrape out the crumb from the inner circles, leaving sides and bottoms unbroken. Set in the oven to dry for ten minutes; take them out and let them cool. Have ready some salted lard or dripping in a frying-pan; put in the bread-cups when it is hissing hot, and fry to a light brown. Take out, drain off the fat, arrange on a hot dish, and lay a poached egg in the cavity of each. I regret that I do not now recall the name of the maker of a convenient utensil called, "an egg poacher." It is to be bought at house-furnishing stores, and greatly simplifies the business of poaching eggs nicely, and with smooth edges.

STRAWBERRIES.

Serve the larger varieties, whole, with the caps on. Send around powdered sugar with them, and let each person help himself, dipping the berries, one by one, in a little heap of sugar on his plate and eating them from the caps.

LUNCHEON.

Savory Rice and Brains.

Tomato and Lettuce Salad. Crackers and Cheese.

Cold Bread and Butter.

Ambrosia. Light Cakes.

SAVORY RICE AND BRAINS.

One cup of rice; one cup of skimmed gravy or broth, well seasoned; one pint of boiling water; two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; salt and pepper; one egg; brains of a calf.

Soak the rice three hours in cold water ; drain, and put over the fire in a farina kettle, with the broth and hot water. Cook until tender, shaking up now and then, but do not put a spoon into it. When done, it should be quite dry. Drain in a fine-holed colander ; mound on a platter ; sift powdered cheese over it, and let it brown slightly on the upper grating of the oven. To prepare the brains, boil them fifteen minutes in salted hot water, throw them into cold, and leave them there as long ; dry, mash them to a paste with a beaten egg ; pepper and salt them ; stir in a teaspoonful of flour, and drop, a spoonful at a time, into hot fat. Drain, when nicely browned, and lay around the hillock of rice.

TOMATO AND LETTUCE SALAD.

Pick out the crispest leaves of lettuce ; lay a raw tomato, peeled and cut in half (horizontally) on each ; arrange on a cold dish ; scatter cracked ice among the leaves, and send to table. In serving, pour mayonnaise dressing over the tomato.

AMBROSIA.

Pare and cut (or pull) a ripe pineapple into small pieces. Put a layer in a dish ; sugar well ; cover with grated cocoanut ; lay in more sugared pineapple, and so on, until the materials are used up, covering the top thickly with cocoanut. Pass sponge, or other light cake with it.

DINNER.

Clam Soup. Leg of Mutton, with Caper Sauce.

Lobster Salad, with Cream Mayonnaise.

Mashed Potatoes.

Green Peas.

Crushed-Strawberry Ice-Cream.

White Cake.

Coffee.

CLAM SOUP.

One quart of clam liquor; fifty clams; one cupful of boiling water; one pint of milk; two generous tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour; a teaspoonful, each, of minced parsley and onion; a pinch of mace; pepper and salt to taste.

Put the liquor, water, onion, and the hard part of the clams over the fire; stir gently for twenty minutes after the boil begins; strain and season; return to the fire with the soft parts of the clams, chopped fine, and boil slowly twenty minutes longer. Have ready the milk, scalding hot, in another vessel; stir in the floured butter, cook two minutes, add the clam soup and turn into the tureen, which should be lined with split Boston crackers, dipped in hot milk, then buttered.

LEG OF MUTTON, WITH CAPER SAUCE.

Wash with vinegar, peeling off as much of the tough outer skin as will come away easily; boil, twelve minutes to the pound, in a pot of hot salted water; take out, wipe all over with a clean cloth and rub with butter. For the sauce, take out a large cupful of the liquor half an hour before the meat is done; set the vessel containing this in cold water to throw up the fat; skim carefully, strain into a saucepan, bring to a boil, stir in a great spoonful of butter rubbed in as much flour. When it has cooked three minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of capers.

LOBSTER SALAD—WITH CREAM MAYONNAISE.

Meat of two lobsters picked out and cut, not chopped, up; one large cup of mayonnaise dressing; one cup of whipped cream; lettuce.

Make the mayonnaise dressing by whipping the yolks of five eggs thick, then adding half a cup of best salad oil, drop by drop, until you have a smooth, batter-like mixture; beat in, then, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, gradually,—a pinch of cayenne, and half a saltspoonful of salt; keep the mixing-bowl on ice while preparing the dressing, and leave it there while you sprinkle the lobster with salt, pepper and vinegar. Heap it in a bowl lined with crisp lettuce leaves. Do this just before serving it; beat the whipped cream into the dressing, cover the lobster thickly with it, and send it to table.

CRUSHED-STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM.

Mash a quart of strawberries, sweeten very liberally, and stir them into two quarts of half-frozen custard, made in the proportion of six eggs and a heaping half pint of sugar to each quart of milk. Beat the berries in thoroughly, and freeze quickly.
Delicious!

WHITE CAKE.

Three cups of sugar; one cup of butter; one half-cup of milk; whites of nine eggs; one quart of Hecker's prepared flour; essence of vanilla, or bitter almond.

FOR ICING AND FILLING.

Whites of three eggs; three cups of powdered sugar; juice and grated peel of a lemon.

Rub butter and sugar to a cream, whip in the milk, essence, the flour and stiffened whites by turns; bake in jelly cake tins, and when cool, spread the icing between and on top.

BREAKFAST.

Milk and Rice Porridge.

Shad *au gratin*.

Aunt Chloe's Muffins.

Fried Potatoes.

Berries.

Tea.

Coffee.

MILK AND RICE PORRIDGE.

One scant cup of rice, soaked over night in cold water; one quart of milk: one-half teaspoonful of salt.

Put salted milk and rice together in a farina kettle, fit on a close top, and keep the water in the outer vessel at a steady boil for one hour, shaking up vigorously, now and then, but not stirring. Turn out and eat with cream, and if you like, sugar.

SHAD *au gratin*.

Clean, split and cut a shad into eight pieces, four for each side, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard or dripping; drain off the grease. Serve on a hot dish garnished with sliced lemon and sprigs of parsley.

AUNT CHLOE'S MUFFINS.

One even quart of sifted flour; one quart of buttermilk; two tablespoonfuls of Indian meal; one teaspoonful of soda, and one of salt, sifted three times with the meal and flour; two well-beaten eggs; one even tablespoonful of sugar.

Beat the eggs, mix with the sugar, then with the milk; add the flour sifted with soda and salt, beat hard one minute, and bake at once in muffin rings on a hot griddle.

LUNCHEON.

Chicken Croquettes.

Home-made Crackers.

Lettuce Salad.

Bread.

Cheese.

Olives.

Cornmeal Cup Cake.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

Two pounds of cold chicken without bones, or one can of boned chicken; one cup of cold mashed potato—made soft with milk; two eggs; half a cup of gravy, or drawn butter; salt and pepper; cracker crumbs; dripping for frying.

Chop the chicken very fine, mix with the gravy, and season. Beat in the eggs, then the potato, and stir until smoking hot, in a buttered frying pan. Let the mixture cool quickly. Make into croquettes, roll in fine cracker dust and fry in plenty of nice fat.

HOME-MADE CRACKERS.

One quart of prepared flour; three good tablespoonfuls of butter; two tablespoonfuls of sugar; one pint of milk; one half teaspoonful of salt.

Rub the butter into the flour, put the sugar with the milk, mix into stiff dough, lay on the floured pastry board, and beat from end to end with the rolling pin, stopping every five minutes, or so, to shift the mass, and double it over upon itself. Keep this up for twenty minutes; roll into a sheet, less than a quarter of an inch thick, cut into round cakes, prick these deeply with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven. They are better the second day than the first.

LETTUCE SALAD.

Pick over the lettuce, selecting the crisp, young leaves, wash them and lay in ice-water for fifteen minutes before sending to the table in a glass bowl. Send with it a salad dish lined with a napkin. Pick the larger leaves to pieces, and fill the salad bowl with them. Gather up the corners of the napkin, shake it lightly, and turn out the lettuce into the bowl. Season with pepper, salt, sugar, vinegar and oil; toss up well with a salad fork and spoon, and send around at once. Salad left three minutes in the dressing begins to wilt and toughen.

 CORNMEAL CUP CAKE.

Two even cups of white Indian meal; half a cup of wheat flour; four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; four beaten eggs; one tablespoonful of butter; half a teaspoonful of soda; one teaspoonful of cream tartar; one teaspoonful of salt, sifted with meal and flour; one-half teaspoonful of mixed mace and cinnamon; one quart of boiling milk.

Stir flour, meal, salt, soda, cream tartar into the hot milk; heat for fifteen minutes in a farina kettle surrounded with boiling water, stirring all the time; add the butter, turn out and beat hard; let the mixture get cold before beating in the eggs, whipped light with sugar and spice; stir hard and bake in buttered patty pans; turn out and eat warm with butter.

 DINNER.

White Soup.

Veal and Ham Cutlets.

Asparagus.

Young Beets.

Strawberry Trifle.

Coffee.

WHITE SOUP.

Three pounds of a "knuckle" of veal, bones broken, and meat minced; one half-cup of raw rice; three quarts of water; two tablespoonfuls of butter, rubbed in flour; half an onion chopped; three eggs; one cup of milk; two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley; salt and pepper to taste.

Put water, meat, bones, rice and onions over the fire, and boil very slowly for four hours. Strain, pick out meat and bones and rub the rice through a fine colander. Season, return to the fire, boil up, skim well, and put in parsley and butter. Heat the milk in a saucepan, pour upon the beaten eggs, and stir into the soup, removing the latter from the fire as soon as they are fairly mixed together.

VEAL AND HAM CUTLETS.

Cut generous slices of cold boiled ham, and fry them in their own fat, remove to a hot chafing dish, and in the same fat, adding a little lard, cook the cutlets when you have beaten them flat with the broad side of a hatchet, salted and peppered, then dipped them in egg and cracker crumbs. Lay them in overlapping alternation with the ham on a hot dish.

ASPARAGUS.

Cut off about two inches of the woody end of each stalk, tie the tender "bud" ends into bundles of six stalks each, and boil tender—about thirty minutes, if large, in hot, salted water. Have ready slices of crustless toast on a hot dish, wet with the water in which the asparagus was cooked; lay the stalks on them, and pour drawn butter over all.

YOUNG BEETS.

Cut off the tops, not too near the root, wash, without scraping or peeling, and cook from forty minutes to an hour in hot, salted water. Scrape off the skins, slice and dish, then cover them with a dressing made by heating four tablespoonfuls of vinegar with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to liking.

STRAWBERRY TRIFLE.

One stale sponge cake, sliced; four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; four cups of milk; one cup of sugar; three pints of fresh strawberries.

Scald the milk, beat in the sugar and yolks, and cook, until it begins to thicken—about ten minutes. Let it get *cold*. Cover the bottom of a glass dish with sliced cake, wet with cold custard and strew with berries, sprinkle with sugar, cover with cake, wet this with custard, more berries, sugared, and so on until the cake is used up. Pour in all the custard, beat the whites to a meringue with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and heap on the top of the dish, sticking a few choice berries in the white mound. Set on ice until needed. It should be eaten soon after the berries go in.

No. 10.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Gruel.	Curried Eggs.	
Flapjacks.	Baked Potatoes.	Cold Bread.
Fruit.	Coffee.	Tea.

OATMEAL GRUEL.

One even cup of fresh oatmeal; one pint of cold water; one pint of milk; one even teaspoonful of salt.

Wet the oatmeal with the water, and set over the fire in a farina kettle, stirring often, and, as it stiffens, beating in a cupful of milk; stir steadily five minutes after it reaches the boil, adding gradually the rest of the milk. Cook, in all, half an hour, dating from the scalding point. Turn out, and eat with sugar and cream.

CURRIED EGGS.

Put a teaspoonful of minced onion into a cupful of weak broth; let it boil, strain out the onion, put the broth into a deep frying-pan, season well, and poach six or eight eggs in it until the whites are firm; remove them with a skimmer, and lay on rounds of buttered toast in a heated platter. Pour half a cupful of hot milk in the bottom of the dish, and let the toast soak it up while you make the sauce. Do this by stirring into the broth in the frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter and, as it dissolves, a good teaspoonful of curry powder wet up with water. Simmer until thick and pour over the eggs in the dish.

FLAPJACKS.

One cup of fine white meal; one cup of flour; two cups of boiling water; one tablespoonful of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt and the same of baking powder; two eggs; three cups of milk.

Put meal and salt into a bowl, and scald with the water; when it is cold, stir in the milk; sift flour and baking powder together, and beat in next, then, eggs and sugar whipped light together; beat for one minute hard up from the bottom, and bake on a hot griddle.

LUNCHEON.

Mock Snipe.

Thin Bread and Butter.

Rice Pilau.

Cold Meat.

Crackers.

Cheese.

Olives.

Oranges cut up with Sugar.

Cake.

MOCK SNIPE.

Cut very thin slices of fat salt pork about the length of your middle finger and twice as wide ; drain every drop of the liquor from large oysters ; bind each about the middle with a slice of pork, skewer together with a wooden toothpick, or stout straw, thrust through both, and fry in butter or dripping to a nice brown ; drain off the fat, and serve, without withdrawing the toothpicks. Lay within an edging of watercresses. The sharp points of the skewers give the dish some resemblance to broiled snipe. Eat hot.

RICE PILAU.

One cup of weak broth, and the same of stewed tomatoes, strained through a fine sieve ; one half-cup of raw rice ; one tablespoonful of butter ; minced onion, pepper and salt.

Simmer broth, tomatoes and onion together for fifteen minutes ; strain out the onion, season well, and put over the fire with the rice, which should have soaked one hour in cold water ; cook gently, until the rice is tender, shaking up the saucepan now and then, but never stirring it ; add the butter, working it in lightly with a fork, and set it at the back of the range to dry off, as you would boiled potatoes. Serve in a heated, deep dish.

ORANGES CUT UP WITH SUGAR.

Peel, without tearing the fruit, divide deftly into eighths, and cut these crosswise, removing the seed when it can be done without mangling the flesh. The beauty of the dish depends upon care in dividing, and seeding, and the keenness of the blade used for cutting. Pile in a glass dish, and sugar each portion as you serve it out. If the oranges are left long in sugar, they wither, and lose their fresh flavor. Pass cake with them.

DINNER.

Tomato Bisque.

Chicken Fricassee, *cache*. Bermuda Onions, stuffed.

Potato Croquettes.

Chocolate Trifle.

Light Cake.

Fruit.

Coffee.

TOMATO BISQUE.

One quart can of tomatoes; one quart of milk, with a tiny bit of soda stirred in; one even tablespoonful of corn-starch and a heaping tablespoonful of butter, rubbed together; salt and pepper to taste; one half teaspoonful of sugar.

Stew the tomatoes for half an hour with salt, pepper and sugar, rub through a fine colander back into the saucepan, and heat to boiling. Scald the milk in another vessel, add corn-starch and butter, and stir until well thickened. Mix with the tomato, bring to a quick, sharp boil, and a delicious soup is ready for eating.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE, *Cache*.

Cut up the fowl and stew tender in enough cold water to cover it. Pour off the liquor to cool, that you may skim off the fat. Cut

the meat from the bones in neat pieces with a sharp knife. With these, neatly fill a bake-dish, cover and set aside. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and cook in it, when hot, half an onion, sliced, until it is of a light brown. Strain the hot butter into a bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and, when you have a thick batter, the liquor (strained and skimmed) in which the chicken was stewed. Season well and pour upon the chicken. There should be enough liquid to fill the dish. Set in the oven, covered, while you mix quickly a pint of prepared flour into a soft biscuit-paste, with cold water or milk and shortening. Roll out into a sheet half an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and lay these, *just* touching one another, on the surface of the chicken-gravy. Shut up in the oven, and bake until the cakes are delicately browned and "puffy." Serve in the bake-dish.

BERMUDA ONIONS, STUFFED.

Make a round hole in the upper end of each, dig out at least half the contents; set in a dish covered with warm, slightly salted water, and bring to a simmer. Throw away the water; carefully fill the onions with minced poultry or veal, put a bit of butter in the dish to prevent burning, scatter fine crumbs thickly over the onions, and bake, covered, half an hour.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

Mash mealy potatoes to a soft paste with milk, and a little butter; work in a raw egg, well beaten, and a teaspoonful of prepared flour. Mold into rolls, rounded at the ends, dip in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in good dripping or salted lard. Croquettes are best when left to get cold and firm before they are cooked. Drain all the fat from them before dishing.

CHOCOLATE TRIFLE.

One quart of milk; four tablespoonfuls of Baker's chocolate, that flavored with vanilla, if you can get it; three-quarters of a cup of sugar; six eggs; one pint of whipped cream; a saltspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla; bit of soda.

Heat the milk in a farina-kettle with the soda and salt, wet up the chocolate with a little cold milk, and stir it in, keeping the spoon going until the chocolate is dissolved. Beat eggs and sugar together in a bowl, pour the hot milk and chocolate on them, mix thoroughly, and return to the fire, stirring industriously. When it has thickened nicely, pour it out, flavor, and set away to get cold. Just before dinner, turn into a glass bowl, and heap on top the whipped cream, slightly sweetened. Or, if you have custard cups, nearly fill them with the chocolate, and top them with the snowy cream. This is a pretty dessert. Send around fancy cakes, or arrange an attractive basket of alternate slices of sponge and angel cake.

No. 11

BREAKFAST.

Milk Porridge.

Brown Stew of Liver.

Egg Gems.

Baked Potatoes.

Bread Toast.

Coffee.

Tea.

Fruit.

MILK PORRIDGE.

One pint of oatmeal; one pint, each, of boiling water and milk; one teaspoonful of salt.

Sift the meal into the salted hot water, stir well, and leave it all night on the cooking stove. In the morning, surround with boiling water and cook one hour without stirring; add the hot milk, simmer ten minutes, and pour out.

BROWN STEW OF LIVER.

Lay the sliced liver for half an hour in cold salt-and-water; wipe, and cut it into inch-square bits; fry half a sliced onion to a nice brown in dripping; strain out the onion, add a tablespoonful of browned flour to the fat, and stir to a smooth *roux*, adding a cupful of boiling water as you go on; turn all into a saucepan, put in the liver with another cup of hot water, cover, and stew *very* slowly one hour, or until tender; season with pepper, salt, parsley, a teaspoonful of tomato catsup, and serve in a deep dish.

EGG GEMS.

Three cups of prepared flour; three cups of milk; three eggs; one saltspoonful of salt.

Beat the eggs light, add milk, flour and salt; beat fast upward for one minute and a half; fill hot, greased gem pans; bake in a *quick* oven. Graham gems made by this recipe, substituting Graham flour for white, are delicious.

LUNCHEON.

Broiled Smoked Salmon.

Sweetbread Salad.

Oatmeal Scones.

Bread.

Butter.

Pickles.

Crackers and Cheese.

Soft Gingerbread.

Chocolate.

BROILED SMOKED SALMON.

One pound of smoked salmon ; two tablespoonfuls of butter ; juice of a lemon ; cayenne pepper.

Wash and soak the salmon for one hour ; wipe, and with a sharp knife cut into strips three inches long and an inch wide ; parboil in hot water to which has been added a tablespoonful of vinegar and four or five whole cloves. When it has simmered for fifteen minutes, drain, wipe dry, and broil on a gridiron to a nice brown ; lay on a hot dish, butter well, squeeze the lemon over the strips, pepper, and serve.

SWEETBREAD SALAD.

Parboil three sweetbreads for ten minutes in fresh hot water ; drain, and throw them into ice-water to blanch them ; when quite cold, cook fifteen minutes in salted boiling water, take out, wipe, and set where they will cool suddenly. This will make them firm and crisp. Cut into round slices. Line a salad bowl with lettuce, lay the sliced sweetbreads on the leaves, and pour a mayonnaise dressing over them.

OATMEAL SCONES.

Three cups of oatmeal ; one pint of white flour, prepared ; one pint of boiling milk ; two tablespoonfuls of butter ; half a teaspoonful of salt.

Sift oatmeal, flour and salt twice together into a bowl, melt the butter in the milk, make a hole in the middle of the meal, &c., and pour this in. Stir into a soft dough as quickly as possible, roll into a sheet less than an eighth of an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and bake on a hot griddle. Butter while hot and serve. They are good cold, also.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

Two heaping cups of flour ; a scant half-cup of butter ; half-a-cup of milk ; one cup of molasses, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar ; two eggs ; one dessertspoonful of ground ginger ; a half-teaspoonful of cinnamon ; a quarter-teaspoonful of soda, sifted with the flour.

Rub sugar, molasses and butter to a yellow cream, add the spices, the beaten yolks, the milk, whites and flour. Bake in two loaves in a moderate oven.

DINNER.

Cream Soup.

Glazed Cod.

Larded Chicken.

Cauliflower with Cream Sauce.

Browned Potatoes.

Stewed Carrots.

Fatima's Puddings.

Fruit.

Coffee.

CREAM SOUP.

One quart of veal, or chicken, or mutton stock ; half cup of raw rice ; yolks of three eggs ; one cupful of hot milk ; one tablespoonful of corn-starch wet up with cold milk ; salt, pepper and minced parsley.

Simmer rice and stock together until the grains are soft ; rub through a colander or sieve, and put back into the soup pot ; season, stir in the corn-starch, and simmer gently while you beat the yolks and pour over them the hot milk ; add to the soup, cook one minute, but do not let it boil ; serve in a hot tureen.

GLAZED COD.

Cut a steak from the most solid part of the fish, lay in salt and water for two hours, wipe dry, wash with vinegar and put into a

dripping-pan, with half a cup of boiling water; turu another pan over it, and steam for half an hour; remove the upper pan, rub with butter, and season with salt and pepper; baste twice in the next ten minutes with the butter and water in the pan; drain this off into a sauce-pan; wash the fish over with two beaten eggs, and shut up in the oven for a minute to glaze; thicken the gravy with brown flour; add the juice of a lemon and half a glass of wine; boil up, pour a few spoonfuls about the cod when dished, the rest into a boat.

LARDED CHICKENS.

Draw, wash thoroughly and wipe the chickens; truss as for roasting; lard the breasts with strips of fat salt pork in regular lines an inch apart, each lardoon being a half inch from the next in its row; lay the chickens, breast uppermost, in a dripping-pan, with a half cup of boiling water, and roast, basting often; allow about twelve minutes to the pound; keep the chickens warm while you mince the boiled giblets, and stir them into the gravy with a thickening of browned flour.

CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE SAUCE.

Boil in the usual way when done, put into a deep dish, and pour over it a sauce made by heating a cup of milk, stirring into it a table-spoonful of butter, cut up in one of prepared flour, and, when this thickens, adding three great spoonfuls of dry, grated cheese. Season with salt, and a dash of cayenne.

FATIMA'S PUDDING.

One half pound of "lady fingers," stale enough to crumble easily; one quart of hot milk; six eggs; one cupful of sugar; grated peel

of an orange, and half the grated peel of a lemon ; juice of two oranges ; soak the crumbs in the hot milk ; beat the eggs light, add the sugar and grated peel ; when light, the milk and crumbs. Before the juice goes in, have a row of stone custard cups (buttered) ready in a pan of boiling water at the oven-door ; add the orange juice with a few strokes of the " beater ;" pour into the cups, and shut up at once in the oven ; bake half an hour, and turn out on a hot dish ; eat with the following sauce : two tablespoonfuls of butter, stirred into one of arrowroot or corn-starch ; a cup of powdered sugar ; two eggs ; a cupful of boiling water ; juice and a teaspoonful of grated orange peel.

Heat the water in a sauce-pan, add sugar, butter and corn-starch, and when thick, the orange juice and peel ; finally, the beaten eggs ; cook two minutes.

No. 12.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Porridge.	Baked Fish Cake.
Scrambled Eggs.	Corn Cakes.
Fruit.	Tea.
	Coffee.

BAKED FISH CAKE.

Two pounds of cold, boiled fresh cod or halibut ; a cup of mashed potatoes ; half a cup of bread-crumbs ; a cupful of drawn butter, in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of anchovy paste ; a tablespoonful of finely cut parsley, and half as much minced onion ; a raw egg, butter, salt and pepper. Mix the fish, " picked " evenly, with herbs, potato and drawn butter ; season ; put into a buttered bake-dish and set in the oven, covered, fifteen minutes ; sift the

crumbs on top; stick bits of butter in them, and brown quickly. Wash over with beaten egg, shut the oven for a minute, and serve the cake in the bake-dish.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.

Put a tablespoonful of butter, a gill of milk, a saltspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley in a frying-pan. When the mixture boils, break and stir into it eight or ten eggs. Beat and stir until they are well mixed, and cease to run over the pan. Line a dish with crustless toast dipped in hot milk, salted, peppered and buttered, and pour the eggs on this bed.

CORN CAKES.

Three even cupfuls of white Indian meal; two cups of sour or buttermilk; one heaping tablespoonful of lard; one tablespoonful of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of flour; one teaspoonful of soda; three eggs well beaten; a cup of boiling water.

Sift meal, flour, salt and soda together three times into a bowl; mix sugar and lard in the boiling water, add the milk; make a hole in the meal and flour, and put this in, stirring down quickly. Now, add the beaten eggs, and whip upward hard, until you have a smooth, light batter. Bake in greased paté pans at once. Eat hot.

LUNCHEON.

Steamed Clams.

String Bean Salad.

Cold Meat garnished with Parsley.

Bread, Butter, Crackers.

Fried Bananas.

Cocatina and Macaroons.

STEAMED CLAMS.

Put the clams, without removing the shells, in your steamer, laying them flat, that the juice may not escape ; set the steamer over a pot of boiling water shut up tightly, and keep this at a hard boil, but not touching the clams, half an hour. Peep in then to see if the shells have opened. If not, close down the top for ten minutes more ; take out the clams, pry off the upper shells, and arrange the lower (holding the clams) on a flat dish. Lay on each, a sauce made by whipping a tablespoonful or more of butter to a cream with the juice of a lemon, a little chopped parsley, salt, and a touch of cayenne. Eat hot, with warmed crackers.

STRING BEAN SALAD.

Take a cup of cold, boiled string beans, and if they have not been cut into inch-lengths before they were cooked, do it now ; heap on a flat dish ; encircle with a row of cold boiled beet slices ; on each one of these lay a slice of hard-boiled egg ; garnish with crisp lettuce leaves as a frill and send around mayonnaise dressing with it. This will make a pretty and palatable dish.

FRIED BANANAS.

Pare a dozen bananas and cut each lengthwise into three slices ; have ready a batter made by beating two eggs light with half a cupful of milk and four tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, slightly salted ; dip the banana slices into this and fry in boiling lard to a golden brown. Drain off the grease and serve on a hot dish lined with white paper.

DINNER.

Chicken Bisque.

Brisket of Beef *a la mode*.

Stewed Corn.

Lima Beans.

Browned Sweet Potatoes.

Batter Pudding.

Cream Sauce.

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CHICKEN BISQUE.

An old fowl ; a cupful of cracker crumbs ; a quarter pound of almonds, blanched and dried to crispness ; a large tablespoonful of minced onion, and the same of parsley ; a cup of hot milk ; four quarts of cold water ; pepper and salt ; two raw eggs, beaten light.

Clean and boil the fowl *slowly* in the water, until the flesh slips from the bones ; salt and pepper it, and set away in the liquor until next day. Skim it, then, and taking out the fowl, bone and mince the flesh fine. Shred the almonds into minute shavings, mix with the chopped meat, onions and parsley, and put all into the broth when you have strained it into a pot. Simmer gently half an hour, taking care it does not scorch ; add the cracker crumbs, then, the beaten eggs when you have stirred them into the hot milk. Take from the fire, and set in boiling water five minutes, covered, before turning into the tureen.

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BRISKET OF BEEF *a la mode*.

Take out the bones with a sharp knife, and bind the beef into shape with broad tapes. Make incisions quite through the meat perpendicularly, and thrust into them lardoons of fat salt pork. The holes should be less than an inch apart. Lay in a broad pot, put in two cupfuls of warm—not hot—water, fit on a tight lid, and cook slowly twenty minutes to the pound. Take up the meat, and

lay in the dripping pan. Cover the top an inch thick with a forcemeat of crumbs, fat salt pork, a dozen finely-minced oysters, a teaspoonful of chopped onion, and pepper to taste; set in the oven long enough to brown nicely. Meanwhile, cool and skim and strain the gravy; return to the fire in a saucepan, thicken with browned flour; add a glass of wine, and a teaspoonful of French mustard, boil up once and serve in a boat.

STEWED CORN.

Open and turn out a can of corn three hours before using, drain off the liquor and set the corn in a cold place, Half an hour before dinner, put a cup of boiling water in one of milk in a saucepan; drop in a bit of soda; add the corn and cook gently half an hour. Salt and pepper to taste, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, rolled in one of flour, boil up once and serve.

LIMA BEANS.

Canned Lima Beans are heated in the same way as corn, only leaving out the milk and flour. They should be drained also before the butter is stirred in.

BROWNED SWEET POTATOES.

They are getting soft and watery at this season. Boil them fifteen minutes, peel, and lay in the oven to bake, basting them with butter until they are of a fine brown.

BATTER PUDDING.

Two cups of Hecker's prepared flour; three cups of milk; four eggs; a quarterspoonful of salt; one tablespoonful each of lard and

butter. Chop the shortening into the flour with the salt until thoroughly mixed. Beat the eggs very light, add the milk to them, beat in the flour by the handful; pour into a cake-mold with a funnel in the middle and bake in a quick oven.

CREAM SAUCE.

One cup of sugar; one cup of milk; whites of two eggs, beaten to a meringue; one tablespoonful of butter cut up in two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch; vanilla seasoning. Heat the milk to boiling. stir in sugar and floured butter. Boil up sharply, withdraw from the fire and beat in meringue and flavoring.

No. 13.

BREAKFAST.

Mush and Milk.	Oyster Omelette.
Waffles.	Stewed Potatoes.
Fruit.	Coffee.
	Tea.

MUSH AND MILK.

One cup of Indian meal, scalded with two cups of boiling water; one quart and a pint of boiling water; two teaspoonfuls of salt; stir the scalded meal into the boiling salted water, and cook in a farina kettle for at least an hour. You cannot cook much too long; now and then beat up from the bottom and work out the clots. Serve in an open dish. Eat with milk and cream.

OYSTER OMELETTE.

Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one tablespoonful of cream; a half teaspoonful of corn-starch wet with the cream; a salt

spoonful of salt and a "dust" of pepper; a dozen fine oysters, broiled.

Beat yolks well, adding the cream and corn-starch, stir in the stiffened whites lightly, have ready a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan hissing hot, but not browned. Pour in the omelette, and as soon as it sets at the edges, loosen with a knife, and shake gently with a uniform motion from side to side, until the center is almost "set." The oysters should have been broiled before you began the omelette. To do this, roll them in fine cracker dust, salted and peppered, broil quickly over a clear fire, transfer to a hot dish, put a bit of butter on each, cover and keep hot while the omelette is cooking. When this is done, line one half of it, as it lies in the pan, with the oysters, fold the other over it dexterously and reverse the frying-pan quickly upon the heated dish in which it is to be served.

WAFFLES.

Three scant cups of milk; two eggs; three cups of prepared flour; one heaping tablespoonful of butter, just melted; half a teaspoonful of salt; one tablespoonful of sugar.

Beat the eggs very light, cream butter and sugar, and put them in. Add the milk, then salted flour. Mix thoroughly, and bake in well greased waffle-irons. Try a spoonful of batter first to test it and them.

STEWED POTATOES.

Peel, and cut in square bits, dropping these in cold water as you go on. Cook tender in boiling, salted water. Turn off half of this when they are nearly done, and replace with a like quantity of hot

milk in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of butter cut up in flour. Simmer three or four minutes, pepper, salt, and stir in a teaspoonful of finely cut parsley. Boil up and dish.

LUNCHEON.

Rechauffé of Fish.	Tomato Toast.
Bread and Butter.	Crackers and Cheese.
	Rusk.
Jam or Marmalade.	

RECHAUFFE OF FISH.

Pick cold boiled cod or halibut into even small flakes; put into a frying-pan a cup of boiling water (for a heaping cupful of fish), season well with pepper and salt, stir in a tablespoonful of butter cut up in a great spoonful of flour. As it simmers, add the fish, toss and turn with a fork, and when smoking hot, put in three tablespoonfuls of cream. It should be just stiff enough to be mounded in the middle of a platter. Have ready the beaten whites of two eggs; spread quickly on the mound and set the dish in a hot oven long enough to cook the meringue. Garnish with lemons, cut lengthwise into eighths.

TOMATO TOAST.

Stew a quart of ripe tomatoes ten minutes, and run through a colander. Season with pepper, salt, a little sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of butter, and simmer to a smooth soft pulp. Another ten minutes is enough. In another vessel scald half a cup of hot milk with a bit of soda half the size of a pea dissolved in it, stir in a teaspoonful of butter, add to the tomatoes, and pour *at once* over slices of crustless toast buttered well, and laid on a heated platter. Let

it stand three minutes before serving. It will be a pleasing companion dish to the fish.

CRACKERS AND CHEESE.

Make an intermediate course of these, heating the crackers slightly, and serving in a basket lined with a napkin. With olives, they make an agreeable *entr'acte*, and add elegance to a plain luncheon.

RUSK.

Four cups of milk ; four tablespoonfuls of yeast ; about three cups of flour ; one cup of butter ; two cups of sugar ; three eggs ; a very little cinnamon.

Make flour, milk and yeast into a sponge, and let it rise over night. In the morning, work in more flour (if needed to make a soft dough), add the eggs, spice and butter and sugar ; (creamed) knead for five minutes, and let it rise for four hours longer. Break off bits, and round, with floured hand, into small biscuits ; lay closely together in a baking pan and set for a third rising of half an hour, or until they are light. Bake in a moderate oven, covering with paper should they brown too fast. When quite done, wash the tops lightly with butter and sugar to glaze them. Serve fresh, but not hot, and pass jam or marmalade, and if you can get it, iced milk with them.

DINNER.

Black Bean Soup.	Fried Shad with Sauce Piquante.	
Beefsteak and Onions.	Beets.	
Spinach on Toast.	Rice Cream.	Brandied Peaches.
Light Cakes.	Fruit.	Coffee.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.

Four cups of black, or purple, or “mock-turtle soup” beans ; two quarts of stock, in which corned ham, or fat salt pork, or corned beef has been cooked ; one onion, chopped ; four tablespoonfuls of chopped celery ; one great spoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour ; pepper ; one teaspoonful of sugar.

Soak the beans twelve hours. Skim and strain the stock, and put it cold at the back of the range, with the beans, onion and celery. Give it plenty of time to cook, and for two hours, do not let it boil. After that, take care it does not burn. When the beans are broken to pieces, turn the contents of the pot into a colander, set over a kettle and rub the beans through into the liquor below. Return to the fire, stir in the pepper, sugar and floured butter, and simmer fifteen minutes. Have ready dice of bread, fried crisp, and slices of peeled lemon to lay on the surface of the soup in the tureen. A little tomato juice is an improvement.

FRIED SHAD WITH SAUCE PIQUANTE. (*A handsome dish.*)

Split the fish as for broiling, and, with a sharp knife, divide it into pieces nearly as wide as your hand. Roll these in beaten yolk of egg, when you have salted and peppered each,—then, in finely-powdered cracker, also salted and peppered,—and set them on the ice for three or four hours. Fry them in deep fat to a yellow-brown, drain off every drop of grease, and lay lengthwise on a hot fish-dish.

To make the sauce, beat up three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, with three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice (strained), mix in, at the last, the same quantity of finely-minced parsley, beating all together until the sauce is green. Have ready eight half lemons,

emptied of pulp and juice; fill lightly with the sauce and lay about the fish when dished, serving one to each person.

You can garnish smelts and halibut in the same way.

BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS.

Broil the steak quickly, turning often. Give your whole attention to a steak while cooking it. Lay on a hot dish, pepper and salt, butter lightly, and set, covered, in the plate-warmer. Fry a sliced onion three minutes in two tablespoonfuls of butter, not letting it scorch. Strain the butter into a hot bowl, stir in the juice of half a lemon, and a saltpoonful of made mustard, pour over the steak, cover again, and keep hot for five minutes before serving.

BEETS.

Boil whole, without breaking the skin, Old beets need at least three hours of cooking to be eatable. Scrape, and slice into a deep dish; pour over them three tablespoonfuls of vinegar scalded with two tablespoonfuls of butter.

SPINACH ON TOAST.

Wash and pick the leaves from the stalks; boil for twenty minutes in hot, salted water, drain dry, rub through a colander into a saucepan; heat, and add a liberal tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, pepper and salt to taste, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat until it bubbles all over, put in two tablespoonfuls of cream, heat again, and heap on squares or rounds of buttered toast, a slice of boiled egg on each hillock.

RICE CREAM.

One cup of rice boiled soft, but not to a paste; two cups of milk; four eggs; a cup of sugar; vanilla extract; a cup of whipped cream.

Make the eggs, milk and sugar into a custard, season with vanilla. Scald the milk first, pour this upon the beaten eggs and sugar, and cook until it thickens well. While still hot, beat in the rice, season with vanilla, and let it get cold before you beat in the whipped cream. Set it to form in a wet mold on ice. When you are ready for it, turn out on a glass dish. Pass brandied peaches and light cake with it.

NO 14..

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Porridge (cold).

Liver and Bacon.

Stewed Potatoes.

Cornmeal Muffins.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE (Cold).

Soak a cupful of oatmeal five or six hours in cold water. Drain, and put it over the fire with a quart of warm water salted slightly; cook, stirring often, and adding boiling water if it stiffens unduly, for at least an hour. Turn out into small cups or tumblers, each holding a "help" for a single person. Next morning, empty these carefully upon a flat dish; serve in saucers and eat with sugar and cream.

LIVER AND BACON.

Slice the liver, and lay it in cold salt-and-water for half an hour, while you fry slices of breakfast-bacon in a clean frying-pan until they are clear and somewhat crisp. Take those out and keep hot over boiling water. Wipe the liver dry, pepper and salt each piece, and roll in flour, then fry to a fine brown in the fat left by the bacon. Shake off the grease when all are done, lay in neat order on a hot platter and dispose the bacon, garnish-wise, about it. Some like the flavor imparted by frying a little sliced onion in the fat with the liver.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS.

Two cups of cornmeal; one cup of flour; two eggs; two cups of milk, and three of boiling water; half a yeast cake, or three tablespoonfuls of yeast; a tablespoonful of melted lard; a heaping teaspoonful of salt; a tablespoonful of sugar. Scald the meal with the boiling water, and let it cool, before mixing in the melted lard, milk, beaten eggs, sugar, yeast and flour. Beat up hard, and set it to rise over night. In the morning, half-fill muffin-tins with the batter, let them stand in a warm place for fifteen minutes, and bake in a steady oven.

LUNCHEON.

Baked Omelette with Herbs.

Cabbage Salad, with Boiled Dressing.

Bread.

Butter.

Cheese.

Olives.

Farina Blanc-Mange.

BAKED OMELETTE, WITH HERBS.

Beat the yolks of six eggs light, stir in with them three tablespoonfuls of milk, in which has been rubbed smooth a quarter-teaspoonful of arrowroot. Have an assistant prepare, meanwhile, a pudding or pie-dish by melting in it a tablespoonful of butter beaten to a cream, with a tablespoonful of minced parsley, tender celery-tops and a slice of onion. All must be finely chopped. Pepper and salt them lightly. Froth your whites, set your bake-dish in the oven until the butter hisses; mix yolks and whites with a swift whirl of the "Dover;" pour the omelette into the dish, and shut up promptly in a brisk oven. As soon as it is high, and the middle "set," pass a knife around the edge, and turn out on a hot-water dish. Serve and eat at once.

CABBAGE SALAD, WITH BOILED DRESSING.

Shred the heart of a white cabbage fine with a sharp knife—a chopper bruises it. Heat in a saucepan a cup of vinegar, a tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a saltspoonful of salt and the same of pepper. In a second vessel, heat two-thirds of a cupful of milk; stir into it two beaten eggs, and cook until they begin to thicken. When the vinegar boils, pour it upon the shred cabbage; put all back into the saucepan, stir one minute with a silver or wooden fork, add the boiled milk and eggs, toss and stir well, turn into a covered bowl, and set where it will cool suddenly. Serve in a glass dish.

FARINA BLANC MANGE.

One quart of milk; two eggs; half a cupful of sugar.

Four tablespoonfuls of farina soaked for two hours in enough cold water to cover it. Half a saltspoonful of salt. Two teaspoonfuls of vanilla essence or rose water.

Heat the milk, salt and sugar it, and add the soaked farina. Stir and cook for half an hour, pour it upon the beaten eggs, beat all well, return to the farina kettle and cook five minutes, stirring faithfully to prevent lumping. Take from the fire, add the flavoring and set to form in a mold wet with cold water. Eat with cream and sugar, or custard.

DINNER.

Canned Pea Soup. Stuffed Halibut.
 Curried Chicken. Rice. Bananas. Kidney Beans.
 Cocoanut Custard and Sponge Cake.
 Fruit. Coffee.

CANNED PEA SOUP (*Without Meat*).

Open a can of American peas, drain and lay them in cold, salt water for half an hour. Boil them soft in three pints of hot salted water, with a slice of onion and a stalk of celery. A sprig of green mint improves the flavor. When broken to pieces, rub them, with the water in which they were cooked, through a colander; put over the fire and bring to a boil. Add two *heaping* tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in three of flour, half a cupful of hot milk, a small teaspoonful of sugar; salt and pepper to your taste (which may not be mine or your neighbor's). Simmer and stir for five minutes, and turn into a tureen in which is a handful of fried bread-dice.

STUFFED HALIBUT.

Buy a thick piece of halibut, weighing five or six pounds, and let it lie in salt-and-water for two hours. Wipe it, pass a sharp knife down to the bone in several places, and thrust into the cuts a

forcemeat of crumbs, pork minced fine, pepper and salt. Lay in a dripping pan and cook in a good oven, basting for the first half-hour with butter-and-water, afterward with its own gravy. Five pounds should be baked in about an hour. Take up the fish, and keep hot. Add to the strained gravy from the dripping pan, the juice of a lemon, a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, a tablespoonful of butter rubbed into two of browned flour (more boiling water if needed)—boil up once and pour a little over the fish, the rest into a sauce-boat.

CURRIED CHICKEN.

Clean and joint as for fricassee, cover with cold, weak broth, and stew slowly until tender. If you have no broth, chop a quarter pound of fat salt pork fine and cook with a little onion in three cups of water, until you have a pint of liquid. Strain and cool, before pouring over the jointed fowl. Ten minutes before taking it up, stir in a tablespoonful of good curry-powder, wet in cold water, and simmer gently. Lay the chicken on a hot dish and pour the gravy upon it.

RICE.

Cook a cupful of raw rice in a generous quart of boiling water, without stirring, until tender, shaking up the saucepan vigorously several times. Drain off the water, salt the rice, and let it dry at the back of the range before dishing it. Give a portion of rice with each "help" of chicken, pouring the curry gravy on it.

BANANAS.

The East Indian fashion of passing cool bananas with curried meat is pleasant, if it seems odd to us. They are a grateful adjunct, especially to palates unused to the pungent condiment.

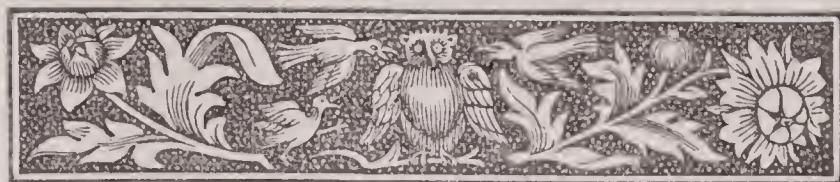
KIDNEY BEANS.

Soak a pint of beans over night in cold water. In the morning exchange this for tepid, and, two hours and a-half before dinner-time, put them over the fire in plenty of cold water and cook slowly until the skins begin to break. Turn off all the water, put a clean cloth on the beans left in the saucepan, and set at the side of the range to keep hot until you are ready to serve them. Put into a deep dish, pepper and salt, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and send to table.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.

Heat a quart of milk in a farina kettle. Beat the yolks of five eggs and the whites of two, light; add five tablespoonfuls of sugar, and pour upon these scalding milk, stirring as you do so. Set over the fire again, and stir twelve or fifteen minutes, or until the custard begins to thicken. Have ready in a bowl, one-half of a grated cocoanut, and pour the thickening custard upon it, stirring them up together. Flavor, when cold, with rose-water or bitter almond: put into a glass dish and lay carefully on it the other half of the grated cocoanut. On this spread a meringue of the frothed whites of three eggs mixed with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Eat with sponge cake.





SUMMER BILLS OF FARE.

No. 15.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Porridge. Mince of Ham and Eggs.

French Rolls.

Baked Potatoes.

Berries.

Tea.

Coffee.

MINCE OF HAM AND EGGS.

Chop the remnants of a ham which will no longer furnish slices for the table, put into a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter rolled in browned flour, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a little pepper and a quarter teaspoonful of mustard. Let it boil, and put in the minced ham. Stir until very hot, turn into a pie-dish, set in the oven, and break on the surface five or six raw eggs. Shut up in the oven and bake for five minutes, just long enough to "set" the eggs. Serve in the pie dish.

FRENCH ROLLS.

One quart of flour, sifted with a saltspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar; two cups of milk; half-cake of compressed yeast; two eggs; one tablespoonful of melted butter.

Chop the butter into the flour, whip the eggs light, mix with the milk and, making a hole in the flour, pour in the milk, working down the flour from the sides until you have dough. Now, add the yeast cake, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of warm water, work briskly and lightly, put in the butter, transfer from the bowl to a floured pastry board and knead for ten minutes, still handling it briskly. Let it rise over night. In the morning, mold with your hands into round or oval rolls, set in a floured pan just near enough together to touch, cover with a clean cloth, and let them rise for half an hour. Gash each across the top with a knife before they go into the oven. Bake from forty to forty-five minutes.

LUNCHEON.

Deviled Crabs.

Cold Welsh Rarebit.

Bread.

Crackers.

Olives.

A Sweet Omelette.

Iced Tea.

DEVILED CRABS.

Pick the meat from the shells of cold boiled crabs, cut it fine, mix with it a tablespoonful of cracker-crumbs for every five spoonfuls of the meat, the juice and a pinch of the grated peel of a lemon, a quarter teaspoonful of made mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the crab mixture and toss about with a silver fork until very hot. Fill the back shells of the crab with this, stick tiny bits of butter on top, sift fine crumbs over all, and cook to a light-brown in a quick oven. Pretty and inexpensive dishes of colored china, imitating the shells and claws of crabs, in

which deviled and scalloped crabs may be baked, are for sale by crockery dealers. Serve hot. Pass lemon and crackers with this dish.

COLD WELSH RAREBIT.

Spread thin slices of bread with a mixture of a cupful of dry grated cheese worked to a creamy paste with half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a pinch of cayenne, a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of cream, and a generous tablespoonful of butter. Cut each slice in half and fold upon itself, the mixture inside. Pare the crust from the bread before spreading it.

A SWEET OMELETTE.

Beat seven eggs to a froth, whipping in, at the last, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, pour in the eggs, and shake with an easy, regular motion, always in the same direction—from side to side, or to, and from you—until the omelette is “set,” and begins to curl over at the edges in the line of the motion. Draw to the side of the stove, cover quickly with currant or other jelly, and roll up as you would a sheet of paper, inclosing the jelly. Lay on a hot dish, sift powdered sugar over the roll, and serve immediately.

ICED TEA.

Make in the usual way; do not let it get cold on the leaves, but strain it off at the end of ten minutes after the boiling water is poured on, and set aside to cool. In using it, put two or three lumps of sugar in a glass; half fill it with broken ice, pour in the tea and stir rapidly until the sugar melts. It is a delicious and refreshing beverage.

DINNER.

Mock Turtle Soup.

Fried Whitefish.

Fresh Beef's Tongue *au gratin*.

String Beans.

Potatoes *au Geneve*.

Corn Starch Custard.

Pineapple Sliced, with Wine.

Coffee.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

A calf's head dressed with the skin on; four quarts of cold water; four tablespoonfuls of butter, and twice as much browned flour; half a can of tomatoes, strained through a sieve; juice of a lemon, and one sliced lemon; a teacupful of brown sherry; pepper and salt to taste; a tablespoonful of allspice, powdered; a raw egg. Boil the head slowly for four hours and let it get cold in the liquor. Take it out and cut the flesh from the bones. Set aside the fleshy parts of the cheek with the tongue, to be cut into dice, and divide the rest into two parts when you have chopped it fine. Return one-half to the skimmed liquor with the bones, and set it where it will heat slowly. Make the other into forcemeat with the brain, binding it with a beaten egg, and seasoning well. Roll into balls with floured hands; set in a quick oven to harden, and, when a firm coat forms on the outside, take them out and set them away to cool. Rub the tomatoes through a sieve. When the soup has cooked for one hour, strain out bones and meat; put back over the fire with the tomatoes, and while it heats, make a "roux" in the frying-pan of the butter and flour, stirring to a smooth, brown, oil-like mixture, then thinning with a few spoonfuls from the soup-kettle. Add the spice, pepper and salt, and stir all into the soup. Cook a few minutes at a sharp boil, put in the meat-dice and lemon.

Ten minutes later, drop in the balls, after which the soup should not boil. The wine goes in just before the soup is poured into the tureen. The yolks of six hard-boiled eggs are an improvement.

Much of the excellence of this most popular of soups depends on the seasoning. If this is judiciously done, obedience to the directions given will result in success--and delight. It is even better the second day than the first.

FRIED WHITEFISH.

Clean, without splitting, salt and pepper them, roll in cornmeal or flour, and fry in cleared dripping or in sweet lard. Drain off the fat and serve on a hot dish.

FRESH BEEF'S TONGUE *au gratin*.

Boil for an hour, lay on a dish and skin with a sharp knife. Rub, while hot, with butter beaten to a cream with a little lemon juice, salt and pepper ; put into a dripping pan, sift fine crumbs all over it thickly, pour a few spoonfuls of hot soup-stock into the pan to prevent burning, and bake for half an hour, wetting carefully, several times with the gravy from the pan. For sauce, add a table-spoonful of browned flour rubbed up with the liquor in which the tongue was cooked, to that left in the dripping pan, pepper and salt to taste ; boil one minute, and pour into a gravy boat.

STRING BEANS.

String them on both sides with a sharp knife, cut into inch-lengths, and cook tender in hot salted water. The time will depend on the age and size ; drain well, stir butter, pepper and salt through them, and dish.

POTATOES AU GENEVE.

Boil and mash a dozen potatoes, making them soft with milk and butter, heap on a pie-plate in a smooth mound, scoop out a cupful from the center of the heap, leaving a conical cavity; glaze the inside of this, and the outside of the mound with white of egg, and set in a quick oven to harden the glaze. Meanwhile, beat into a small cupful of melted butter four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, the whipped yolks of two eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Heat and stir, and when thick and hot, pour into the crater of the mound. Sift fine crumbs upon the sauce; set in the oven to brown slightly and send to table.

CORN STARCH CUSTARD.

One quart of milk; four eggs; three tablespoonfuls of corn starch; five tablespoonfuls of sugar; a tablespoonful of butter; a little salt and nutmeg.

Scald the milk, wet up the corn starch with cold milk, salt it, and stir into the boiling, until it is thick and free from lumps. Take it off, beat in the butter and let it get almost cold before whipping in the frothed eggs, the sugar and spice. Beat well and long, turn into a buttered pudding-dish, bake to a yellow-brown; sift sugar over it when perfectly cold, and eat with cream, or with brandied peaches.

PINEAPPLE SLICED, WITH WINE.

Pare and cut the fruit into dice, put a layer in a glass dish, sugar well, and wet with a few spoonfuls of sherry; more fruit, more sugar and wine, until the dish is full. Strew sugar over the top, set on ice and eat within an hour after the dish is prepared, as the wine toughens the fruit.

No. 16.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy.	Stewed Eels <i>a la Francaise</i> .
Farina Waffles.	Savory Potatoes.
Berries.	Coffee.
	Frothed Chocolate.

 STEWED EELS *a la Francaise*.

Clean, skin and cut the eels into pieces two inches long, lay in a saucepan with a little minced parsley, a sprig of thyme, a teaspoonful of minced onion, a tablespoonful of butter, the juice of half a lemon, pepper, salt and just enough boiling water to cover them. Cook gently until tender; take up the fish with a perforated spoon, keep hot on a chafing dish while you strain the gravy, thicken it with flour and boil it three minutes. Beat up two eggs, stir into the sauce quickly, and remove from the fire before they curdle. Pour over the eels, and serve.

FARINA WAFFLES.

One cup cold, boiled farina; half-cup of prepared flour; one pint of milk; two eggs; one tablespoonful of lard; salt.

Rub the farina smooth with the melted lard, work in milk and salt, beat hard before adding the flour and eggs, and afterward. The batter should be light and lumpless. Bake in greased waffle-irons.

SAVORY POTATOES.

Mince a quarter pound of fat salt pork; add a teaspoonful of chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley, eight potatoes, peeled and quartered; cover with cold water, and cook until the potatoes are done. Drain, mash, mound on a pie plate, sift crumbs over them and brown in the oven.

FROTHED CHOCOLATE.

Make in the usual way, turn into a hot bowl, and with a "Dover" egg-beater, whisk in the frothed whites of three eggs. Pour into the heated chocolate pot, and it is ready for use.

LUNCHEON.

Mince of Chicken and Eggs.

Shrimp Salad.

Thin Bread and Butter.

Crackers.

Cheese.

Olives.

Huckleberry Cake.

MINCE OF CHICKEN AND EGGS.

Chop cold boiled or roasted fowl ; mix up with a cupful of drawn butter, season with pepper, salt, a pinch of nutmeg, and pour into a bake-dish. Set in the oven until a skin forms on top, and the surface shakes with the ebullition of the heated heart. Lay as many poached eggs on top as will lie easily in the dish, and serve.

SHRIMP SALAD.

Open a can of shrimps some hours before you want to use them, and turn upon a dish. Set on ice until needed. Line a salad bowl or a broad salver with leaves of cool, crisp lettuce ; lay the shrimps on them, and pour mayonnaise dressing on the fish, or send it around with the salad. A popular dish in hot weather.

THIN BREAD AND BUTTER.

Cut fresh Graham bread thin, when you have buttered the end of the loaf before cutting each slice ; pare off the crust, and pile on a folded napkin in a plate.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.

Two cups of sugar; one cup of butter; three cups of Hecker's prepared flour; one cup of milk; five eggs; one teaspoonful of nutmeg, and one of cinnamon; one quart of huckleberries.

Cream butter and sugar; beat in the whipped yolks, the spice, milk, flour, the frothed whites, finally, the berries, dredged whitely with flour, breaking them as little as possible. Bake in shallow tins or in paté-pans. It is better the second day after it is baked.

DINNER.

Tomato Soup.	Lobster Patés.	
Beef Roast <i>a l'Orleans</i> .	New Potatoes.	Young Onions.
Banana Ice Cream.	Cake.	Coffee.

TOMATO SOUP.

Two quarts of tomatoes, peeled and sliced; three pints of broth—veal or chicken is best; one tablespoonful of minced parsley, and the same quantity of minced onion; one teaspoonful of sugar; pepper and salt to taste; browned flour thickening; a tablespoonful of butter; fried bread dice.

Stew the tomatoes in the broth until they are broken all to pieces, add herbs and onion, stew twenty minutes, rub through a colander, season, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, rubbed in one of butter; boil two minutes, and pour upon the fried bread in the tureen.

LOBSTER PATES.

Meat of one large lobster, or two small ones; two cups of veal broth; two tablespoonfuls of butter; beaten yolks of two eggs;

juice of a lemon; one heaping tablespoonful of flour rubbed up with the butter; salt and cayenne to liking; puff paste for shell.

Heat the broth to a boil, skim, and stir in the buttered flour; put in the lemon-juice and seasoning, the beaten yolks, the lobster, cut up small, and set in boiling water over the fire ten minutes, stirring now and then. Have ready *paté-pans* lined with pastry, baked in a brisk oven, slip out the "shells," fill with the hot lobster mixture, set in the oven three minutes, and serve. If you do not care to take the trouble of pastry-making in hot weather, buy empty *paté-shells* from a pastry cook, heat and fill them with the lobster mixture. This is an elegant supper-dish, as well as an *entrée*.

BEEF ROAST *à l'Orleans*.

A rolled rib roast is best for this purpose. The night before you mean to cook it, put into a broad pan three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, four tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, a dozen whole peppercorns, and the juice of a large lemon. Lay the roast in this, and at the end of two hours, turn it over, anointing the edges well with the sauce. In the morning, turn it again. When ready to cook it, put into the dripping-pan, dash a cupful of boiling water over the top, and as it heats, baste with the sauce in which it has lain over night, mingled with hot water and strained. Cook ten minutes to the pound, and just before taking it up, baste all over with butter, sift flour on the top, and as soon as this froths and browns, transfer the meat to a hot dish. Garnish with water-cresses.

NEW POTATOES.

Are so indigestible until fully grown that to advise cooking them is like recommending a diet of boiled bullets. When ripe—and

not until then—they are a valuable contribution to a Summer bill of fare. Rub the skins off with a coarse towel, wash in cold water and drop into boiling, a little salted; cook fast for twenty minutes; turn off the water, sprinkle with salt and set at the back of the range in an uncovered pot to dry off into mealiness.

BANANA ICE-CREAM.

One quart of milk and the same of rich, sweet cream; three cups of sugar; six eggs; six large, ripe bananas, peeled and cut up small; bit of soda in the milk.

Heat the milk to scalding; beat eggs and sugar together, and pour the hot milk over them gradually, stirring all the time; set over the fire in a farina kettle, and stir until well-thickened. Let it get cold; mix in the cream; put it into an ice-cream churn, and when half frozen, put in the minced banana and freeze hard.

NO. 17.

BREAKFAST.

Milk Mush.

Tom Thumb Omelettes.

Buttered Potatoes.

Rye Muffins.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee

MILK MUSH.

Three cups of hot milk; one cup of boiling water; one scant cup of white Indian-meal; one even-teaspoonful of salt.

Scald the salted meal with the boiling water, and stir into the hot milk; boil in a farina-kettle for twenty minutes, stirring all the time; beat hard at the last, and serve in an uncovered dish. Eat with sugar and cream.

TOM THUMB OMLETTES.

Eight eggs ; half cup of rich milk ; salt and pepper ; a table-spoonful of cheese.

Beat the eggs light, season, stir in the milk and grated cheese. Half fill eight paté-pans, buttered, and set in a dripping pan with half an inch of boiling water in it ; shut up in a hot oven, and as soon as they are "set," turn out on a hot dish. You may vary the dish by substituting minced parsley and thyme for the grated cheese, and when dished, pour drawn butter over the omelettes. They make a pretty show when garnished with curled parsley, a tiny sprig being stuck in the middle of each mold.

BUTTERED POTATOES.

Boil with the skins on ; peel carefully ; lay in a heated bake-dish ; butter plentifully ; pepper and salt ; cover, and set in the oven ten minutes, rolling them over in the melted butter several times. Remove with a split spoon to a hot deep dish ; add half a cup of hot milk to the butter left in the bake-dish, stir well and pour boiling hot over the potatoes.

RYE MUFFINS.

Three cups of rye flour ; one cup of Indian-meal ; one cup of hot water, and three of lukewarm milk ; an even tablespoonful of sugar and a full one of lard ; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one of salt sifted three times with flour and meal ; three eggs, well beaten.

Sift meal, flour, salt and baking powder three times together in a bowl ; dissolve lard and sugar in the boiling water ; add the milk

and wet up the dry mass; lastly, beat in the eggs, whipped to a froth; stir hard for one minute and bake in small tins or in muffin rings on the griddle.

LUNCHEON.

Curried Lobster.

Pickled Lambs' Tongues with Mayonnaise.

Buttered Brown Bread.

Oatmeal Crackers with Roquefort Cheese.

Junket and Cake.

CURRIED LOBSTER.

Meat of a large lobster, or of two small ones, or the contents of a can of preserved lobster; two tablespoonfuls of butter; half a cup of strained oyster-liquor; half a glass of wine; one teaspoonful of curry powder; half a cup of raw rice; salt, and a pinch of grated lemon-peel.

Soak the rice three hours, then salt, and cook it in enough boiling water to cover it well, shaking up from time to time; when tender, drain off all the water, and set at the back of the range to dry off the rice; dish hot; heat butter and oyster-juice together, season with curry and lemon-peel; add the lobster, cut into half-inch bits, toss lightly with a silver fork until very hot, put in the wine and turn upon a heated dish; in helping, put a spoonful of rice on each plate, another of lobster upon it.

PICKLED LAMBS' TONGUES WITH MAYONNAISE.

Split and lay the tongues in the center of a broad, cool, china dish; about them set thickly crisp lettuce leaves; have in a "fancy

bowl or pitcher plenty of mayonnaise dressing. In helping, lay on each plate first, a curled leaf of lettuce, within it, half a tongue, and pour a generous spoonful of the dressing over both.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.

Two cups of oatmeal, and one of prepared flour; half cup of butter chopped up with the meal and flour; one teaspoonful of salt; two cups of cold water.

Mix into a pretty stiff paste, roll into a *thin* sheet, cut out as you would biscuits, and bake on a griddle, turning when the under-side is brown; leave them in a cooling open oven all night to dry.

JUNKET.

One quart of lukewarm milk; one tablespoonful of liquid rennet; half a glass of sherry.

Stir all well together, and leave in the kitchen, covered to keep out dust and flies, until it is like freshly-lopped milk, then set on ice until you are ready for it. If left to stand in a warm place too long, it will break into curds and whey. Eat with cream and sugar. Pass cake with it.

DINNER.

Calf's Feet Soup with Poached Eggs.

Potted Ducks.	Potatoes <i>a la Napolitaine</i> .
Stuffed Egg Plant.	Shrimp and Cheese Salad.
Charlotte <i>a la Royale</i> .	Brandied Peaches.
Coffee.	

CALF'S FEET SOUP WITH POACHED EGGS.

Two pairs of calf's feet; half an onion, two sprigs of thyme, and the same of parsley; a blade of mace; salt and pepper; glass of sherry; a slice of lean, corned ham; three quarts of cold water; six eggs.

Put feet, herbs, ham, onion and water over the fire, and cook slowly until the liquor is reduced to two quarts. Season, and set away with the meat in it. On the morrow, skim, take out the fat and strain the broth. Put on the range in a soup-pot, and when hot, throw in the white and shell of an egg. Boil slowly five minutes, strain through a double bag without pressing, heat again, add the wine, and pour into the tureen. Poach six eggs neatly and lay on the surface.

POTTED DUCKS.

Clean, wash well, and truss without stuffing, tying down legs and wings with tape. Fry half a dozen slices of fat pork crisp in a broad-bottomed pot, with half an onion, sliced, and a little powdered sage. Lay in the ducks, cover with warm—not hot—water, fit on a lid, and cook very slowly and steadily three hours. Take up the ducks, undo the tapes, and lay on a hot dish. Strain the gravy, thicken with brown flour; boil up sharply, pour a few spoonfuls over the fowls, the rest into a gravy-boat. Send around tart jelly with them.

POTATOES *a la Napolitaine*.

Peel the potatoes, and lay in cold water for an hour. Cut into quarters lengthwise, pack in a bake-dish, salt and pepper them, pour in a cup of milk into which you have dropped a tiny bit of soda; strew among the quarters a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits and

rolled in flour ; also, a little finely-cut parsley. Set in a dripping pan of hot water, fit a tight cover on the bake-dish and cook tender, say about forty-five minutes. Serve in the dish.

STUFFED EGG PLANT.

Parboil for fifteen minutes, if large ; for ten, if small. Make an incision in one side, and, inserting your finger, scrape out the seeds ; prop open the slit with a stick and lay in ice cold salt and water for an hour, then stuff with a paste of bread crumbs, minced fat pork, a little parsley, salt, pepper and melted butter ; bind with tape and lay in the dripping pan ; pour in a cupful of boiling water, and as it bakes, wash over with butter-and-water. When a straw will penetrate easily, take up the egg-plant, remove the tape, anoint well with butter, strew fine crumbs over it, and set in a tin plate—the cut side downward—on the top grating of the oven to brown lightly. Slice when served, cutting clear through and crosswise.

SHRIMP AND CHEESE SALAD.

One can of pickled shrimps ; one cupful of dry, grated cheese ; salt, pepper and vinegar ; mayonnaise dressing ; lettuce.

Mince the shrimp rather coarsely, mix with the cheese, wet with a little vinegar—two tablespoonfuls should do—in which have been stirred a saltspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne ; mound in the center of a dish, surround with crisp lettuce, and send around mayonnaise dressing with it.

CHARLOTTE *a la Royale*.

One package of gelatine ; a quart of milk—half cream if you can get it ; six eggs ; a cup-and-a-half of sugar ; a saltspoonful of salt ; two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract ; a sponge cake sliced, or a pound of lady-fingers.

Soak the gelatine three hours in a cup of cold water ; heat the milk (not forgetting the bit of soda) in a farina-kettle, and when hot, stir in the gelatine. When it is quite dissolved, pour on the yolks and sugar, beaten light ; set in cold water until cool. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add the congealed "jaune mange," spoonful by spoonful, beating steadily until you have a light yellow sponge, flavoring with vanilla as you work. Line a glass dish with cake, put in the sponge, cover with more cake and set on ice until needed. Pass brandied peaches with it.

No. 18.

BREAKFAST.

Molded Wheat Germ Meal Porridge.

Scalloped Codfish, with Cheese.

Buttermilk Biscuit.

Chopped Potatoes.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

MOLDED WHEAT GERM MEAL PORRIDGE.

Make the porridge as before directed, but over night, and mold it in cups wet with cold water. In the morning turn them out, and eat with sugar and cream, or with cream only.

SCALLOPED CODFISH WITH CHEESE.

Soak a pound of salted codfish six hours in tepid water, then boil it. When cold, pick into flakes with a fork and season with pepper. Heat a cup of milk to a boil, stir into it a tablespoonful of butter rolled in two of prepared flour ; mix with the picked fish, and

pour into a bake dish. Strew grated cheese thickly on top, and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown. It is yet nicer if you add a raw egg to the mixture before cooking it.

BUTTERMILK BISCUIT.

One quart of flour; one teaspoonful of soda sifted three times with the flour, and a teaspoonful of salt; one pint of *really* sour buttermilk; one tablespoonful of melted butter.

Sift flour, soda and salt into a bowl, stir butter and milk together, and pour into a hole in the flour. Mix quickly, and with as little handling as possible. Be careful on this point, also, not to get the dough too stiff. Have your oven ready and hot. As soon as the biscuits are cut out, put them in and bake. They are excellent if mixed—as the successful painter did his colors—“with brains.” A heavy hand and heavy wits can result in nothing but sodden solidity.

CHOPPED POTATOES.

Mince cold boiled potatoes coarsely with a sharp chopper, and stir with a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion and three times as much parsley, into a little hot dripping. Toss until hot all through, and dish at once.

LUNCHEON.

Patés de Veau. Tomato Salad.

Chicken Sandwiches. Berries and Cream.

Cocoanut Cake. Iced Coffee.

PATES DE VEAU.

Mince one pound of cold roast, or boiled, veal with half as much ham. Season sharply with pepper and a pinch of mace. Wet with enough gravy, or soup stock to make a soft mince, and stir in a tablespoonful of fine crumbs. Line paté-pans with pastry, and bake in a brisk oven. Slip from the tins while hot, fill with the hot "mince," sift crumbs on top, stick a bit of butter in each, and brown lightly on the upper grating of the oven.

TOMATO SALAD.

Peel ripe tomatoes with a sharp knife, slice crosswise, lay in a salad bowl, and season on the table with salt, a little sugar, pepper, oil and vinegar. Keep the tomatoes on ice until actually served. They cannot be too cold. Never loosen the skins by pouring boiling water on them, and refrain as scrupulously from serving them with the skins on.

CHICKEN SANDWICHES.

Pare the crust from thin slices of bread, and cut them into triangles of uniform size. Mince cold chicken freed from skin and fat, quite fine, rub in a little butter, season to your liking, and spread between every two triangles, pressing the pieces of bread gently but firmly on the mixture. Pass with the tomato salad.

COCOANUT CAKE.

One scant cup of butter; two full cups of sugar; three full cups of prepared flour; one scant cup of milk; one half teaspoonful of soda, sifted three times with the flour; four eggs; half of a grated cocoanut; juice of half a lemon, and a teaspoonful of grated peel.

Cream, butter and sugar; beat in the lemon juice and peel until the mixture is very light. Next, go in the beaten egg-yolks, then the milk, stiffened whites and flour alternately; lastly, the cocoanut. Bake in small tins. Eat while fresh, but not warm.

DINNER.

Green Pea Soup.		Fried Scallops.
Roast Fowl <i>a la Guyot</i> .		Young Onions.
Mashed Potatoes.	Lettuce Salad.	Queen of Puddings.
	Coffee.	

GREEN PEA SOUP.

Two quarts of liquor in which corned beef or mutton has been boiled; two quarts of green peas; bunch of sweet herbs, including a shallot or young onion; one even tablespoonful of prepared flour, rubbed up with one of butter; pepper to taste; dice of fried bread.

Boil, skim and strain the liquor, and return it to the fire with the pea-pods. Cook them twenty minutes, strain them out and put in peas and onion. Cook until the peas are soft and broken; rub all through a colander back into the pot, stir in the floured butter; season, boil two minutes, and pour upon the bread in the tureen. The advantage of using flour in this receipt is to prevent separation of the pea-pulp and the liquor.

FRIED SCALLOPS.

Wipe each, roll in beaten egg, then, in fine crumbs, and fry in hot lard or dripping to a fine brown. Shake off the fat in a split spoon, and lay in rows on a hot dish. Garnish with parsley. Pass hot crackers, mashed potato and cut lemon with them.

ROAST FOWL *a la Guyot*.

One tender, full-grown chicken ; a sweetbread, boiled, blanched and minced ; a dozen mushrooms chopped ; a tablespoonful of minced, fat salt pork ; half a cupful of fine crumbs ; slices of fat salt pork.

Draw and truss the fowl as usual, and stuff with a forcemeat, made of the minced sweetbread, mushrooms, pork, bread crumbs and seasoning. Bind thin slices of pork over the breast, lay in a dripping pan, with a little boiling water and a tablespoonful of browned flour wet up with cold water. Boil up sharply, and serve in a boat.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.

One and a-half cups of sugar ; one quart of milk ; two cups of very dry, fine crumbs ; one tablespoonful of butter ; one quart of red raspberries.

Rub butter, and one cup of sugar to a cream ; beat in the yolks. The crumbs should, all this time, be soaking in the milk. Beat them into eggs and buttered sugar, and, when light, pour the mixture into a buttered bake-dish. Bake, until the middle is well-set ; draw to the oven door ; cover with berries, strew sugar thickly among and over them, and spread deftly over all a meringue of the frothed whites of the eggs, stiffened with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Shut the door, and brown the meringue lightly. Set away where it will cool quickly, then leave on ice until wanted. Eat with cream. This is not a new receipt, but among the many variations of the far-famed "Queen," I regard the above as the simplest and best. It is better made with strawberries than with any other fruit, but is always delicious and popular.

No. 19.

BREAKFAST.

Green Corn Porridge.	Deviled Kidneys.
Mamma's Muffins.	Stewed Potatoes.
Melons.	Tea.
	Coffee.

 GREEN CORN PORRIDGE.

Shave the grains from a dozen ears of green corn, using a sharp knife for the purpose, and leaving no grain whole. Put into a farina kettle ; barely cover with milk, fit on a lid and steam, rather than stew, for half an hour after the boil is reached. Stir in then a tablespoonful of butter rolled in corn-starch, boil five minutes, beat in two eggs already frothed, cook for two minutes more and turn out. Eat with butter or with cream, or, still again, with sugar and cream. It is very good.

 DEVILED KIDNEYS.

Split the kidneys (veal or lamb), in half, taking out the hard "cores," and dip in a mixture of butter (a teaspoonful for each kidney), made-mustard, lemon-juice and a suspicion of cayenne. Lay them within an oyster-broiler and cook gently fifteen minutes, turning them, over a clear fire. Rub a chafing dish (hot) with half an onion, lay in a teaspoonful of butter, and when this has melted, dish the kidneys.

 MAMMA'S MUFFINS.

Three cups of prepared flour ; one cup (even) of white cornmeal ; a quart of lukewarm milk ; four eggs ; half a teaspoonful of salt ; one tablespoonful of lard, and one of sugar, stirred with the warm milk.

Beat the eggs light, add the milk, lard and sugar ; sift salt, meal and flour together twice, and put in last. Beat hard, and bake in muffin tins.

MELONS.

All varieties of the cantelope family, musk, and nutmeg melons, are welcome to the summer breakfast table. Cut each in half, lengthwise, scoop out the seeds, put a lump of ice in the hollows thus made, and send to table. They are eaten by Southerners with pepper and salt, at the North with sugar. Give your guests their choice of condiments.

LUNCHEON.

Codfish Scalloped, with Mushrooms.

Raw Tomato Salad.

Terhune Corn Bread.

Dried Rusk and Milk.

Berries.

CODFISH SCALLOPED, WITH MUSHROOMS.

Two cupfuls of cold, boiled codfish (fresh), " picked " rather coarsely ; one cupful of good drawn butter ; half a can of mushrooms ; half a cup of fine crumbs ; pepper and salt.

Mince the mushrooms, and strew between the layers of the fish in a buttered dish, moistening, as you go on, with the drawn butter, and seasoning with pepper and salt. Cover the topmost layer with the drawn butter, then with the crumbs, stick bits of butter in these, and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown. You can make this dish of salt cod, soaked before it is cooked. In this case, beat up a couple of eggs in the drawn butter.

RAW TOMATO SALAD.

Peel very cold tomatoes, cut in two, crosswise, and serve with mayonnaise or plain dressing.

TERHUNE CORN BREAD.

Two cups of white corn meal ; one cup of flour ; two teaspoonfuls of white sugar ; three cups of sour or buttermilk. (Half "loppered" cream makes it particularly good.)

One rounded teaspoonful of soda, and one of salt sifted three times with flour and meal ; one large tablespoonful of lard.

Sift flour, meal, salt and soda into a bowl ; beat lard and sugar together and stir into the milk ; pour the latter into a hole in the middle of the flour, and stir all gradually to a good batter ; beat hard with upward strokes, raking the bottom of the bowl with each sweep, for two minutes ; turn into a greased pudding mold set in a pot of boiling water, and cook steadily four hours, keeping the water about it at a slow boil all the time. Turn out and eat hot. It will be found very nice.

DRIED RUSK AND MILK (Excellent).

Two cups of milk ; two eggs ; half a cup of butter ; half of a yeast cake, dissolved in warm water ; one quart of flour ; one even teaspoonful of salt. Mix the milk, butter, yeast and a pint of flour into a sponge, and let it rise five or six hours, or until light ; beat in the eggs, salt and the rest of the flour ; roll out the dough into a paste more than half an inch thick ; cut into round biscuits, set rows of them in a baking pan, rub the tops lightly with butter, and put another row on these ; let them rise for half an hour before baking. Remove from the oven, and let them get nearly cold before

dividing the upper from the lower stratum ; pile lightly in pans, and leave in a cooking oven all night to dry. They should not be browned at all in drying. Hang them in a clean bag in the kitchen closet, or other dry, warm place. In two days they will be ready for use. Set a bowl at each place ; lay a rusk, cracked in two or three places, in it, a bit of ice on this, and pour enough rich milk to cover the rusk well. In three minutes, if well dried, the desiccated biscuits will be soft and delicious. Pass sugar and berries as an accompaniment.

DINNER.

Lakewood Chowder.	Chicken, fried whole.	
Potato Fritters.	Summer Squash.	Cucumber Salad.
Peaches and Whipped Cream.	Sponge Cake.	
Black Coffee.		

LAKESWOOD CHOWDER.

Four pounds of cod or halibut ; half a pound of sliced fat salt pork ; two minced onions ; eighteen Boston crackers, split, toasted, and well buttered ; a glass of Sauterne or other clear, sour wine ; pepper and salt ; cold water ; pint of milk.

Fry pork and one sliced onion in the bottom of the chowder pot ; take out the pork and bits of onion with a perforated spoon and lay the fish in the fat ; sprinkle with raw onion and season with pepper and salt as you go on ; cover with cold water when all the fish is in ; put over the fire, bring to a boil and then cook gently forty minutes. Soak the split, toasted and buttered crackers ten minutes in boiling hot milk ; take them up carefully, as you must put a layer in the bottom of the tureen when the chowder is done.

Before taking the pot from the fire, stir in the wine. Put several strained spoonfuls of the chowder on the soaked crackers in the tureen, then more crackers, and more fish, until all are used up. Thicken the liquor left in the pot with a great spoonful of butter rolled in flour. Boil up and pour on top of fish and crackers. Pass sliced lemon with the chowder.

CHICKENS FRIED WHOLE. •

A well-grown broiler. It *must* be young and tender. Sweet, salted lard, or clarified dripping; flour, salt and pepper; two or three slices of young onions dropped in the hot fat.

Draw, and wash out the chicken with soda and water, rinse well and wipe dry. Steam for half an hour. If you have no steamer, wrap the fowl in mosquito netting and lay in a colander; set over a pot of boiling water, fit a close cover on the colander and keep the water at a hard boil, but not touching the chicken, forty minutes. Wipe the fowl, roll in salted and peppered flour until well coated, and lay in deep salted fat, enough to cover it and boiling hot. When well browned, transfer to a hot dish, garnish with parsley and serve. A pretty and delightful dish.

POTATO FRITTERS.

One cupful of mashed potato, beaten light and smooth with a fork; three beaten eggs; half-cup of milk; two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour; salt and pepper.

Beat all well together, and drop by the large spoonful in the hot fat left from cooking the chicken, when you have strained and reheated it. Drain in a split spoon, as you take up each fritter.

SUMMER SQUASH.

Pare, take out the seeds, lay in cold water for half an hour ; then put into a pot of boiling water, salted, cook until tender ; drain and mash smooth with a little butter, salt and pepper ; whip to a creamy pulp, and dish hot.

PEACHES AND WHIPPED CREAM.

Peel fine, ripe, freestone peaches just before dinner, that they may not change color with standing. Cover the dish containing them, and set on the ice until the dessert is served. As you help them out, pile peaches on saucer, stew thickly with fruit sugar, and cover with whipped cream—plenty of it. Pass sponge cake with the peaches. The cream should be ice cold.

No. 20.

BREAKFAST.

Wheat Germ Porridge.	Lobster Croquettes.
Bread and Milk Muffins.	Fried Cucumbers.
Fruit.	Meringued Coffee.
	Tea.

WHEAT GERM PORRIDGE.

A receipt for this cereal will be found in No. 2, Spring.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.

Chop the meat of a large lobster quite fine, stir into a cupful of drawn butter, beat up an egg and add it, with the juice of half a lemon, salt to taste, half a cup of cracker dust, and a little cayenne.

(The drawn butter should be rather stiff.) Set the paste thus made on ice until stiff and cold. Take out a great spoonful at a time, make into croquettes, roll in flour, then in beaten egg, again in pounded cracker. Fry carefully in hot lard, drain each as you take it up, and serve on a hot dish.

BREAD AND MILK MUFFINS.

Two cups of fine, dry crumbs; two heaping tablespoonfuls of prepared flour; two cups of boiling milk; two beaten eggs; one cup of boiling water; half teaspoonful of salt; one tablespoonful of butter.

Pour the boiling, salted water on the crumbs, let them stand, covered, for half an hour; drain off the liquid without pressing the crumbs, and beat in the flour; add the butter to the hot milk, and put in next; beat until smooth and nearly lukewarm before the eggs go in; bake in muffin rings on a hot griddle. Send to the table hot and tear,—not cut,—open.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.

Cut off the skin, slice lengthwise into thick pieces, and lay in cold water half an hour; wipe dry, dip in beaten egg, then, in fine cracker-crumbs, seasoned pretty highly with pepper and salt, and fry in hot lard; drain dry and eat hot. They are far more palatable than might be supposed. Some like to squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on each slice before eating it.

MERINGUED COFFEE.

Make hot and strong; put into each cup one or two lumps of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of scalding milk; fill up with coffee

and lay on the surface a heaping teaspoonful of a meringue made by mixing the white of an egg, frothed stiff, with a half pint of whipped cream.

LUNCHEON.

Ragout of Sweetbreads. Potato Scallops.

Lettuce Salad with Plain Dressing.

Cousin Melissa's Sponge Cake.

Lemonade.

RAGOUT OF SWEETBREADS.

Boil the sweetbreads for ten minutes; leave them in ice-cold water for half an hour; wipe dry, cut into dice, add half as much mushroom dice, and stew in enough broth to cover them, for ten minutes. Season well with pepper-and-salt; put in half a cupful of stewed tomatoes, strained, a tablespoonful of browned flour cut up in as much butter; boil up sharply, and serve.

POTATO SCALLOPS.

Mash potatoes soft with butter and milk; season with pepper and salt; whip to a cream, and fill scallop-shells with the mixture, mounding it high and smoothly. Bake quickly, and as they brown, wash over lightly with beaten egg. Eat hot from the shells.

COUSIN MELISSA'S SPONGE CAKE.

Twelve eggs; four cups of powdered sugar; four cups of Hecker's prepared flour; juice and grated peel of two lemons.

Beat whites and yolks separately and very light, add the sugar to the yolks, then, lemon-juice and rind, the whites, at last the

flour, stirred in quickly. Too much stirring toughens this cake. Bake in square or brick-shaped pans, lined with buttered paper. Be very careful as to the baking. Lay white paper over the pans when the cake goes into the oven, for the door should not be opened in less than twenty minutes. Turn the tins then, gently, or the batter may fall. This is for a large quantity of sponge cake, but it will be so good that it will disappear rapidly.

LEMONADE.

Peel six lemons ; roll and slice them, and pack them in a pitcher, alternately with sugar, allowing for each lemon two heaping table-spoonfuls. Cover, and set in a cold place for ten or fifteen minutes before adding three pints of water and a lump of ice. Stir well and long ; fill tumblers one-third the way to the top with cracked ice, and pour in the lemonade.

DINNER.

Salmon Bisque.	Brown Fricassee of Chicken.	
Stuffed Tomatoes.	Green Peas.	Mashed Potatoes.
Egg Salad with Sardine Mayonnaise.		
Huckleberry Pudding.	Coffee.	

SALMON BISQUE.

Two full cups of minced salmon ; two cups of fine crumbs ; half a cup of butter ; two quarts of boiling water ; pepper and salt ; a tablespoonful of minced parsley ; two raw eggs beaten light. (You can use canned salmon, if you like.)

Rub the warmed butter into the minced salmon, season, and put over the fire with the boiling water. Cook gently half an hour, stir in the crumbs and parsley, simmer five minutes, add the beaten eggs, stir well and pour out. Send around crackers and lemon with it.

BROWN FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.

Joint a fowl, and lay in a dripping pan on a thin stratum of chopped salt pork, and a little minced onion. Pour in cold water two inches deep, cover with another pan, and cook slowly until tender; uncover, increase the heat, turning the chicken often as one side browns. When all the pieces are colored, take them up and arrange on a hot dish. Add to the gravy more boiling water, a spoonful of butter rolled in two of browned flour, some minced parsley, pepper, and if needed, salt; boil up and pour over the chicken.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Cut a piece from the smooth top of each fine, ripe tomato, and take out the inside. Chop the pulp, mix with a forcemeat of crumbs and butter, season with salt, sugar and pepper. Fill the hollowed tomatoes with this mixture, fit on the tops and bake from forty to forty-five minutes, packed neatly in a bake-dish. Fill the gaps between the tomatoes with forcemeat if any is left over before baking.

EGG-SALAD WITH SARDINE MAYONNAISE.

Boil eight eggs hard, and throw them into cold water, to lie there while you make the mayonnaise. Do this in the manner already prescribed in this series, and, when thick and smooth, rub four sardines to a pulp, and whip them in gradually. Cut the eggs into

quarters, lay on crisp lettuce leaves, and, as you serve these out, pour the dressing over them. At this season, when salad is more than a luxury—almost a necessity, if one would keep well—study such agreeable novelties as the above. It will be found delicious.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.

Two cups of milk; two eggs; four cups of flour; half a cup of yeast, or half a yeast-cake dissolved in warm water; two teaspoonfuls of butter; a scant teaspoonful of soda, and half as much salt sifted three times with the flour; a quart of berries.

Whip the eggs, butter (warmed) and milk together, and pour gradually into a hole in the sifted flour. Mix well, put in the yeast, and set to rise in a bowl for four or five hours, or until light. Then stir in the berries, dredged thickly with flour, pour into a greased mold, and boil steadily for two hours. Turn out, and eat warm with hard sauce.

NO. 21

BREAKFAST.

Arrowroot Porridge.	Broiled Chickens (deviled).
Egg Biscuits.	Potatoes <i>a la Parisienne</i> .
Fruit.	Tea. Coffee.

ARROWROOT PORRIDGE.

One quart of milk, the richer, the better; a large cupful of cold water; six full tablespoonfuls of arrowroot; half teaspoonful of salt.

Scald the milk, wet the arrowroot to a smooth paste with the water, gradually; take the hot milk from the fire and pour it, a few

spoonfuls at a time, slowly, on the arrowroot paste; salt, and, returning it to the fire (of course in a farina kettle), stir it five minutes after the water in the outer vessel boils. You can eat it hot with sugar and cream, or pour into cups to form, and when cold, set on the ice until next morning. Turn out, and eat with cream and sugar.

BROILED CHICKENS (deviled).

Clean, split down the back, and broil over a clear fire in the usual way until they are done and begin to brown. Lay in a dripping-pan, and rub all over with a sauce made by whipping light a tablespoonful of made-mustard, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a pinch of cayenne. Sift fine crumbs over all, and set on the upper grating of a hot oven to brown. Transfer to a hot chafing dish; lay a little of the sauce on each leg and breast, and serve.

EGG BISCUITS.

One quart of prepared flour; a tablespoonful of lard, and twice as much butter; a teaspoonful of salt; two cups of milk; the yolks of two eggs beaten light.

Salt the flour, and sift it twice in a bowl, rub in the shortening thoroughly and lightly; mix yolks and milk together, pour into a hole in the flour, work into a paste with as little handling as possible; roll into a sheet half an inch thick; cut into round cakes, and bake in a floured pan. Eat hot.

POTATOES *a la Parisienne*.

Cut into small, round marbles with a potato-gouge, and throw into ice cold water; leave them there for half an hour; dry them

well between two clean towels, and drop into a kettle of boiling lard, slightly salted and peppered. Cook—not too fast—to a yellow-brown ; drain, and serve in a dish lined with a hot napkin.

LUNCHEON.

Ham Rarebit.	Corn Fritters.
Bread, Butter and Olives.	Radishes.
Pink-and-White Cake.	Lemonade.

HAM RAREBIT.

One cupful of minced corned ham ; one cupful of dry, grated cheese ; two eggs ; three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk ; cayenne to taste ; slices of toasted bread, buttered.

Beat the eggs light, mix meat and cheese, stir the eggs into the milk, and put all together in a bowl ; work to a batter, spread thickly on crustless slices of buttered toast, brown quickly on the upper grating of the oven, and send at once to table.

CORN FRITTERS.

Cut the corn from the cob, and mince with a keen chopper, bruising as little as may be ; allow two eggs to a heaping cupful of the minced grains, a half-cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of prepared flour, a saltspoonful of salt, and a teacupful of melted butter. Beat the eggs light, add the milk, butter, salt, finally the flour. Bake on a griddle and send in very hot.

PINK-AND-WHITE-CAKE.

Three cups of prepared flour ; two cups of sugar ; whites of five eggs ; one cup of butter ; one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of

powdered cochineal ; one teaspoonful of rose-water, and the same of essence of bitter almond ; cream the butter and sugar.

Add the milk, and stir in alternately the frothed whites and the flour, beating up lightly. Halve the batter, and mix with one portion the powdered cochineal dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water, and a tablespoonful of rose water, then, strain through double muslin ; to the other add the bitter almond flavoring. Put alternate spoonfuls of pink and white batter into a buttered cake-mold and bake in a steady oven. If judiciously mixed, the cake will be prettily mottled.

DINNER.

Baked Soup.

Oysters *au Gratin*.

Stewed Pigeons.

String Beans *au Maitre d' Hotel*.

Scallop of Corn and Tomatoes.

Apple Meringue.

Peaches.

Pears.

Coffee.

BAKED SOUP.

Two pounds of lean beef, chopped small ; half a pound of corned ham, also minced ; one onion ; one carrot ; a quarter cabbage ; a pint of string beans ; a pint of corn cut from the cob ; six large tomatoes, sliced ; one turnip ; four potatoes (parboiled) ; a tablespoonful of minced parsley ; one tart apple, pared and quartered ; four quarts of cold water ; a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and half as much pepper ; one teaspoonful of sugar.

Peel and cut the vegetables small ; pack them, alternately with the meat, in a stone jar ; season, cover with the water ; fit a top on the jar and cover the cracks around the edges with a paste of flour

and water ; set in a deep pan of cold water, put into the oven and cook steadily for six hours ; as the water in the pan boils down, replenish from the boiling tea-kettle. A good family soup. Serve without straining.

OYSTERS *au Gratin*.

One quart of oysters.

One cupful of thick, drawn butter, in which, after it is taken from the fire, have been mixed two beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of Durkee's salad-dressing, bread crumbs, pepper and salt. Drain the oysters, lay them on a soft cloth, and, spreading another over them, pat it to absorb all the moisture ; on a layer of these, arranged in a bake-dish, salted and peppered, put one of drawn butter, more oysters, more drawn butter, etc., until the materials are used up ; cover with fine crumbs, drop bits of butter on top, and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown.

STEWED PIGEONS.

Draw and wash the pigeons, and lay them whole in a broad pot ; scatter a little minced onion, pepper, salt and chopped parsley on them, and cover barely with weak broth or soup-stock ; cover closely, and simmer, never boiling hard, until tender ; take out the birds and keep hot, while you strain the gravy ; skim off the fat, return to the fire and boil up sharply ; thicken with browned flour, put in a dozen chopped mushrooms, cook five minutes, add a glass of sherry, and pour over the pigeons.

STRING BEANS *au Maitre d'Hotel*.

String with care ; cut into inch lengths and cook tender in plenty of boiling water slightly salted ; drain dry ; have ready in

a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar, hot, but not boiling; stir in the beans, tossing lightly with a silver fork, and serve hot.

SCALLOP OF CORN AND TOMATOES.

Shave the corn from the cob, and pack in alternate layers with tomatoes peeled and sliced in a bake-dish; sprinkle each stratum with butter, pepper, salt, a little sugar and a few bits of minced onion, and, if you like, some shreds of fat salt pork; cover with fine crumbs, peppered and salted, with bits of butter here and there; bake, covered, until the surface is bubbling hot, then brown lightly.

APPLE MERINGUE.

Two cups of strained apple sauce; four eggs; four tablespoonfuls of sugar for the sauce, one for the meringue; one tablespoonful of butter stirred into the sauce while hot; some good pie crust; grated lemon-peel for seasoning.

Beat four yolks and two whites light with the sugar, and whip with the sauce; have ready a pie plate lined with nice crust, baked; fill with the mixture; spread with a meringue made of the remaining whites and sugar; brown lightly and quickly in a hot oven; eat cold.

No. 22.

BREAKFAST.

Farina Gruel.

Stewed Sheeps' Tongues.

Oatmeal Bannocks.

Chopped Potatoes.

Fruit.

Coffee.

Tea.

FARINA GRUEL.

One cup of farina; one tablespoonful of butter; one quart of milk; half-teaspoonful of salt; bit of soda in the milk.

Scald three cupfuls of milk; wet the farina with the remaining cup of cold milk, and stir into the hot. Cook, stirring often, half an hour; add the butter and salt, and cook ten minutes longer. Beat up well and pour out. Eat with, or without sugar, as you like.

STEWED SHEEPS' TONGUES.

Soak for an hour in cold water; drain, and cover with boiling water until you can peel off the skin. Do this over night, and leave on ice until morning. Then split lengthwise into four pieces when you have trimmed them neatly. Put for each tongue a tablespoonful of chopped pork into a saucepan, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, half a dozen chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste, and the juice of half a lemon for the whole number. Lay the split tongues on this prepared bed, pour in a cupful of skimmed gravy or weak broth—cold water, if you have neither—and stew gently until tender. Thicken with browned flour; boil up and pour out. Your butcher will save the tongues for you at a small cost, if you give him timely notice. A half-cup of stewed and strained tomatoes is an improvement to the stew.

OATMEAL BANNOCKS.

Three cups of oatmeal; one cup of white flour, prepared; one pint of boiling milk; two tablespoonfuls of butter; half a teaspoonful of salt.

Sift oatmeal, flour and salt twice together into a bowl, melt the butter in the milk, make a hole in the middle of the meal, etc., and

pour this in. Stir into a soft dough as quickly as possible, roll into a sheet one-eighth of an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and bake on a hot griddle. Butter while hot, and serve. They are good cold, also.

CHOPPED POTATOES.

Mince some fat roast beef coarsely and put into a frying-pan with a few spoonfuls of minced parsley. As it heats throw in chopped potatoes, pepper and salt, and toss until they begin to brown. Turn out upon a hot dish.

LUNCHEON.

Rissoles.	Cucumber Salad.	Rusk.
Bread.	Butter.	Warm Gingerbread.
	Olives.	
	Iced Milk.	

RISSOLES.

Mince cold veal or chicken, season with pepper and salt, roll out a good pie crust, as for tarts, cut into squares or oblongs, as for turn-overs, put a tablespoonful of the seasoned meat in the center of each, brush the edges with white of egg, and make into a neat roll enveloping the meat. Pinch the edges of the paste firmly together; bake in a quick oven. When brown, wash over with beaten egg; leave in the oven for a minute to glaze, and serve hot. These are nice made of cold calf's liver.

CUCUMBER SALAD.

Peel and slice the cucumbers and leave in ice-water for an hour, drain, slice an onion, and lay in a cold dish alternately with the cucumbers, and season with vinegar, pepper and salt.

RUSK.

One quart of flour ; one cup of sugar ; half a cup of butter ; half a yeast cake, dissolved in warm water ; one teaspoonful of salt ; two eggs.

Sift flour and salt together, pour in milk and yeast, and let it rise four or five hours before adding the beaten eggs, sugar and butter. Work these in well, and make it into small rolls ; set closely together in a pan. Throw a cloth over them and let them stand until light. Bake in a steady oven. Just before taking them up, wash the top with white of egg in which a little sugar has been stirred.

WARM GINGERBREAD.

One cup of sugar ; one cup of molasses ; one cup of butter ; one cup of "loppered" milk or cream ; four and a-half cups of flour ; one teaspoonful of soda, sifted twice with the flour ; one tablespoonful of ginger ; one teaspoonful of mixed mace and cinnamon ; three eggs.

Beat together molasses, sugar, butter and spices until they are very light ; put in the milk, beaten eggs, and finally, flour. Stir vigorously for five minutes, and bake in a "card." Break, instead of cutting it, and eat with iced milk as an accompaniment.

DINNER.

Curry Rice Soup.

Baked Pickerel and Mashed Potatoes.

Stewed Chops.

Green Peas.

String Beans.

Lettuce Salad.

Peach Ice-cream.

Lemon Cake.

CURRY RICE SOUP.

One cup of rice ; one tablespoonful of curry powder ; two quarts of soup-stock, mutton, chicken or veal ; half an onion, minced fine ; two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley ; salt to taste.

Boil the rice tender in the stock when the latter has cooked fifteen minutes with the minced onion in it ; add the parsley, salt and curry ; simmer twenty minutes, and turn out. It should be quite thick with the rice.

BAKED PICKEREL.

Clean a fine pickerel without removing the head, lay it in a dripping pan, and pour about it a large cupful of boiling water, in which has been melted a great spoonful of butter ; cover with another pan, and cook half an hour ; baste plentifully with the butter-and-water, and cook uncovered ; basting often, at intervals of fifteen minutes or longer, until tender ; transfer to a hot dish, and rub well all over with a sauce made by beating together a tablespoonful of butter, one of finely minced parsley, and two tablespoonfuls of anchovy paste. Garnish with sliced lemon, and send around mashed potatoes with it.

STEWED CHOPS.

Broil the chops, and let them get cold. Put into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of minced onion, and two of butter ; cover tightly, and set in a kettle of cold water. Bring slowly to the boil. At the end of an hour, add a cupful of hot broth (made from the trimmings of the chops), seasoned with pepper, salt, a pinch of cloves, and chopped parsley. Cover again, set the saucepan directly on the range, and stew gently until the chops are tender. Lay them on a

hot dish ; strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, stir in a good teaspoonful of currant jelly, boil one minute and pour over the chops. A few mushrooms improve this dish. Tough, ungainly mutton chops may be made tender and palatable by this process.

STRING BEANS.

Cut the strings from both sides of the beans, top and tail them, and cut into two-inch lengths. Few cooks perform this task properly. If it were always well done, beans would be a favorite dish with many who now "do not care for it." Put over the fire in boiling, salted water, and cook forty minutes if the beans are young and tender, longer, if they are not. Drain, stir a good piece of butter through them, pepper and salt to taste. Send around vinegar with them for such as like it.

PEACH ICE-CREAM.

One quart of rich cream ; one pint of milk ; two and a half cups of sugar ; one quart of peeled and minced peaches.

Sweeten the cream with two cups of sugar, mix with the milk, and freeze. When half frozen, stir in the peaches, over which you have strewed the remaining half cup of sugar. Turn the freezer crank until the mixture is firm ; pack in finely pounded ice, and rock-salt until you are ready for it. Wrap a towel dipped in boiling water around the freezer and turn out.

LEMON CAKE.

Two cups of powdered sugar ; one cup of butter ; half cupful of milk ; four eggs ; three cups of prepared flour.

Rub butter and sugar together, beat in the whipped yolks, the milk, then, flour, and frothed whites by turns. Bake in jelly-cake tins. When cold, spread between the cakes this filling:

Whites of three eggs and a pound of powdered sugar beaten to a meringue, then flavored with the grated peel of one lemon, and the juice of two. Should the juice thin the meringue too much, add more sugar. Cover the top of the cake with the same mixture, let it stand three or four hours to harden the frosting, and serve with the ice cream.

No. 23.

BREAKFAST.

Wheaten Grits.

Ham fried in Batter.

Browned Potatoes.

Rice Waffles.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

HAM FRIED IN BATTER.

Cut even slices of cold cooked ham, and pepper them lightly. Make a batter of a cup of milk, two eggs, and a scant cup of prepared flour; salt slightly, dip the ham-slices in it, and fry them in boiling lard, or dripping. Drain off the grease, and serve on a hot platter.

BROWNED POTATOES.

Boil with the skins on; peel quickly, taking care not to break the potatoes. Lay in a pie-plate, pour half a cupful of strained gravy over them, coat each well with them and brown on the upper grating of the oven. Serve in the pie-dish.

RICE WAFFLES.

Two cups of flour ; two cups of cold boiled rice ; three cups of sour or buttermilk ; three eggs ; a teaspoonful of soda, and one of salt, sifted twice with the flour ; a tablespoonful of lard.

Melt the lard, and beat it well into the rice ; add the milk, the eggs whipped light, finally the flour. The batter should not be stiff, so have "a light hand" with flour. Bake in well-greased waffle-irons.

LUNCHEON.

Beef Balls.	Corn Cakes.	Potato Salad.
Bread and Butter.	Crackers and Cheese.	
Lemon Cream Toast.		Wilbur's Cocoa-theta.

BEEF BALLS.

Chop cold corned beef evenly, and quite fine ; put into a saucepan a cup of drawn-butter, having for its foundation some of the liquor in which the meat was boiled, flavored by stewing a little chopped onion in it, then, straining it out, before adding a great spoonful of butter, rolled in one of browned flour ; while hot, stir in two beaten eggs, then the minced beef. Season with pepper only, if the beef is well-salted ; stir all over the fire (there should be about two cupfuls of the chopped meat), until very hot ; set away to get cold and stiff ; make into round balls about an inch and a half in diameter ; roll in beaten egg, then, in pounded cracker, and fry in boiling fat. Drain and dish.

CORN CAKE.

Shred the grains of green corn quite fine ; beat into them a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, three eggs, a cup of

milk with two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Mix well, and fry on a griddle as you would buckwheat or flannel-cakes. Send in relays to table, as they should be eaten hot.

POTATO SALAD.

Two cups of boiled potato, mealy and white, rubbed through a colander, and left to get cold. Half a cupful of white cabbage, shredded fine with a sharp knife, and criss-cross with the same—chopping would bruise it. Two tablespoonfuls of celery shred in the same way. Yolks of two hard boiled eggs, rubbed to a powder; toss all together with a silver fork, and pour this dressing over it:

Yolks of two eggs, beaten smooth; one tablespoonful of melted butter; one teaspoonful of sugar, and the same of corn-starch; half-spoonful each, of salt and mustard, and a *very* little cayenne; a liberal half cupful of vinegar.

Heat the vinegar and pour upon the yolks, sugar, butter and seasoning, well beaten together; wet the corn-starch with water, and stir into the mixture; cook all, stirring constantly, two minutes, or until it thickens, then, whip with a silver fork into the potato salad. Set aside until very cold.

LEMON CREAM TOAST.

Rounds of stale baker's bread, crustless, and cut with the top of a baking-powder box or a tin cake-cutter; one pint of milk; half a cup of sugar; three eggs; grated peel of half a lemon; three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour.

Make a thin batter of the milk, eggs, sugar and flour, season with lemon-peel, dip each round of bread in this, coating both sides, and fry in boiling lard; heap on a hot platter, spreading each piece

with a sauce made by whipping a cup of powdered sugar to a cream with the juice of a large lemon and a tablespoonful of warmed butter. Pass cocoa-theta with it.

DINNER.

Fish Bisque <i>Maigre</i> .	Fricasseed Rabbits.
Potato Croquettes.	Baked Cauliflower.
Peach Pudding	Peach Sauce.
Fruit.	Coffee.

FISH BISQUE MAIGRE.

Three pounds of black bass, halibut or any other fine white fish; half an onion; three stalks of celery; a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; two quarts of boiling water; one cupful of cracker crumbs; a cupful of milk; two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt; six Boston crackers.

Cut the fish into inch-square pieces, and put over the fire with the onion, celery and boiling water. Cook until the fish is tender; take out the pieces with a skimmer; remove the bones, and chop the fish fine. Strain the liquor left in the pot, and return to the fire with the minced fish, parsley and crumbs. Season judiciously; stir to a gentle boil; add the butter, and lastly the milk, which should have been scalding hot in another vessel. Simmer one minute, and pour upon the split crackers, these having been soaked in hot milk, salted, peppered and buttered, and arranged as a lining to the tureen. This soup is delicious.

FRICASSEED BROILERS.

Clean carefully and joint a pair of broiling chickens; roll each piece in salted flour, and put in a saucepan, in which are simmering

two tablespoonfuls of clarified dripping, and one of butter; add a teaspoonful of chopped onion and shake over the fire until the meat is browned lightly; pour in a cupful of boiling water, season with parsley, pepper, salt, and a pinch of cloves; cover closely, and cook slowly until tender. Take up the meat and keep in a hot chafing-dish; strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, boil up sharply, add the juice of a lemon and a glass of claret; pour upon the chickens, and let all stand over hot water five minutes before sending to table. The fricassee is improved by the addition to the gravy of a can of mushrooms.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

Boil a dozen potatoes, rub them through a colander, or whip them light with two forks; work in, while hot, a tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of hot milk, a little salt and pepper; stir in a saucepan until smoking hot, beat in two eggs, and continue to beat until you have a smooth mass, boiling hot; turn out on a dish, and let it get cold; flour your hands, make the mixture into croquettes and roll in beaten egg, then in cracker-crumbs; fry in plenty of hot lard. Drain off the fat and serve.

BAKED CAULIFLOWER.

Boil tender, but not until it breaks; split down the middle with a sharp knife; lay the cut sides downward in a bake-dish; pour over and about it a large cupful of drawn butter, sift fine crumbs on top, and set it in the oven until it begins to brown. Serve in the bake-dish. Pass vinegar, or cut lemon with it.

PEACH PUDDING.

Peel and stone a dozen fine peaches; strew thickly with sugar, and set in a cold place for an hour. Make a batter of a quart of

milk, two cups (even ones) of prepared flour, four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted lard, and half a teaspoonful of salt, beat the eggs light, add the milk, the lard, salt, flour, and whip together for a minute; drain and wipe the peaches and lay them in a buttered pudding-dish, pour the batter over them, and bake, covered, forty-five minutes in a steady oven, then brown lightly.

PEACH SAUCE.

Strain the liquor drained from the peaches, and heat it; sweeten with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir until hot and clear; add a tablespoonful of butter, a glass of brandy and a pinch of cinnamon. Simmer one minute, and pour into a boat.

NO. 24.

BREAKFAST.

English Oatmeal Porridge.

Beef Sausages.

Raised Muffins.

Stewed Potatoes.

Brown and White Bread.

Tea.

Coffee.

Fruit.

ENGLISH OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

Wet one cup of oatmeal and a teaspoonful of salt into a paste with cold water, and stir into a quart of boiling water; put into a farina-kettle; fill the outer vessel with boiling water, and set at one side of the range when you go to bed, and the fire is low; stir well before leaving it, and again before setting it over the fire in the morning. Do not put a spoon in it again, but cook for more than an hour before dishing.

BEEF SAUSAGES.

Chop a tough or coarse "steak-piece" fine, or get your butcher to do it for you ; season with a little powdered thyme, salt, pepper, a very little mustard, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a pinch of grated lemon peel ; make into round, flat cakes, roll in flour, and fry in a little hot dripping or butter, turning as they brown. Drain, and serve hot.

RAISED MUFFINS (without eggs).

Two cups of milk ; a teaspoonful of lard or butter ; three cups of flour ; half a yeast cake ; a teaspoonful of salt sifted with the flour.

Heat the milk ; stir in the shortening, and when blood-warm add half the flour, and beat hard for three minutes ; let it rise in a moderately warm place all night ; in the morning, work in the rest of the flour and the salt ; make into balls and let it rise in greased muffin-rings, set on a floured board. When light, slip a cake-turner under each and transfer to a hot griddle well greased. Turn, when the under side is done. Eat warm, pulling them open to butter them.

LUNCHEON.

Scalloped Eggs.	Fried Sweet Potatoes.
Bread.	Butter. Pickles.
Cold Meat.	Warm Jelly Cake. Tea.

SCALLOPED EGGS.

Six eggs ; one cup of milk ; a tablespoonful of butter ; two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch ; pepper ; salt ; crumbs.

Boil the eggs hard and throw them into cold water ; peel off shells and skin, when cold, chop the whites very fine and rub the yolks to powder ; heat the milk to boiling, stir in the butter, cut up in the corn-starch ; stir until they begin to thicken, then, add the minced whites and seasoning ; drop bits of butter on them, pepper and salt, and cover with a layer of the powdered yolks ; next, comes a stratum of the whites and drawn butter, and a final crust of the crumbs, salted, peppered, and buttered. Bake, covered, twenty minutes, brown slightly, and serve in a pie dish.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.

Peel parboiled sweet potatoes while hot, slice, and let them get cold ; salt and pepper them, and fry to a nice brown in hot dripping, turning as the under side browns ; take up as fast as they are done, and, shaking off the fat, lay on a heated dish ; serve hot. A nice way of disposing of potatoes left over from yesterday's dinner. In this case, slice while warm.

WARM JELLY CAKES.

Three cups of prepared flour ; three eggs ; three-quarters of a cup of butter ; two cups of sugar ; a generous half-cup of milk ; one cup of apple, peach, or other sweet jelly ; cream, butter and sugar ; add the beaten yolks, the milk, then, the flour and whites alternately ; bake in jelly cake tins, and, while still warm, spread with the jelly, and serve. Pass tea or chocolate with it.

DINNER.

Beef and Sago Soup.	Cod and Macaroni.
Liver, <i>a la Jardiniere</i> .	Stewed Celery (brown).
Potato Croquettes.	Hedgehog Pudding.
Coffee.	Fruit.

BEEF AND SAGO SOUP.

Three pounds of coarse beef minced fine ; three quarts of cold water ; one tablespoonful of minced onion ; half a cup of German sago, soaked for two hours in a cup of cold water ; salt and pepper to taste.

Put beef, onion and water on together, and cook gently four hours, and until the liquid is reduced to two quarts ; season, and set aside until next day ; skim off the fat, strain through a coarse cloth ; put the stock back over the fire, and, when it boils, throw in the white and shell of an egg ; boil slowly five minutes ; strain again without squeezing, return to the fire with the soaked sago, and simmer fifteen minutes.

COD AND MACARONI.

Half-pound of macaroni ; three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese ; one cupful of cold boiled cod (fresh), minced fine ; one cupful of warm milk ; one great spoonful of butter, cut up in one of prepared flour ; salt and dust of cayenne.

Break the macaroni into inch lengths, and boil in salted water until clear, but not broken. While it is boiling, heat the milk, stir in the floured butter, pepper, salt and cheese. As it thickens, add the minced fish, lastly the macaroni, drained, and turn into a deep dish. Let it stand in hot water five minutes before sending to table. Make a separate course of it.

LIVER *a la Jardiniere*.

Wash the liver, and lay it whole in cold salt-and-water for one hour ; lard it then, diagonally, with strips of fat salt pork projecting on each side ; slice, and cut into dice one carrot, half an onion, two roots of oyster plant, and one turnip. Parboil them for ten minutes, drain, and throw into cold water until cooled ; drain again,

cover the bottom of a broad pot with them, and lay the liver on them; pour in two cupfuls of cold water, cover closely, and cook very slowly—turning the liver once—for three hours. Take up the liver, and lay it on a hot platter; then, the vegetables with a skimmer, shaking off the grease, and put about the base of the liver. Strain the gravy left in the pot, thicken with browned flour; boil up, season with lemon juice and catsup, and pour some over the liver, most of it into a gravy-boat.

STEWED CELERY (brown).

Scrape the stalks of a bunch of celery, cut into inch-lengths and cook tender in a cup of soup-stock or gravy, diluted and strained; heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and stir into it a tablespoonful or so of browned flour until you have a smooth *roux*. Drain the celery, add the liquor (strained) to that in the frying-pan, season with pepper and salt, boil up, and pour over the celery in a deep dish.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

Two cups of smoothly mashed potatoes; one egg beaten light; half cup of milk; one teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt.

Beat all together until light, stir in a saucepan until hot and stiffened. Turn out upon a flat dish to get cold. Form it into croquettes, roll in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs, and fry in hot dripping. Drain from the fat in a split spoon and arrange on a hot platter.

HEDGEHOG PUDDING.

Two cups of milk; three eggs; half cup of sugar; quarter pound of citron; one cup of wine; one glass of brandy; one "brick" sponge cake.

Cut the citron into strips an inch long, and perhaps a sixteenth of an inch thick, and stick in regular rows along the top of the cake. Some hours before dinner pour over it, as it lies on the platter, or in a long glass dish, the wine, then the brandy; make a custard of the sugar, yolks-and-milk; cook, until it begins to thicken, and while lukewarm, pour over the cake; when quite cold, heap a meringue, made by whipping the whites stiff with a little powdered sugar, on the custard, leaving the bristly back of the "hedgehog" in sight.

No. 25.

BREAKFAST.

Wheaten Grits.	Breakfast Bacon.	Boiled Eggs.
Waffles.	Cold Bread.	Fruit.
Tea.	Coffee.	

WHEATEN GRITS.

A recipe for the preparation of this cereal may be found in No. 2 Spring.

BREAKFAST BACON.

Boneless breakfast bacon, usually dubbed "English" by courtesy, is for sale at every grocer's. It is an inevitable adjunct of the English breakfast, and a valuable appetizer. "Ferris'" is an excellent brand.

Slice it smooth and thin, and fry in its own fat until clear and "ruffled" at the edges. What some people call "crisp bacon," is overdone and ruined. Drain off the fat, and serve dry on a hot dish.

BOILED EGGS.

Wash and lay in warm—*not* hot—water until you are ready to put them on the breakfast-table. Have then ready in an egg-boiler or other vessel, water that is *actually* on the boil. Change the eggs into it, and instantly extinguish the spirit-lamp beneath, or take from the fire. Cover the vessel closely, and wrap a thick cloth about it to keep in the heat. Leave the eggs in the water six minutes, then transfer to cups or glasses. Eggs cooked thus are of uniform softness throughout, and far more wholesome than when boiled fast, long enough to cook the whites into indigestible toughness, leaving the yolks liquid. Eat from the shell once, and you will never again prefer to empty them into glasses.

 WAFFLES.

One quart of milk ; one quart of sifted flour, in which is mixed one even teaspoonful of fine salt ; three tablespoonfuls of melted butter ; half a yeast-cake dissolved in warm water ; two eggs ; one teaspoonful of sugar.

Sift flour, salt and sugar into a bowl, make a hole in the middle, and pour in the milk and butter. Work down the flour from the sides until all is smoothly mixed in, then add the yeast beaten in thoroughly. Set to rise over night ; early in the morning put in the beaten eggs, whip hard, and let the batter rise half an hour longer, before baking it in well-greased waffle-irons.

 LUNCHEON.

Beef Loaf.	Sardines on Toast.
Cold Bread.	Crackers.
Cocoanut Cake.	Cheese.
	Tea.

BEEF LOAF.

Chop very fine, or have your butcher mince two pounds of coarse lean beef. Season spicily with pepper, salt, nutmeg, summer savory, or sweet marjoram, and a cautious sprinkling of minced onion. Beat two eggs light and beat up with the mass. Press hard into a bowl; fit a saucer or plate (inverted) upon the meat and set in a dripping-pan of boiling water to cook slowly for an hour and a quarter. Lay a weight on the surface when it is done, and let it get perfectly cold before turning out. Cut in perpendicular slices.

SARDINES ON TOAST.

Take the sardines from the box, lay on soft paper to absorb the fat, pressing another sheet of paper on them. Have triangles of delicately browned and buttered toast on a dish; lay a sardine on each, and garnish with sliced lemon.

COCOANUT CAKE.

Two cups of prepared flour; one heaping cup of powdered sugar; half a cup of butter; half a cup of milk; three eggs; one grated cocoanut, mixed with a cupful of powdered sugar, and left to stand two hours.

Rub butter and sugar to a cream; stir in the beaten yolks, the milk, then the frothed whites and the flour. Bake in jelly cake tins; spread the cocoanut and sugar between the layers and on top.

DINNER.

Lobster Chowder. Braised Veal. Potato Hillocks.

Stewed Tomato. Indian Meal Pudding.

Fruit. Coffee.

LOBSTER CHOWDER.

Meat of one fine lobster, picked out from the shell, and cut into bits; one quart of milk; six Boston crackers, split and buttered; one even teaspoonful of salt; one scant quarter-teaspoonful of cayenne; two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of prepared flour; a pinch of soda in the milk.

Scald the milk, and stir in seasoning, butter and flour; cook one minute; add the lobster, and simmer five minutes. Line a tureen with the toasted and buttered crackers, dipping each quickly in boiling water before putting it in place, and pour in the chowder. Send around sliced lemon with it.

BRAISED VEAL.

Chop a half-pound of fat salt pork fine, and put half of it in the bottom of a broad pot; sprinkle it with minced onion, sweet herbs, and a teaspoonful of chopped carrot. Lay a breast of veal on this bed, and cover it with a similar layer. Pour in carefully a quart of weak broth, if you have it. If not, cold water; season with pepper and salt. Fit a tight lid on the top and set it where it cook slowly—very slowly—for two hours at least. Now take up the meat, rub butter all over it, and dredge thickly with browned flour. Put it into a dripping-pan, strain the gravy from the pot into this, not pouring it on the meat, and bake half an hour in a good oven, basting every five minutes with the gravy. Transfer the veal to a hot dish, thicken the gravy in the pan with browned flour wet with cold water; boil up, and serve in a boat.

POTATO HILLOCKS.

Whip boiled potatoes light with a little butter and milk, and season with salt and pepper. Beat in a raw egg to bind the mix-

ture, shape into small conical heaps ; set in a greased pan, and as they brown, glaze with the butter. The oven must be very hot. Slip a cake turner under each hillock, and transfer to a hot platter.

STEWED TOMATO.

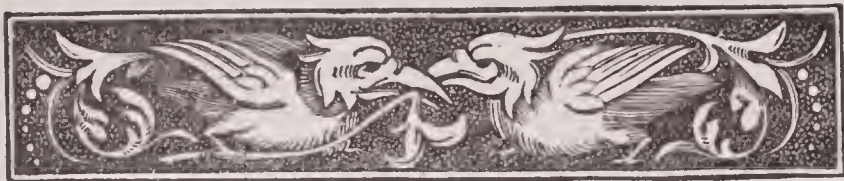
One dozen ripe tomatoes ; one tablespoonful of butter ; one tablespoonful of sugar ; salt and pepper to taste.

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skins. Peel, cut into quarters, and stew for twenty minutes. Add butter, sugar, salt and pepper, and leave them on the fire for twenty minutes longer. Turn into a deep vegetable dish.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.

One cup of yellow Indian meal ; one quart and a cupful of milk ; three eggs ; half a cup of molasses ; one generous tablespoonful of butter ; one teaspoonful of salt ; one pint of boiling water ; half teaspoonful each, of cinnamon and mace.

Scald the salted meal with the water. Heat the milk in a farina kettle ; stir in the scalded meal and boil, stirring often, for half an hour. Beat the eggs light, put in the butter-and-molasses stirred together until they are several shades lighter than at first, add the spice, lastly, the batter from the farina kettle, beaten in, a little at a time, until all the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated. Grease a pudding-dish, pour in the mixture and bake, covered, in a steady oven three-quarters of an hour. Remove the lid and brown. This is the genuine, old-fashioned New England "Indian" pudding. Eat with sauce, or with cream and sugar. It is very nice.



THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

IT became apparent by the time the last month of our nominal American spring was half-gone, that the year of which I write was to be cursed by a full "fly season." One week of unseasonably warm weather brought the buzzing horde out in force from the mysterious corners into which the dear old clean-out-of-fashion-and-out-of-mind "*Cobwebs to catch flies*" used to tell us, the harmless little fly "crept to sleep all winter." In our home, we burn the contents of our dust-pans, and, as winter shows signs of abdicating in favor of beauteous spring, we redouble our zeal in sweeping rooms and suspicious examination of carpet edges. Rugs are shaken harder and oftener, closets inspected, and their contents sifted rigorously. The dogma that with the fluff collected by the broom go into the fire the eggs of house-flies, the larvæ of moths, etc., is held in cheerful sincerity of belief. Not that we—or any of our acquaintances—ever saw a house-fly egg (*genus Musca*). But, reasoning from analogy, we assume that this is the Muscan method of reproduction illimitable, of maddening multiplication.

In this fateful year, Tyndall's fascinating treatise on "Dust and Disease" had been read in our home circle, and, as a consequence, a mild craze on the subject of bacteria and infusoria possessed most of us. Spontaneous generation was demonstrated by our author to be an exploded myth.

Upon housewifely fidelity depended the health and comfort of the family. Where no dust was, disease-germs were *nil*. When our round of exploration was ended, we hugged ourselves in the conviction that not a loophole remained unguarded.

The hot spell in May awoke us rudely from our dream of security. If frogs had hopped into our kneading-troughs, or hailstones and fire that ran along the ground swept our thoroughfares, we could hardly have been more confounded than by ocular proof that *Musca ova* by the tens of thousands had lain untouched by broom or duster in more-than-ever mysterious "corners," and had awakened at the call of the south-wind along with violets, tulips and spring bonnets. Disdainful of larvæ and polywog precedent, each of the myriads, for all we could see to the contrary, was hatched full grown, with more than the regular number of legs, and a "staying power" of voracity that would have done credit to a condor.

They descended and ascended upon us, terrible as an army with banners and bagpipes. Their hum above our tables, their titillating touch upon our noses and lips in what we could not call "sleeping-rooms" after daylight—were tease and torment; the foray of legions in the kitchen was disgust and desperation.

Flies and dirt—seen or unseen—are too closely joined together in the housekeeper's mind to be put asunder while reason endures. The domestic brigade sprang to arms. Fly-doors were hung in all the portals that opened into the outer world; wire-screens fitted into every window; rooms that always have been clean, were subjected to such scouring and brushing and burnishing as raised them above hypercritical suspicion; cool dusks reigned throughout the house while the sun was above the horizon. Each morning, the brigade, armed with palm-leaf fans and damp towels, charged upon the winged battalions, beat out all that could be expelled from the fort, then massacred the stragglers. Each day, forgetful of past

disappointment, we panted that at last victory had perched upon our dusters. In half an hour, into library, sewing-room, most of all, kitchen and dining-room, stole the shrill droning of a hundred tiny bagpipes, the slogan of a reconstructed host. We had met the enemy and were, as usual, theirs.

The balloon-shaped fly-trap, made of wire netting, set above a saucer containing a seductive mixture of treacle and pepper, slew its thousands. We gave them the benefit of no probability of actual decease, but cremated the mass, animate and inanimate, "in one red burial blent" in the kitchen grate. Drowned flies, buried flies, flies that have been stunned and crushed, come to life. The tenacity with which they hold to a vampire-like existence is as miraculous as their incubation in "corners" nobody ever finds. They are never fairly dead except in the shape of coal-ashes.

The clock-work fly-trap revolved by day and by night, and slew its ten thousands, until it seemed as if the number consumed must make an appreciative difference in the quantity of fuel used *per diem*.

And still the buzz and tickling and swarming went on. We inhaled no air save such as was strained through reticulated wire, but the mustering of the *Musca* myriad was as if the filtered element had taken visible and auricular life. The plague was phenomenal. Where did they come from? What did their appearance and sojourn portend? We were ashamed with a humiliation every properly-trained housewife will comprehend. But for the danger to surrounding buildings, it is possible that we might have lent obedient heed to the proposition of the chief of our clan, and burned down the house to get rid of the flies.

To us, in extremity, drifted a newspaper-scrap which was neither official nor judicial. Somebody picked it up somewhere. A drowning man would have caught at it, as we did, had it bobbed at him

from the crest of the wave. It was not quite explicit in the directions it conveyed, but we got at the meaning of the extract and put it into practice as follows: We had Persian insect powder in the house, also the implement, in shape like a big hunting-watch, with a small pipe let into one side, with which we had projected the yellow dust into corners where might lurk the eggs or pupæ of moths. This we charged to the nozzle. That night, the kitchen and dining-room were cleared of such small articles as would have to be washed if the powder fell on them; windows and doors were made fast, and an operator, standing in the middle of the floor, worked the spring-top of the round case that expelled the powder, throwing it upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, toward every corner and side of the apartment. We used a boxful in each room, then half as much on each succeeding occasion. The rooms were not entered again until morning.

Cook declared that she swept up "a full pint of the little bastes." The waitress did not measure her trophies, but reported that floor and furniture were strewn with bodies. It was a miniature edition of the destruction of Sennacherib by an unseen agent. To make sure that our foes were like his army, all dead corpses, we consigned them without delay to the crematory.

This was done on Saturday night; an ineffable peace reigned over our Sunday breakfast.

"It is too good to be true!" said one. "I am reverently thankful. I have felt for weeks as if the shadow of Moses' rod rested on our house."

Another:—"The marvel is that Pharaoh hardened his heart again. I have less respect for his common sense than ever before."

Still another:—"Our text runs in my mind continually:—'They did take their food with gladness and singleness of heart.'"

Toward evening, the vanquished leaders sent in scouts, few in number, and wary, to reconnoiter the battlefield. A repetition of the experiment of the preceding evening left not one to carry the tale.

If I have told it lightly, it is not because the infliction was not grievous, and the deliverance welcome beyond expression. Since then, we have held our own successfully in the height of "fly-time." In very hot weather the powder is used every night for a week or two at a time ; in ordinary circumstances, and by observing common precaution in the matter of screen-doors and darkened rooms, twice or three times a week suffice to keep the premises clear. While the remedy leaves no trace of its recent presence to sight or smell, after the floor is swept and the furniture dusted, we have not thought it prudent to use it in bed-chambers. But we have learned that kitchen and dining-room are the enemy's headquarters, and that heroic measures here cut off supplies from the upper part of the house.

I shall esteem myself happy if this humble sketch may be the means of extending the knowledge of a device so simple, yet so efficacious, in abating one of the most annoying of minor nuisances of daily life in summer weather.





THE DINNER-PAIL.

WHILE sitting on the piazza of a house in a New England town two or three years ago, a mirthful caprice moved me to count what the young people about me named the "pail-brigade." A few minutes after six o'clock, the pleasant street was the thoroughfare to the upper suburbs for many of the operatives in a large down-town factory. Out of 150 of these, 140 carried dinner-pails, 7, baskets, and 3 were empty-handed. The question was then suggested and discussed as to the superior convenience of the close, airless pail over the basket for conveyance of a cold lunch.

What is known as the "picnic basket" is heavy and costly. Otherwise, the neat service of plate and china stowed away in sockets made fast to the sides and top, would soon drive the unsightly tin vessel from the field. A stout willow basket of convenient size, with straight sides and a well-fitted cover, can be made as commodious by the exercise of a little feminine ingenuity. Let inch-wide strips of linen, doubled and stiched at the edges, be tacked in loops on the inside, with white flax thread that will be scarcely visible on the exterior. In these keep knives, forks, spoons, pepper and salt cruets, and napkins. Lay a folded napkin in the bottom, another over all, when the provisions are packed in the interior; tie the top in place with a bright ribbon or braid, and

you have what, while it is really a pannier (from the Latin *panis*—bread), might be a pretty hamper of fruit and flowers, such as an opulent householder would be willing to carry to a neighbor. Dr. Holland's celebrated essay on *The Little Tin Pail*, may do much to modify the essential commonness of the utensil to those who have read it. But it is not false pride that makes a man unwilling to proclaim to the street-car and sidewalk public: "I am taking my dinner with me to my shop or factory." The editor does not care to wear his pen behind his ear abroad, nor the clergyman his gown and bands. Good taste avoids the "shoppy" flavor in places of general resort.

The actual drawbacks of the "little tin pail" outweigh the æsthetic objections. Fresh bread becomes sodden, pastry heavy, and the most strongly flavored edible wins the day to the extent of steeping all the contents of the vessel in its own odor by dinner-time. To this are superadded the smell and taste of the unventilated chamber, large or small, in which provisions are kept.

Before offering recipes for some of the scores of dainty lunches, neither expensive nor difficult of preparation, with which the monotony of the mid-day meal may be varied, let me enter a plea for the stomach of a tired man whose appetite has been dulled by mechanical, in-door toil. He needs a more cunning caterer than does he whom fresh air and the fragrance of growing things provide with sauce for his daily saleratus biscuit and fat salt pork.

You cannot tempt the artisan with the revelation of hot roast, fricassees, and warm vegetables, as he opens pail or hamper, but neither need you give him every day slices of cold meat, packed between bread and butter "hunks," with pickles and pie as after-courses. Keep on hand tissue-paper in which to wrap his sandwiches; save up candy and Christmas-boxes for cake; buy fanciful

(and cheap) flasks and cruets for condiments. See that he has a clean napkin daily—not a cere-cloth in which the dead smell of yesterday's lunch is enfolded. In hot weather, tell him to buy ice at noon for the bottle of sugared tea or *café au lait* you have put in cold, lest the warmth should melt butter and soften meat.

THE SANDWICH FAMILY is most useful and popular when the business of the hour is the preparation of a portable lunch. The general directions for sandwich manufacture are the same in all cases. Butter the end of the loaf smoothly, slice thin with a keen knife, and pare off the crust. Cut in triangles, or in long, narrow strips, or give the full size of the loaf-slice, as you like. Lay the filling thickly on the buttered side of one piece, and press the fellow, buttered side inward, gently upon it. Make all into uniform shape and dimensions, that you may pile them into a neat parcel.

HAM SANDWICHES.

Chop the meat, lean and fat, fine; season with pepper, and if agreeable, a very little mustard. The yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs, minced and worked in with the meat, make a pleasant change.

CHEESE AND EGG SANDWICHES.

Grate the cheese, and to each cupful add the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, minced fine; rub to a paste with a teaspoonful of butter, season to taste with salt and pepper, and spread between buttered bread or crackers. These are nice made of graham bread.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.

Wash the oil from a dozen sardines, wipe them dry, take out the back-bones, and scrape with a knife and fork to a paste; season with pepper and lemon-juice, and lay between buttered slices of bread.

BACON AND MUTTON SANDWICHES.

Fry slices of breakfast-bacon in their own fat, and let them get cold ; slice cold mutton, lamb or veal thin, pepper lightly, and lay on a buttered slice of bread ; on the meat one or two bits of bacon, and cover with the fellow-slice of bread and butter. Proceed thus until all the materials are used up.

CRACKER AND ANCHOVY SANDWICHES.

These are rather an "appetizer," than substantial food. Toast split Boston crackers or whole "snow-flakes" lightly ; butter while hot, and when cool, spread with anchovy paste. Put together of course, with the butter and paste inside.

DEVEILED EGGS.

Boil six eggs hard and throw them into cold water. Divide into halves cut crosswise, take out the yolks and rub to a paste with a generous teaspoonful of butter. Season with pepper, salt and a suspicion of mustard.

Mold into balls the size and shape of the abstracted yolks, put back into the hollowed whites, fit the halves neatly together and roll each egg up in tissue paper, as you would a bon-bon, twisting the paper at the ends. If you wish to make the *entree* ornamental, fringe the squares of paper before enveloping the eggs. They are yet more savory if you have some minced giblets (boiled and cold) to mix with the yolks, and a little gravy with which to moisten the paste.

CHICKEN SALAD.

A can of boned chicken will make enough for two days. Mince coarsely, season with pepper and salt, and pack into a small bowl

or cup. In another, put some crisp lettuce-leaves with a small lump of ice, tie a piece of cloth over the top, paper over this, and set securely in the bottom of the basket. Pour a few spoonfuls of Durkee's incomparable salad-dressing into a wide-mouthed phial, and cork it. With this, send thin slices of buttered bread, and instruct your John to drain the lettuce at lunch-time, and after lining the bowl with the leaves, to put the chicken on them, and pour the dressing upon the chicken.

GALANTINE.

A recipe for this was given in No. 5 SPRING. It is spicily tempting to a hungry man, easily made, and keeps well.

FRUIT.

Instead of the blunt triangle of leathery pie which will emerge from nineteen out of twenty dinner pails opened by his comrades, provide John with fresh fruit in its season.

Oranges, bananas and grapes cost no more than pie; apples, berries, and, in summer, peaches, less, when the original price is counted. If we estimate the ruin wrought upon digestion by pastry and doughnuts, we are ready to affirm that he could better afford hot-house fruits at their dearest, than to satisfy the cravings of nature with these home-made "delicacies."

BREAD.

Do not butter bread or biscuits while hot, for John's luncheon, or put them in his pail or (basket) until they are quite cold. Always give him crackers and cheese to aid digestion and "top-off" the repast.

PICKLED OYSTERS,

in their season, are not an expensive article of diet. A quart at forty cents, put up by yourself in ten minutes' time, at a cost of perhaps five cents for vinegar and spices, will make a couple of delightful lunches, with what the French call "bread at discretion," and for dessert, a couple of baked apples, with or without sugar and cream.





AUTUMN BILLS OF FARE.

No. 26.

BREAKFAST.

Wheaten Grits.

Mutton Chops and Mashed Potatoes. Egg-Gems.

Cold Bread. Toast.

Oranges. Coffee. Chocolate.

MUTTON CHOPS.

If your butcher has not trimmed the chops into shape, removing the skin and most of the fat, do it yourself; then flatten them with the broad side of a hatchet. Broil quickly and carefully over a clear fire, lifting the gridiron when there is danger of burning. Have ready the block-tin platter of a chafing-dish, heaped in the middle with mashed potatoes, which have been worked light with butter and milk. About this mound arrange the chops, the large ends downward, the small ones inclining toward the summit of the hillock. Pass currant-jelly with them.

EGG-GEMS.

Four eggs ; four cups of prepared flour ; two cups of milk ; one tablespoonful of butter chopped into the flour ; one teaspoonful of salt sifted with the flour. Whip the yolks thick and smooth, add the milk, the whites, finally the flour, stirred in quickly and hard ; half fill heated gem-pans with the batter, and bake in a quick oven. Send to table as soon as they are done.

LUNCHEON.

Stewed Lobster.

Toasted Crackers.

Saratoga Potatoes.

Bread and Butter.

Apple Pyramid.

Light Cakes.

STEWED LOBSTER.

One can of lobster ; one cup of good broth, cleared of fat, and strained through a cloth ; half a cup of milk ; juice of a lemon ; two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of flour ; cayenne pepper and salt.

Open the can early in the day, emptying the contents into a bowl, and setting this in a cold place. Cut the meat into clean dice, heat the broth, seasoned in a saucepan, and, as it boils, lay in the lobster ; cook ten minutes gently, add the lemon, and cover at the side of the range for five minutes. Have the milk hot in a farina-kettle, stir it into the floured butter, and cook three minutes. Pour the lobster into a deep dish, then, carefully, mixing in well, the scalding thickened milk, and serve.

TOASTED CRACKERS.

Toast split Boston, or whole snowflake crackers quickly and lightly on both sides, butter while hot and pass with the lobster. Also, lemon cut into eighths.

SARATOGA POTATOES.

If you have not time to fry these yourself, buy them fresh from your grocer. When good, they are really nice. When bad, few things more detestable find their way to the tables of civilized people. Heat them quickly in the oven and take them out before they are brown. Send to table in a deep dish lined with a hot napkin.

APPLE PYRAMID.

Pare, halve and core a dozen fine tart apples, dropping into cold water as you pare them. Have ready in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a cupful of granulated sugar, the strained juice of two lemons and a blade of mace. Lay the apples in this, coating each piece with the mixture. Cover closely and set in a vessel of hot water, which bring to a slow boil. Leave the apples on until they are tender and clear; take out with care not to break them; pile them in the form of a cone on a stone china dish; cover with a meringue made by frothing the whites of four eggs, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour the syrup around the base and set in the oven to color lightly. Eat cold with light cakes.

DINNER.

Turnip Purée.

Boiled Corned Beef.

Creamed Onions.

Tomatoes and Corn.

Batter Pudding.

Cream Sauce.

Fruit. Coffee.

TURNIP PUREE.

When the corned beef is half done dip out a quart of the liquor, cool and skim, and strain it through a thick cloth. Set it over the fire with a dozen turnips (white), pared and sliced; half of a small onion, chopped; a stalk of celery, and boil until soft. Rub through a colander back into the liquor; season with pepper and a handful of minced parsley, and return to the fire with two tablespoonfuls of butter cut up in as much flour. Heat in another vessel half a cupful of milk, with a bit of soda not larger than a pea. When the purée has cooked three minutes, stir in the milk and pour into the tureen.

BOILED CORNED BEEF.

Let the beef lie in cold water for two hours to draw out the salt. Cover it then with plenty of boiling water, and cook fast for fifteen minutes. At this point, arrest the boil by pouring in a pint of cold water. The advantage of this process is to form a band of cooked flesh about the piece to be boiled which will keep in the juices. Henceforward, let the boiling be steady and slow, allowing fifteen minutes for each pound. When done, lift the pot from the fire, and even if the beef is to be served hot, let it stand in the liquor for ten minutes before dishing it. If you prefer it cold, leave it still longer, and on taking it out, lay a large dish or plate on top, with a couple of flat irons or other heavy articles to press it, not removing them until the meat is cold and stiff. This should be done after dinner when it is served hot. Send drawn butter in with hot corned beef; also horse-radish.

CREAMED ONIONS.

Boil the onions in two waters—hot—putting a little salt in the second. If they are full grown they will require at least an hour

and a half to cook them tender. Drain, and pack them in a bake-dish; pour a cupful of drawn butter, in which milk is used instead of water, over them, sprinkle with fine crumbs, pepper and salt lightly, and bake, covered, fifteen minutes, then brown. There is no nicer way of cooking ripe onions than this.

TOMATOES AND CORN.

Open a can of corn and one of tomatoes early in the day, and empty half the contents of each into a bowl, and leave it, uncovered, in a cold place, until you are ready to cook it. Put tomatoes and corn into a saucepan, and stew gently for twenty minutes. After it boils, add a teaspoonful of sugar, half as much salt, and a quarter as much pepper, with a tablespoonful of butter; cook five minutes longer, and serve in a deep dish.

BATTER PUDDING.

Two even cups of Hecker's prepared flour; two cups of milk; four eggs; a quarter teaspoonful of salt.

Beat eggs very light, whites and yolks separately, add the milk and salt to the yolks, then whites and flour alternately, pour into a buttered mold, and boil or steam for two hours. Eat with cream sauce.

CREAM SAUCE.

One cup of sugar; yolks of two eggs; one-half cupful of milk; one tablespoonful of butter; one even teaspoonful of arrowroot; vanilla flavoring.

Heat the milk to boiling, stir in the arrowroot, wet up with cold milk, and add the butter. Pour this on the beaten yolks and sugar, return to the fire, and stir one minute, just long enough to heat the yolks, not to curdle them. Pour into a sauceboat, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and set in hot water (not boiling) until you are ready for it.

FRUIT.

It is a pretty custom in some families to have a dish of fruit tastefully arranged on the table at every meal. Finger bowls, with ornamental doilies between them and the fruit plates, are half filled with water and a silver knife laid on each plate, all on the buffet, in case they are called for at breakfast and lunch, and are set on the table after the dinner-sweets are removed. Nobody is obliged to partake of this course, but nearly everybody likes a taste of grateful fruit acid to remove the cloyment of puddings, pies, etc., from the tongue.

No. 27.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Porridge.

Beef Hash *au gratin*.

Barbara's Griddle Cakes.

Baked Potatoes.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

BEEF HASH *au gratin*.

Chop cold boiled or roast beef quite fine, removing all the string and bits of tough skin; salt and pepper it, and mix with one-half

as much mashed (lumpless) potatoes as you have meat. Put a cup of good gravy and half a teaspoonful of mustard into a frying-pan with half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. If you have no gravy, substitute a cup of boiling water and a good spoonful of butter, seasoned as above. When the gravy boils, put in the meat and potatoes; toss and stir until it is very hot, and bubbles all over. Turn out upon a stone-china dish or the block-tin platter of your chafing-dish, strew thickly with fine crumbs, and brown lightly on the upper grating of your oven. Serve in the dish.

BARBARA'S GRIDDLE CAKES.

Two cups of Indian meal; one cup of flour; three eggs; half a teaspoonful of salt; one tablespoonful of lard, and the same of molasses; three cups of milk; half a teaspoonful of soda.

Wet the meal into a good mush with *boiling* water; cook in a farina-kettle for an hour, stirring often; turn out and beat it smooth. Do this over night. In the morning beat in the melted lard, the molasses, the eggs, the milk, at last the flour, sifted twice with the salt and soda. Beat up well and bake on a greased griddle.

BAKED POTATOES.

Select large, fine sweet, or Irish potatoes; wash them and bake in their skins in a steady oven until soft, turning them often as they cook. Send to table wrapped in a napkin.

LUNCHEON.

Oysters in Bed.

Fried Pigs' Feet.

Deviled Tomatoes.

Bread and Butter.

Crackers and Cheese.

Cafe au Lait Cake.

OYSTERS IN BED.

Cut off the top crust of a dozen stale rolls or biscuits, and scrape out the inside, leaving the sides and bottoms intact ; set them with the crusts laid beside them in a half-open oven to dry and heat. Cut four dozen oysters in halves ; put over the fire in their liquor to cook ; when they boil add the inside of the rolls, crumbed fine, a full tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, and half a cupful of hot milk ; cook three minutes longer ; butter the inside of the dried rolls, fill with the oyster-mixture, put on the crusts, and serve.

FRIED PIGS' FEET.

Boil them slowly in hot water, slightly salted, for three hours, or until tender. Take them out of the liquor when cold, not before, and lay in enough vinegar and water (half and half), to cover them for half a day : wipe ; rub with French mustard, pepper, and if needed, salt ; dip in beaten egg, then in crushed cracker, and fry in hot lard. Drain well and eat hot.

DEVILED TOMATOES.

Peel eight large, fair tomatoes and cut into thick slices. Put into a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of best salad oil, one tablespoonful of sugar, a quarter-tablespoonful each, of pepper, made mustard and salt. Bring quickly to a boil, and pour hot over the tomatoes. Send at once to table.

CAFÉ AU LAIT CAKE.

Three cups of prepared flour ; two cups of sugar ; four tablespoonfuls of butter creamed with the sugar ; four eggs ; one cup of milk ; rub butter and sugar to a cream, beat in the yolks, the milk, the whipped whites and flour by turns ; bake in jelly cake tins.

FILLING FOR CAKE.

One cup of milk and one of strong, clear coffee, strained ; one cup of sugar ; two eggs : two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch wet with milk ; scald the milk, add the sugar and corn-starch, and when these thicken well, the beaten eggs ; cook one minute, beat in the coffee and let the mixture get cold before spreading it between the cakes.

DINNER

Turnip Purée (*without meat*).

Baked Flounder Cutlets.

Larded Beef's Tongue.

Fried Oyster-Plant.

Celery *au gratin*.

Mashed Potatoes.

Marie's Pudding.

Liquid Sauce.

Coffee.

TURNIP PUREE.

A dozen large, white turnips ; three tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of flour ; a cup of hot milk ; pepper ; salt ; a stalk of celery ; two quarts of boiling water.

Peel and slice the turnips ; boil with the celery in salted water until soft ; rub through a colander back into the pot with the water in which they were cooked ; stir in seasoning and floured butter ; simmer ten minutes, add the hot milk, and turn into the tureen.

BAKED FLOUNDER CUTLETS.

Lay the fish flat on a dish, and make a deep cut over the backbone, which extract neatly ; divide the flounders into four pieces each ; have ready a cupful of skimmed and strained broth, made by

boiling a pound of fish in a pint of salted water, and when you have strained it, stirring in a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, lay the cutlets in a dripping pan, cover with this liquor and bake, covered, half an hour; sprinkle them with crumbs and brown quickly; remove the cutlets to a hot dish, strain the gravy, add the juice of half a lemon, boil up and pour into a boat.

LARDED BEEF'S TONGUE.

Boil a fresh, fine tongue one hour; lay in cold water at once to make it firm. When cold, pare off the skin, and lard it diagonally from side to side with strips of fat salt pork. Lay it, thus prepared, in a pan with half an onion, four or five cloves, a dozen peppercorns, and some minced parsley. Dash a large cupful of hot water over the tongue; cover closely and cook gently two hours, turning twice. Remove the cover, rub the tongue over with butter, dredge with flour, and brown. Lay on a dish, add a little hot water to the gravy, strain it, heat again, thicken with browned flour, stir in a tablespoonful of capers, boil up and pour into a boat.

FRIED OYSTER-PLANT.

Scrape the roots and cut them into pieces an inch and a half long, dropping them, as you do so, into ice-water, in which you have mixed a tablespoonful of vinegar. This will prevent discoloration. Now boil the pieces in hot, salted water for nearly an hour. Drain them and let them cool; dip each piece in a batter made by beating up an egg, putting with it half a cup of milk and three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, salted and peppered. Fry in hot lard, a few pieces at a time, drain off the fat and serve on a hot dish lined with tissue-paper, fringed at the ends. This vegetable cooked thus tastes very much like real fried oysters. Try it.

CELERY au Gratin.

Scrape, wash and cut the stalks into inch-lengths ; stew gently until tender in salted water ; drain this off, lay the celery in a bake dish, season with salt and pepper, cover with rich drawn butter, strew with fine crumbs, and brown lightly.

MARIE'S PUDDING.

Two cups of fine, dry crumbs ; half a cup of currants, washed and dried ; half a cup of raisins, seeded and chopped ; a quart of milk ; four eggs ; a cup of sugar ; a tablespoonful of butter.

Soak the crumbs in the milk, beat the eggs light with the sugar, and put in next the butter, melted, then the fruit *well* dredged with flour ; boil in a buttered mold two hours and a half ; dip for a moment in cold water, to loosen the pudding, and turn out ; eat with liquid sauce.

LIQUID SAUCE.

Pour a cupful of water into a saucepan, stir in a cupful of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and a good teaspoonful of arrowroot wet with cold water ; season with nutmeg, stir for two minutes after it boils, and add a glass of sherry. Send to table hot in a sauce-tureen.

NO. 28.

BREAKFAST.

Imperial Granum Porridge.

Stewed Eggs.

Risen Muffins.

Fried Potatoes.

Oranges and Bananas.

Tea.

Coffee.

IMPERIAL GRANUM PORRIDGE.

One cup of Imperial Granum; three cups of boiling water; one cup of hot milk; half a teaspoonful of salt.

Soak the granum in enough cold water to cover it well for four or five hours, or all night, if more convenient; in the morning put over the fire in the boiling water, with the salt; cook half an hour, stirring often; add the warm milk and stir hard and long; cook ten minutes; beat up well and pour out.

 STEWED EGGS.

Boil eight eggs hard and leave them in cold water until cold; take off the shells, slice them, and lay in a stone china or block tin dish; pour over them a well-seasoned gravy, thickened with browned flour; sift fine crumbs over all and brown in a quick oven. They are very savory if properly seasoned.

 RISEN MUFFINS.

A quart of flour; two tablespoonfuls of lard, or one of lard and one of butter; a pint of milk (a generous one), half a cup of yeast dissolved in half a cup of warm water; the yolks of three eggs; a teaspoonful of salt.

Sift the salt with the flour and rub the shortening through it, mix the egg and milk together, wet up the flour, add the yeast, beat hard and set to rise over night. In the morning half-fill muffin tins with batter; let it rise for half an hour, and bake.

 LUNCHEON.

Oysters scalloped with Mushrooms.	Fried Apples.
Mince of Potatoes and Corn.	Brown Bread and Butter.
Crackers.	Cheese.
Olives.	Jelly Roll.

OYSTERS SCALLOPED WITH MUSHROOMS.

A quart of oysters; half a can of mushrooms; a heaping tablespoonful of butter; pepper, salt and cracker-crumbs; a cup of rich milk; one beaten egg.

Lay a stratum of oysters in a buttered bake-dish, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle with chopped mushrooms; cover with crumbs wet with milk and dotted with butter; proceed in this order until the dish is full; the topmost layer should be quite moist with milk, in which an egg has been beaten, and seasoned well with pepper, salt and butter. Bake, covered, thirty minutes, then brown. Pass crackers and lemon with it.

FRIED APPLES.

Peel and cut into eighths, taking out the seeds and core carefully from each piece; heat some butter in a frying-pan; coat the apples lightly with flour, and fry to a pale brown; drain off the fat from each slice, sprinkle with sugar and pile on a hot dish; if you like, you may mix a little cinnamon with the sugar; use only tart apples for frying. Send around slices of buttered brown-bread with them.

MINCE OF POTATOES AND CORN.

Chop cold boiled potatoes into dice, drain off the liquor from half a can of corn, boil ten minutes in salted water, and let the corn cool; mix well with the potatoes, seasoning with pepper and salt. Put three or four tablespoonfuls of nice dripping in a frying-pan, and when it boils, stir in the corn and potatoes with a fork, tossing about until they are thoroughly heated. Serve in a hot, covered dish. Cold potatoes and stewed corn "left over," will do for this dish.

JELLY ROLL.

One and a-half cups of prepared flour; one cup of powdered sugar; four eggs; half cup of milk; one tablespoonful of butter; jelly.

Rub butter and sugar together, add the beaten yolks, the milk, then whipped whites and flour, lightly and quickly. Bake in a large buttered pan; turn out on a clean, damp cloth, spread with jelly, and roll up closely upon it.

 DINNER.

Lima Bean Soup.

Curried Chicken Pie.

Stewed Cabbage.

Fried Celery.

Potatoes Boiled Whole.

Sweet Potato Pie.

Fruit.

Coffee.

 LIMA BEAN SOUP.

Two quarts of soup stock; one quart of Lima beans; if dried, soak them all night, putting a bit of soda in the water; two eggs; half-cupful of corn meal scalded to a soft mush; two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley; pepper; salt; two stalks of celery; half an onion, sliced and fried to a nice brown in the butter or dripping.

The liquor in which corned beef was boiled will do nicely for the "stock." In that case, put no salt in the soup. Put all the ingredients except the eggs together in the soup-kettle and cook slowly until the beans are very soft; rub through a colander, season to taste, return to the soup pot, and when it boils, stir in the beaten eggs; pour into the tureen, lay on the surface some thin slices of lemon from which the peel has been cut, and serve.

CURRIED CHICKEN PIE.

Joint a pair of tender chickens as for fricassee ; roll in flour and fry in dripping or lard until they begin to brown ; put into a deep bake-dish a layer of the fowl, cover with thin slices of fat salt pork. Have ready two cupfuls of boiled rice in which have been worked a tablespoonful of butter and two even teaspoonfuls of curry-powder ; cover the chicken with some of this ; put in more fowl and pork, more rice, etc. When all are in, pour in a cupful of broth made by stewing the feet, necks and pinions of the chickens in a pint of water, then straining and seasoning it. Cover the whole with a good crust, cut a slit in the middle ; bake, covered, forty minutes, and brown nicely. Wash the crust with beaten white of egg.

STEWED CABBAGE.

Shred a cabbage with a keen knife ; put over the fire in plenty of boiling water, slightly salted, with a bit of soda in it, and cook for twenty minutes ; drain off the water and put in *just* enough fresh and boiling to cover it. Cook ten minutes ; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, pepper and salt. Stew ten minutes longer, and turn out.

FRIED CELERY.

Cut firm, white celery into pieces two inches long ; put on to boil in hot salted water, and cook twenty minutes ; take up with a split spoon and drop into ice-water. Leave them there ten minutes ; take out, lay between two cloths and pat dry ; spread on a dish to cool ; sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip each piece in egg, then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in clarified dripping or salted lard. Drain well, and serve hot.

SWEET POTATO PIE.

Parboil firm sweet potatoes and let them get cold with the skins on ; peel them, then, and slice crosswise. Have ready a pie-dish lined with a good crust (it never pays to make any other); put in a layer of sliced potatoes, sprinkle well with sugar, and drop bits of butter here and there ; allow a teaspoonful of brandy and five cloves to each layer ; also, a dozen or so drops of lemon juice ; more potatoes ; sugar, butter, brandy, cloves and lemon juice until the dish is full. Put in two tablespoonfuls of water and cover all with pastry. Cut a slit in the top, and bake. Eat cold with powdered sugar sprinkled over the top, and accompanied with good old cheese. There are not many more delightful pies than is this old Virginia dessert when properly made. The potatoes should be dry and sweet, the seasoning judicious.

I have heard that Irish potato pie is good made after the same receipt, but I prefer to wait for something more than hearsay evidence before recommending it. It would certainly require much more sugar than sweet potatoes, and very skillful "trimmings" altogether.

 NO. 29.

BREAKFAST.

Rye Porridge.	Kidneys and Ham.	
Flannel Cakes.	Toast.	Boiled Eggs.
Coffee.	Tea.	Fruit.

 RYE PORRIDGE.

One cup of rye meal ; three large cups of boiling water, and one of hot milk ; one teaspoonful of salt.

When the salted water reaches the boil, stir in the meal; cook one hour after the water in the outer vessel begins to bubble again, add the hot milk, and simmer five minutes before turning out.

KIDNEYS AND HAM.

Split each kidney lengthwise and cleanse from fat and strings. Have as many slices of cold boiled ham, fat and lean together, as you have pieces of kidney, cutting them into pieces of the same breadth and length. String half kidneys and bits of ham alternately on slender skewers, a piece of ham at each end. When the skewers are full, broil over a clear fire for eight minutes, turning often; lay the skewers in a row on a hot dish, pepper, salt, and baste with butter before sending to table.

FLANNEL CAKES (without eggs).

One quart of milk; one cup of cornmeal, and nearly three of flour; half cake of yeast stirred in a half-cup of warm water; one large cup of boiling water; one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of molasses; bit of soda the size of a pea in the milk.

Scald the meal in the boiling water, stir in the milk, and strain through a colander, add flour and yeast, and let it rise until morning; beat in salt and molasses, and, when the batter is smooth and light, bake on a griddle. They are very nice.

LUNCHEON.

Beef Scallop.

Cheese-Fingers.

Fried Potatoes.

Brown Bread and Butter.

Doughnuts.

Tea.

BEEF SCALLOP.

Two cups of cold, underdone roast beef; one cup of raw potatoes, cut into dice; two beaten eggs; mustard; pepper; salt; a teaspoonful of finely minced onion; one cupful of gravy or stock.

Peel and cut the potatoes, lay them in cold water for half an hour, drain, cover them with boiling, salted water and stew gently ten minutes; drain off the water, add the gravy and the beef chopped fine, cook slowly for ten minutes, turn into a bowl, beat in the eggs, the onion, salt, pepper and mustard, put into a greased bake-dish, strew crumbs on top, bake, covered, half an hour, then brown.

CHEESE FINGERS.

This is a good way to use up 'scraps of pastry left over from baking pies. Cut into strips as long as your middle finger, and twice as wide; strew with dry, grated cheese, a little salt, and just a pinch of cayenne; double them lengthwise; pinch the edges together along their length, sprinkle more cheese upon them and bake quickly; pile within a napkin on a hot dish, and serve at once.

DOUGHNUTS.

Two cups of milk; one cup of sugar; one quart of flour; three eggs; a teaspoonful of salt; one-half of a yeast cake; one full tablespoonful of butter; half teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and mace; bit of soda in the milk.

Heat the milk and stir in the sugar and butter; while it is cooling, sift the salt twice in the flour and dissolve the yeast-cake in a little warm water. Mix all while the milk is blood-warm, and let the dough rise till morning. Then work in the whipped eggs;

knead the soft dough for one minute, and set for the second rising; it should be very light before you roll it out into a sheet and cut it into shapes; after cutting them, let them stand half an hour and fry in plenty of hot lard; in frying doughnuts, always put them into the kettle with the side downward that was uppermost on the dish from which you take them; they rise better thus; fish out when done with a split spoon, and put in a hot colander, sifting powdered sugar over them while warm.

DINNER.

Turnip Soup.		Deviled Oysters.
Braised Beef.	Spinach on Toast.	Fried Parsnips.
Mashed Potatoes.		Cup Plum Pudding.
Fruit.		Coffee.

TURNIP SOUP (without meat).

Eight or ten large white turnips; half an onion, sliced and fried to a light brown; one stalk of celery; one pint of milk; one tablespoonful of minced parsley; one tablespoonful of flour rolled in three tablespoonfuls of butter; two quarts of water; bit of soda in milk.

Peel, slice, and lay the turnips in cold water for an hour, drain and put in the soup kettle with the fried onion, celery and parsley; add the cold water, and cook all tender; rub the soup through a colander, season, and return to the fire; stir in the buttered flour, simmer five minutes, add the milk and pour out.

DEVILED OYSTERS.

Wipe large, "frying size" oysters dry, and lay in a mixture made by allowing the juice of a lemon to two tablespoonfuls of butter, a

little salt and a pinch of cayenne. Turn the oysters over and over in this, then in fine crumbs, and broil on a wire broiler over a clear fire. Serve hot.

BRAISED BEEF.

Put a brisket of beef into a broad-bottomed pot and set it over the fire. At the end of ten minutes turn it, and again in ten minutes more. Repeat this once more for each side; then pour in two cups of boiling water, fit on a close top and cook slowly one hour before turning the meat. After this, cook an hour longer if the meat weighs seven or eight pounds—keeping the top on. Set the beef in the oven, sift flour over it, baste freely with the gravy, and brown for five or six minutes before dishing. Skim and season the gravy, thicken with browned flour and serve in a boat.

SPINACH ON TOAST.

Pick the leaves over carefully, rejecting the stems, wash and put into a saucepan, with a cup of water to a half-peck of leaves. Cover, and cook for twenty minutes, drain and chop it as fine as possible; put back over the fire, and beat in a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg and the juice of half-a-lemon. Whip smooth and press hard into heated egg or custard cups to mold it. Have ready crustless rounds of toast, buttered well, on a heated platter. Turn out a mold of spinach on each, and put a slice of hard-boiled egg on the top of the mold.

FRIED PARSNIPS.

Scrape, and leave in cold water for an hour, then cook half an hour in hot, salted water, wipe, slice lengthwise, dip in melted butter, then in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry in boiling dripping. Drain free of fat, and dish.

CUP PLUM PUDDING.

Two cups of fine, dry crumbs; one cup of flour; one cup of milk; one cup of sugar; half cup of molasses; one cup of raisins, stoned and chopped, and the same of currants; half cup of sliced citron; half cup of powdered suet; four eggs; one teaspoonful mixed cinnamon and allspice; one even teaspoonful of soda, sifted twice with the flour.

Beat the eggs light, add molasses, milk, suet, crumbs, sugar, spice, fruit (dredged with flour), mix well; turn into a buttered mold and boil five hours. Eat with both hard and liquid sauce.

 NO. 30.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Porridge.

Deviled Rabbit.

Corn Bread.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.

Graham Bread.

White Bread sliced thin.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

 OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

Half a pint of oatmeal—full measure; one quart of boiling water, salted slightly.

If the meal is not steam-cooked, soak all night in enough cold water to cover it. In the morning stir into the boiling water, beating up well for a whole minute. Cook in a farina kettle. Do not leave the spoon in or stir it every few minutes, as the manner of some is. Four good stirs are sufficient, but they must be thorough. Keep covered, and boil steadily for an hour, and as much longer as you like. Serve in a deep dish and eat with cream, and, if desired, sugar.

DEVILED RABBIT.

Skin and dress the rabbit, taking especial care to clean it well. This part of the business is often done in a disgracefully slovenly way. Lay it on the side in a dripping pan, pour a cupful of boiling water over it, cover with another pan and bake, basting often with the hot water in the lower pan until tender. Uncover then, and lay on a hot dish to keep warm while you make the sauce. Mix in a cup three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter, rolled in one of browned flour, half a teaspoonful of mustard and a good pinch of cayenne. Salt to taste—about half a teaspoonful. Strain the gravy left in the baking pan into a saucepan, add the vinegar, etc., and stir to a sharp boil. Pour over the rabbit gradually, turning and lifting it that the sauce may soak in well, cover, and set in the oven until very hot. Five minutes should be enough if the oven is good. Send to table in the chafing-dish in which it was kept hot.

CORN BREAD.

One cup of white cornmeal, and the same of flour; one cup of fresh milk; one-half cup of sugar; half teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar sifted with meal and flour; two eggs beaten light; one tablespoonful of butter.

Rub butter and sugar together to a cream; add the eggs; when these are beaten in, add the milk, the salt, and lastly the flour, which should have been sifted twice with the meal, soda and cream of tartar. Beat hard one minute, turn into a shallow baking pan, well greased, and set at once in a steady oven. When done (test with a straw run into the thickest part) cut into squares and serve.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.

Slice cold, boiled potatoes. Have ready in a frying-pan a great spoonful of nice dripping or of butter. Into this, when hot, put a tablespoonful of finely minced onion, pepper and salt, lightly, and fry to a light brown. Then add potatoes, and stir gently with a fork, not to break them, until very hot. Lastly, put in a full teaspoonful of minced parsley; toss together with a fork and serve very hot.

LUNCHEON.

Veal and Ham Croquettes.	Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Apple Sauce.	Sponge Cake.
	Bread and Butter.
Crackers and Cheese.	Tea.

VEAL AND HAM CROQUETTES.

Mix the remnants of cold roast or fried veal, chopped, with one-third as much cold boiled ham, also minced. Leave out bits of skin and gristle. Season with pepper and a pinch of nutmeg. The ham supplies salt. Work in one-fourth as much bread crumbs as there is meat; wet slightly with gravy or drawn butter; add a beaten egg; make into rolls the length of your middle finger and a third as thick; roll in beaten egg, then in cracker dust, and set in a very cold place for half an hour. It is even better to make the croquettes several hours before cooking them, not rolling them in egg and cracker until you are quite ready to fry them. Have dripping enough in frying pan to cover them *entirely*. This is what is called "frying in deep fat." When it is hissing hot, put in a few at a time (first testing the heat with one) and fry to a light brown.

Turn carefully as they cook, to keep them round. As each is done take up with a split spoon and lay in a hot colander to drain off the fat. Lay neatly on a heated dish, and garnish with parsley.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES.

Select those of uniform size, wash, wipe, and lay in a baking-pan. Set in a good oven and bake until the largest "gives" when pinched. Turn several times while baking, that the lower sides may not burn. Wrap in a napkin and serve on a hot dish.

APPLE SAUCE.

Pare and slice juicy, tart apples; put into a tinned or porcelain-lined vessel, pour in half a cup of water to prevent scorching, and cook gently until tender and broken to pieces. Turn out into a bowl, sweeten abundantly, and rub through a *clean* colander. Set away to cool.

SPONGE CAKE.

Six eggs; the weight of the eggs in powdered sugar; half the weight of the eggs in prepared flour; one lemon, juice and rind.

Beat whites and yolks separately and very light. When the yolks are smooth, beat in the sugar, then the juice of the lemon in which the grated peel has stood fifteen minutes or more, then been strained out through a cloth. Now stir in the whites, and, last of all, the prepared flour as quickly and lightly as will suffice to mix all into a light batter. Butter a mold and bake it, covering with paper as soon as it has puffed up to the desired height and is crusted over. Test with a straw to see if it is done, and bake steadily rather than fast. There is no better receipt than this simple one for sponge cake. A little practice will soon make you an adept in preparing it.

DINNER.

Clear Soup.	Creamed Lobster.	
Stewed Beefsteak.	Cauliflower.	Potatoes in Cases.
Horse Radish.	Burnt Custard.	Light Cakes.
Fruit.	Coffee.	

CLEAR SOUP.

Ask your butcher to send you six pounds of beef-shin and a knuckle of veal weighing half as much, and to crack the bones and joints faithfully. Put these over the fire with eight quarts of cold water; cover and set at the back of the range until the water is hot. Bring forward and increase the heat. When the scum rises, take it off and keep the soup at a slow bubble for three hours. Throw in three dozen whole black peppers, and half the number of whole cloves and boil—*always slowly*—for three hours more. Do this the day before the soup is to be eaten. Turn out the contents of the pot into a crock or bowl, and let all stand together until next day when you have salted to taste. The fat will rise to the top over night in a solid cake. Remove every particle of it and set by for dripping. Return bones and liquor to the fire, and when hot, strain through a colander into a crock. This is “soup stock,” and if kept in a cool place, will remain good for days in winter. For the clear soup of to-day, dip out a quart, heat slowly to a boil, dropping in a quarter-onion as it heats, and when it simmers, the white and shell of an egg, stirred in until it coagulates. Stir again and again, that it may not “catch” on the bottom, and boil steadily—not fast—for five minutes. Strain without squeezing, through a thick cloth into a clean pot, boil up again, add half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a teaspoonful of celery extract, and serve. The “stock” will serve as a foundation for many varieties of soups.

CREAMED LOBSTER.

Meat of one lobster, or a can of preserved lobster or crab; one cup of creamy milk (all-cream is best); one half-cup of cracker-crums; two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour; pepper, cayenne and salt; half a cup of bread-crums.

Strain off the lobster-liquor, if you use the canned fish; cut the meat into small dice with a sharp knife, season, and set aside while you heat the milk, or cream in a farina kettle, dropping in a tiny bit of soda. When it is hot, stir in the butter cut up in a tablespoonful of flour and, as this begins to thicken, the lobster. Have ready buttered silver, or china, or earthen scallop-shells, fill with the mixture, strew fine, dry crumbs on top, and brown in a quick oven. Send around sliced lemon with the shells, and crackers.

STEWED BEEFSTEAK.

Drain the liquor from a can of tomatoes, then strain it through coarse muslin into a dripping-pan. Lay the steak in this, turning it over twice to wet both sides. If there is not enough juice to cover it well, add cold water. Invert a pan over it to keep in the steam, and set in a slow oven. Cook tender, turning the steak over twice an hour, and, should the liquor leave it uncovered, pour in a little hot water. Stew slowly for at least two hours-and-a-half. Transfer the meat to a hot platter, pepper, salt and butter, cover closely, and set over hot water. Skim the gravy well. Put the pan containing it on the top of the stove, add a tablespoonful of minced onion, a tablespoonful of butter rolled in one of browned flour, and boil up, stirring all the time. Then, put in the tomatoes from which the juice was strained, simmer three minutes or until they are scalding hot. Take up the tomatoes and lay around the steak; strain the

gravy through a soup sieve into a bowl ; pour half over the steak, the rest into a boat. This is a good way of cooking a tough steak.

CAULIFLOWER.

Cut away the leaves and the stalk close to the body of the cauliflower ; lay in cold water half an hour, tie in coarse mosquito netting and boil in hot, salted water, changing this for water from the kettle at the end of fifteen minutes. Salt this also and slightly. In twenty minutes more, if the cauliflower be not large and is fresh, take it from the fire, remove the netting, lay in a dish and pour a good drawn butter over it. Some add the juice of a lemon to the drawn butter.

POTATOES IN CASES.

Bake fine, large potatoes until soft. Cut a cap from the top of each, scoop out the contents without breaking the skin ; beat the potato light with butter and milk, salting to your liking, return to the skins, filling each so full that the creamed potato protrudes from the top ; set in a quick oven to brown lightly, and arrange, open ends up, upon a flat dish.

HORSE RADISH.

Grate and keep in vinegar as a condiment for beef.

BURNT CUSTARD.

Five eggs ; one quart of milk, with a tablespoonful of corn-starch stirred in ; five *good* tablespoonfuls of sugar ; two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract.

Beat the eggs light with the sugar ; heat the milk to scalding in a farina kettle, pour on the eggs, flavor and turn into a buttered

bowl or mold; set this in a pan of boiling water, and this in the oven. Now cover the top of the mold with a plate or a tin pan or a pot lid, and bake until well-set, even in the middle. Take from the oven, dip the mold in cold water, taking care not to let any get into the custard; run a knife around the edge to loosen the pudding, and turn out cautiously upon a hot plate. Have ready to pour over it half a cup of caramel made by putting half a cup of sugar over a fire in a tin cup, and when it is all one brown bubble, adding a tablespoonful of boiling water, and stirring it on the range until it boils again. Strain it over the custard.

LIGHT CAKES.

Pretty fancy cakes may be contrived by making a good cup cake, baking it in square pans, and when cool, cutting it into oblong or square pieces, and icing these on top and sides.

NO. 31.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy.	Breaded Scallops.
Potato Drop-Cakes.	Peach Short-cake.
Cold Bread, white and brown.	
Fruit.	Tea. Coffee.

BREADED SCALLOPS.

Lay the fish on a clean cloth, and cover with another, pressing gently on the upper to rid them of moisture. Dip in beaten egg, then in fine cracker-crumbs, and fry in hot lard or dripping. Take up in a split spoon, shake off the fat, and serve on a hot dish with a border of water-cresses.

POTATO DROP CAKES.

Two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, add two cupfuls of warm milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, two beaten eggs, half a cupful of prepared flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whole hard and drop in great spoonfuls on a greased griddle. Serve very hot as soon as they are baked.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.

One quart of prepared flour; two cups of milk, blood warm; two tablespoonfuls of lard and one of butter; half a teaspoonful of salt; one can of peaches.

Rub or chop the shortening into the salted flour, wet with the milk, and roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Line a broad, shallow baking pan with half of this; drain the liquor from the peaches, lay them out on a cloth to get rid of all the juice that will come away; put them in a thick layer on the paste in the pan, strew with sugar, cover with the reserved crust, and bake in a good, not too hot oven. When done, cut in squares and pile on a plate. Split and eat with butter and sugar.

LUNCHEON.

Scotch Herrings.	Hashed Potatoes.
Cold Beef's Heart.	Crackers. Cheese. Olives.
Sponge, or Plain Cake Fritters.	Cocoa-theta.

SCOTCH HERRINGS.

Lay them on a pie plate, cover closely, and set in the oven until very hot. Butter each lightly, pepper, and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on it. Serve on a heated platter, and pass toasted and buttered crackers with them.

HASHED POTATOES.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice, pepper and salt lightly, and add a cupful of milk for each pint of chopped potatoes. Turn into a farina-kettle, and cook until scalding hot. Add a teaspoonful of butter rolled in half as much flour, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Cook until the milk thickens, and dish.

COLD BEEF'S HEART.

Wash the heart well and soak for half an hour in cold, salted water. Wipe and stuff the orifices well with a forcemeat of bread-crumbs, fat salt pork, minced fine, and a little onion, chopped and seasoned with pepper. Sew up in coarse muslin fitted to the shape of the heart, put on to boil in cold, salted water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar to the quart. Boil slowly two hours, turning several times. Put under a heavy weight when done, and leave it for twelve hours. Take off the cloth then, and your cold entrée is ready. Slice crosswise.

SPONGE CAKE FRITTERS.

Cut inch-thick slices of stale sponge or very plain cake, and fry quickly in sweet lard. As each slice browns, take it up and dip for a hasty second in boiling milk, spread at once with sauce made by rubbing a tablespoonful of butter to a cream, with nearly a cupful of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon. Pile the slices on a hot plate and keep hot in the oven until served.

DINNER.

Chicken and Sago Broth.	Mutton and Macaroni.
Spinach.	Dundee Haggis.
	Rice Cream.
Fruit.	Coffee.

CHICKEN AND SAGO BROTH.

Three pints of liquor in which a chicken has been boiled ; half cupful of German sago ; two cups of milk ; three eggs ; two table-spoonfuls of minced parsley ; pepper and salt.

Soak the sago four hours in enough cold water to cover it, then add it to the liquor, which should have been strained and skimmed, and put over the fire in a farina kettle. Heat to boiling, by which time the sago should be dissolved. Heat the milk in a separate vessel and pour, scalding hot, on the heated yolks ; add (with a pinch of soda) to the sago broth ; season, stir for five minutes ; beat in the frothed whites and parsley, and turn out.

MUTTON AND MACARONI.

Cover the bottom of a wide kettle with chopped salt pork. Lay on this a breast or shoulder of mutton—not too fat. Peel a lemon, slice thin and lay over the meat, then, more sliced pork, a little chopped onion and parsley, with a sprig of mint, if you can get it. Pour over all two cups of boiling water. Cover with a close lid, and cook gently for two hours, turning the meat once. Have ready half a pound of macaroni broken into inch-long pieces which has been cooked twenty minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain it, toss a tablespoonful of butter through it with a fork, pepper and salt it, and make into a flat mound on a platter. Strain the liquor from the mutton, add to it half a cup of stewed and strained tomato, thicken with browned flour and boil up sharply, settle the meat on the macaroni, and pour the sauce over both.

SPINACH.

Wash and pick off the leaves ; put them in a saucepan without water and set in a kettle of boiling water. Cook slowly for

fifteen minutes, then boil for twenty more. Turn into a colander, drain, and rub through the holes into a bowl. Return to the saucepan and outer vessel of boiling water, add a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper, half a teaspoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Heat and beat to a cream. Heap on buttered rounds of toast, with a slice of hard-boiled egg on each.

DUNDEE HAGGIS.

One quart of milk ; one cup of oatmeal, soaked over night in cold water ; one heaping cupful of cold veal, mutton or poultry ; one cup of broth from your stewed mutton ; half a cupful of bread-crumbs ; one tablespoonful of butter ; three beaten eggs ; pepper and salt.

Stir the skimmed and strained gravy into soaked oatmeal, season, and cook in a farina-kettle for an hour before adding the milk in which the bread-crumbs must have been soaked ; cook half an hour, stirring often, and turn the mixture into a bowl to get perfectly cold ; then beat in the butter, melted, the chopped meat, the beaten eggs, and mix thoroughly ; pour into a buttered mold, and boil or steam for an hour and a half. If you have the giblets of poultry, or part of a calf's or lamb's liver, you may substitute these for the minced meat. Turn out and eat hot.

RICE CREAM.

One scant cup of rice ; one heaping cup of sugar ; one quart of milk ; one-third package of gelatine ; one pint of whipped cream ; teaspoonful of bitter almond or vanilla essence.

Boil the rice tender, drain off the water and stir the rice into the scalding milk with the sugar ; bring to a boil, and put in the gelatine soaked soft in enough cold water to cover it. When this

has dissolved, strain the mixture through a fine colander, and beat for three minutes with the "Dover." Flavor, and set aside until cold, when whip in the stiffened cream. Let it form in a wet mold; keep it on ice until wanted. It is very good.

No. 32

BREAKFAST.

Oranges.

Pork Chops, with Tomato Sauce.

Crumb Griddle Cakes.

Maple Syrup.

Toast.

Brown Bread.

Meringued *Cafe au lait*.

Tea.

ORANGES.

As a preparatory course to the heavier business of breakfast, ripe, fresh oranges are held in high esteem. They are served whole, and eaten as individual taste dictates, either pared, then divided into lobes, which are eaten with or without sugar, or cut in half, without paring, and scooped from the shells with a spoon. Finger bowls and doilies are set on with them, and every vestige of this course is removed before the next is brought in.

PORK CHOPS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.

Trim neatly, and beat them flat with a potato beetle. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and drop into it when it hisses, half a dozen slices of onion. Lay in the chops and fry slowly for five minutes. Then increase the heat until they are

nicely browned. Take them up and lay in a hot-water dish ; strain the onion out of the gravy. Return the latter to the frying-pan, add four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, a tablespoonful of butter cut up in two of browned flour, pepper, salt, half a teaspoonful of sugar, and half a cup of strained juice from a can of tomatoes. Boil up sharply, and pour over the chops.

CRUMB GRIDDLE CAKES.

One pint of hot milk, and the same of hot water ; two heaping cups of fine, dry crumbs ; half a cupful of prepared flour ; one tablespoonful of molasses, and one of melted butter ; two eggs ; one tablespoonful of salt.

Soak the crumbs in the milk and water, and stir over the fire until they are smoking hot, when set them aside to cool. They should be just lukewarm when you beat in the butter, molasses and salt, the eggs whipped light, finally the flour. Try a spoonful on a hot griddle, and should it stick, add a little more flour. But do not get them stiff. They should be so tender as almost to melt in the mouth.

MERINGUED CAFE AU LAIT.

Strain a quart of strong, clear coffee through a cloth into the urn ; add three cups of boiling milk, also strained to get rid of the "skin." Have ready in a pitcher or bowl the whites of two eggs whipped to a meringue, then beaten into a heaping cupful of whipped cream with a teaspoonful of sugar. Pour the coffee into hot cups and lay a dessertspoonful of the meringued cream on the surface of each in serving it.

LUNCHEON.

Smoked Salmon *au Jeannot*.Potato Cakes *au gratin*.

Graham Bread.

Butter.

Pickles.

Thickened Milk.

SMOKED SALMON *au Jeannot*.

Cut a pound of smoked salmon into strips as long as your middle finger and twice as wide. Soak them in cold water for two hours, then put over the fire in a saucepan. Cover with more cold water, and bring to a gentle boil. Have ready in another saucepan a cupful of beef or veal broth, in which half an onion has been boiled tender, then strained out. Add to the broth while hot, a tablespoonful of catsup, walnut, tomato or mushroom, or "Chili sauce," another of vinegar, a small teaspoonful of made mustard and a pinch of cayenne. Drain the water from the salmon, wipe each piece and butter it well, laying it on a hot dish as you do so. When all are buttered, put them carefully into the hot gravy, cover, and set the saucepan where it will simmer, but not boil, for ten minutes. Lay the salmon in rows on a hot dish, cover with the gravy, and serve. Send around heated crackers and butter with it.

POTATO CAKES *au gratin*.

Rub cold mashed potatoes to a paste with a little milk and the yolk of an egg. Flour your hands and make into small flat cakes. Let these get cold and stiff, and just before cooking sift dry crumbs all over them. Set in a quick oven to brown lightly. Eat hot.

THICKENED MILK.

One quart of boiling milk ; four tablespoonfuls of prepared flour ; one tablespoonful of butter ; one teaspoonful of salt.

Sift the salt into the flour, wet this to a soft dough with cold water, and stir it into the hot milk. Cook, stirring well, for ten minutes, put in the butter, cook five minutes longer, and pour into a deep dish. It should be neither gruel nor paste, but something between the two. Eat with sugar and cream.

DINNER.

Rabbit Soup.

Oyster Salad. Steamed Turkey.

Cranberry Sauce. Scalloped Cabbage. Stewed Squash.

Myrtle's Charlotte. Fruit. Coffee.

RABBIT SOUP.

A pair of wild rabbits, skinned, cleaned and jointed, as for fric-
assee ; half a pound of fat salt pork, chopped fine ; a small onion,
sliced ; two tablespoonfuls of butter cut up in three of browned
flour ; juice of a lemon ; as much cayenne as will lie easily put
on a silver half-dime ; dripping for frying ; four quarts of cold
water.

Heat the dripping to hissing in the frying-pan ; fry the onion
in it until it colors nicely, then the jointed rabbits ; take the meat
out with a split spoon ; put into a soup kettle ; cover with the
chopped pork ; pour in the water and cook slowly until the meat
has fallen from the bones ; season with pepper, and, if needed, more
salt, and set away until next day. Remove the fat from the top of

the liquor; strain the latter, rejecting bones, and squeezing the nourishment out of the meat; heat to boiling; skim off the floating scum; stir in the butter and flour; cook five minutes; add the lemon-juice, and pour out. Some think this game soup improved when a glass of wine goes in at the last. It is an excellent use to which to put tough rabbits.

OYSTER SALAD.

Cut a quart of oysters into bits; mix with them two-thirds as much blanched, tender celery (also cut, not chopped to pieces), as you have oysters; put into a glass dish; pour over it a good mayonnaise dressing, and serve immediately. Until the oysters and celery are mixed, keep both in a very cold place. This salad is delicious, if eaten as soon as it is made.

STEAMED TURKEY.

Many a tough gobbler and hen-mother, whose coming-out preceded the time of their departure by several seasons, might have won toleration on their last exhibition-day had they been steamed, instead of roasted. Prepare the fowl by stuffing in the usual way with a good dressing of forcemeat. Bind the legs and wings down to the body with tape, put the turkey in the steamer, shut up closely and cook *slowly* fifteen minutes to the pound. Test then with a fork to make sure it is tender, undo the tapes and cover to keep hot, while you add to the drippings a cup of hot milk in which have been stirred a great spoonful of flour wet with milk, salt and pepper, and, when you have stirred it to a brisk boil, the yolks of two raw eggs, beaten light, and those of two hard-boiled, minced fine. Cook two minutes, stirring all the while, pour a few spoonfuls over

the breast of the turkey, the rest into a sauce-boat. A little chopped parsley improves the sauce ; half a can of minced mushrooms makes it still better.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.

Pick over and wash a quart of cranberries ; add a little water, —about half a cupful—to keep them from burning, and cook until they are broken to pieces, stirring up well from the bottom every few minutes, until they begin to burst. When they are done—not until then—stir in two even cups of white sugar ; take from the fire as soon as it is dissolved ; and strain through mosquito-netting into a wet mold. Put on ice until firm.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE.

Boil a firm cabbage in two waters. Drain and press, and let it get perfectly cold. Then mince fine, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, pepper and salt to your fancy. Put into a buttered bake-dish, sift fine crumbs on top, and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown delicately.

STEWED SQUASH.

Cut off the outer shell, seed, cut small and cook tender in boiling water, slightly salt. Drain and rub through a colander into a saucepan, stir in a generous tablespoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour, season with pepper and salt, and cook five minutes, beating well at the last with a wooden spoon. Serve in a hot deep dish.

MYRTLE'S CHARLOTTE.

Soak a quarter of a package of gelatine two hours in a cup of milk ; put over the fire in a farina-kettle, and let it get scalding hot. Strain and cool, but not until it hardens. To a quart of whipped cream add the whipped whites of four eggs with a cup of powdered sugar. Now, mix in the cooled gelatine with your egg-beater, and flavor with a teaspoonful of bitter almond essence. Line a glass dish with slices of sponge-cake or with " lady fingers," fill with the frothed mixture, and set in the refrigerator until wanted. A simple and popular dessert.

 No. 33.
BREAKFAST.

Mush and Milk.	Sausages.	Baked Potatoes.
Pancakes (sugared).	Bread—Brown and White.	
Fruit.	Tea.	Coffee.

 MUSH AND MILK.

Scald a heaping cup of cornmeal with a pint of boiling water, and set it in a cool place over night. In the morning put it into a farina-kettle with a pint of fresh milk ; mash out the lumps, salt to taste, and cook for half an hour, or longer, after it reaches the boil. Beat hard, and turn into a deep dish. Eat with cream and sugar.

 SAUSAGES.

Make the sausage-meat into small cakes, patting them firmly into shape. Lay in a frying-pan, add half a cup of cold water, and let them simmer until the water is boiled away and the sausages

cooked to a fine brown. This is a great improvement upon the usual method of frying sausages in their own fat. Link-sausages cooked in the same way do not burst or crack.

PANCAKES (sugared).

Two cups of prepared flour; two cups of milk; one tablespoonful of butter; two eggs; lard for frying; powdered sugar.

Whip the eggs light, mix with the milk, add the flour and butter, and beat one minute. Heat an *even* tablespoonful of lard in a frying-pan, and when it hisses, pour in enough batter to cover the bottom thinly, cook quickly, and, when the batter is "set," turn dexterously with a spatula, unless you have practice in tossing pancakes. Sprinkle with sugar, roll up smoothly, sift more sugar on the roll, and send to the table hot.

LUNCHEON.

Italian Rice Pudding. Tomato Sauce. Fried Bread.

Crackers. Cheese. Olives.

Apple Charlotte.

ITALIAN RICE PUDDING.

To two cups of boiled rice add a cupful of hot milk, in which has been stirred a bit of soda the size of a pea, and a dessertspoonful of corn-starch. Mix well, and stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter and two well-beaten eggs. Add next a cupful of minced veal, chicken, turkey, duck or mutton; moisten with three tablespoonfuls of highly seasoned gravy, stir all thoroughly, put into a buttered mold, and bake, covered, in a baking-pan of hot water for an hour. Turn out on a hot flat dish, and pass tomato sauce with it.

TOMATO SAUCE.

To half a can of tomatoes allow half an onion sliced. Stew both together for half an hour, rub through a colander and return to the saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in a teaspoonful of corn-starch, half a teaspoonful of sugar, pepper and salt to your fancy. Boil one minute, and serve in a gravy dish.

FRIED BREAD.

Cut the crust from slices of stale bread; dip each in a thin batter made of a cup of milk, two eggs and a heaping tablespoonful of flour salted slightly, and fry in lard or clarified dripping to a yellow-brown. Drain off the fat from each piece as you take it up. Serve hot.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.

Stew a dozen pared, cored and sliced tart apples soft; sweeten well and rub through a colander; set again over the fire while you stir in the yolks of three eggs. As soon as it is hot (it must not boil) turn into a bowl to cool. When cold, beat in the whites of the eggs mixed with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Line a glass dish with sliced sponge cake or lady fingers, pile the apple within it, and cover with macaroons neatly fitted together. Set on ice until wanted.

DINNER.

Barley Broth.	Buttered Lobster.
Pot-Roast of Beef.	Potato Soufflé. Pea Cakes.
Amber Pudding.	Fruit. Black Coffee.

BARLEY BROTH.

Three pounds of coarse mutton, or veal, or a "scrag" of mutton and a knuckle of veal ; three quarts of water ; half an onion, sliced and fried to a good brown ; one carrot ; pepper and salt ; one cupful of pearl barley, soaked three hours in water.

Put the meat, cut up small and the bones broken, over the fire with the onion and cold water ; cook slowly for five hours, season, and set away until next day. Skim off the fat, strain out bones and meat, put the liquor into a pot with the soaked and strained barley and the carrot cut into dice. Simmer one hour, and serve.

BUTTERED LOBSTER.

Empty a can of lobster some hours before you wish to use it, and keep in a cold place. To prepare it, break the meat into coarse bits, avoiding the mincemeat or "stringy" look that disfigures much salad and many *entrees*. Put a clean saucepan on the range with three large tablespoonfuls of butter, as much cayenne pepper as will lie on the point of a pen-knife, the juice and a quarter of the grated peel of a large lemon. When the mixture simmers, put in the lobster, with a tablespoonful of fine crumbs, and let it get smoking hot, stirring it cautiously with a silver fork to prevent scorching. Fill a buttered bake dish or scallop-shells with this, strew fine crumbs on top, stick minute bits of butter in them, and brown lightly in a quick oven. Send heated crackers and sliced lemon around with this dish.

POT-ROAST OF BEEF.

Lay a fillet or rib-roast, from which the bones have been taken, and which is then skewered into a round, in a broad, deep pot. Pour

in a cupful of boiling water ; add two slices (no more) of onion, cover closely, and cook gently ten minutes to the pound. Then transfer to a dripping-pan, rub over with butter, dredge with flour, and brown in a brisk oven. Fifteen minutes should do this. Strain and cool the gravy left in the pot ; take off the fat, put the gravy into a frying-pan, pepper, salt, and thicken with a heaping tablespoonful of browned flour. Boil up well and serve in a gravy-boat.

POTATO SOUFFLE.

Add to a cupful of cold mashed potato half a cupful of milk, worked in gradually ; mash out all lumps and beat very smooth. Whip three eggs and beat them into the potato with pepper and salt. Heat two tablespoonfuls of nice dripping in a frying-pan, pour in the potato, shake, as it cooks, to keep it clear of the bottom, and when "set" all over, turn it into a hot dish as you would an omelette. Serve and eat at once.

PEA CAKES.

Empty the peas from the can, drain, and let them lie for half an hour in cold salted water. Cook tender in boiling water, slightly salt, rub while hot through a colander, work in a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to your liking, and let them cool. When ready to cook them, beat up two eggs, soften the peas with a cupful of milk, worked in by degrees, add a tablespoonful of prepared flour to hold the batter together, and fry as you would griddle-cakes. Send to table hot.

AMBER PUDDING.

One cup of butter ; two cups of sugar ; yolks of six eggs, and the whites of eight ; juice and grated rind of two lemons ; half a glass of brandy ; half a nutmeg.

Rub butter and sugar to a cream, beat in the yolks, the lemon, nutmeg and brandy, lastly, the whites of four eggs. Whip very light and bake in open shells of nice pastry. As soon as the mixture has set and a skin formed on the top, spread quickly, without taking the puddings from the oven, with meringue made of the frothed whites of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and juice of half a lemon. Shut up again until the meringue begins to color. Eat cold.

NO. 34.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy Porridge.	Fried Liver.	White Scones.
Chopped Potatoes.	Boiled Eggs.	
Toast.	Fruit.	Tea. Coffee.

FRIED LIVER.

Wash well; slice, lay in cold salted water to draw out the blood; wipe dry, salt, pepper, coat each piece with beaten egg, and roll in cracker-crumbs. Try out slices of very fat salt pork in a frying-pan in which is a sliced onion. Strain the fat, return to the pan with a great spoonful of lard and fry the liver, a few pieces at a time, and not too fast. Drain off the grease before dishing.

WHITE SCONES.

One quart of prepared flour; a pint of milk; two liberal tablespoonfuls of lard; a teaspoonful of salt sifted with flour.

Chop the lard into the salted flour, wet with the milk; roll out thin, cut into biscuits, and roll each of these into thinner cakes twice as large. Prick all over with a fork, bake quickly, butter and leave in the oven a minute longer. Pile up on a plate.

CHOPPED POTATOES.

Chop cold Irish and sweet potatoes together. Put some nice dripping into a frying pan, heat, pepper and salt it, put in the potatoes, and shake and toss lightly, not to break them, until smoking hot.

BOILED EGGS.

When possible, boil them on the table. If you have no egg-boiler, put the eggs into a tin pail of boiling water in the kitchen, fit on a close top, wrap in a napkin, and send thus to the dining-room. In six minutes, if the water was boiling when they went in, they will be of custardy consistency throughout, and far more digestible than when suffered to cook on the fire.

LUNCHEON.

Home-Made Sausage.	Celery and Sardine Salad.
Fried Bananas.	Bread and Butter.
	Crackers and Cheese.
Soft Gingerbread.	Chocolate.

HOME-MADE SAUSAGE.

One-third cold roast beef; two-thirds corned ham or fresh pork, roasted or boiled; a little powdered sage and sweet marjoram; pepper and salt to your liking; chop all together fine; make into flat cakes; roll in flour, and fry in peppered and salted lard.

CELERY AND SARDINE SALAD.

Cut the celery into inch-lengths, season lightly with pepper, salt and vinegar; heap on a cold, flat dish, and lay sardines about the base of the pile. Pour a good mayonnaise dressing over all.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

One cup of butter ; one cup of milk ; one cup of brown sugar ; one cup of molasses ; five cupfuls of sifted flour ; a teaspoonful of mixed cinnamon and mace ; a heaping tablespoonful of ground ginger ; a teaspoonful of soda, sifted with the flour ; four eggs.

Warm molasses, butter, sugar and spices slightly together, and stir them to a yellow-brown cream ; add the milk, the beaten eggs, the flour ; whip up well and bake in two large, shallow pans. Eat fresh, with cheese and chocolate.

DINNER.

Vegetable Soup.

Broiled Bluefish. Veal and Ham Pie. Scalloped Squash.

Sweet Potatoes *au gratin*. Rice and Peach Pudding.

Cream Sauce. Coffee.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Three pounds of coarse beef, minced ; three quarts of cold water ; two carrots ; two turnips ; one onion, minced ; three stalks of celery ; can of tomatoes ; quarter of a cabbage ; one root of salsify ; two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley ; pepper and salt ; a teaspoonful of sugar.

Put beef and water together and bring slowly to a boil. Simmer gently for four hours. Pepper and salt, and set away meat and liquor together until next day. Take off the fat and strain out the meat. Pare and cut turnips, carrots, celery and salsify into dice of uniform size. Shred the cabbage, mince the onion. Put all into a pot, cover with boiling salted water, drop in a bit of soda no larger

than a Lima bean, and cook gently twenty minutes. Drain well, and turn the vegetables into the soup-stock. Rub the tomatoes through a colander and add them with the parsley. Cook half an hour, keeping the contents of the pot at a slow, steady boil all the time; put in the sugar and pour into the tureen.

BROILED BLUEFISH.

Split down the back, clean, and wash thoroughly with vinegar and water. Broil over a clear, hot fire. When done, rub all over with butter, pepper and salt, and serve on a hot-water dish. For sauce, whip a tablespoonful of butter to a cream with a teaspoonful of anchovy-paste, a teaspoonful of finely cut parsley, and the juice of half a lemon.

VEAL AND HAM PIE.

Cut cold cooked veal and half as much corned ham, also boiled and cold, into neat dice, season with pepper, a little nutmeg, sweet herbs, and add a handful of chopped mushrooms. Heat a cupful of gravy in a saucepan, season well, thicken with browned flour, add a great spoonful of tomato catsup, put in the meat, bring to a boil, stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, and take from the fire. Fill a deep bake-dish with this, cover the surface with sliced hard-boiled eggs, lay a good crust over all; cut a slit in the center and bake to a fine yellow-brown. Wash over with white of egg, shut up in the oven for one minute, and serve.

SCALLOPED SQUASH.

Two cups of boiled squash, run through a colander, and then left to cool; two eggs; a tablespoonful of melted butter; half a cup of milk; pepper and salt; half a cup of bread crumbs.

Beat eggs, butter, milk and squash light, season, pour into a buttered bake-dish, sift the crumbs over it, and bake, covered, half an hour and then brown lightly. Send to table in the pudding dish. Never throw away the remnant of a dish of squash left after dinner. It can always be utilized as above. Or, if you have only a few spoonfuls, beat in an egg, a half cupful of milk, pepper, salt and about three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, just enough for soft batter, and bake as you would griddle cakes.

SWEET POTATOES *au gratin*.

Boil, peel and slice a quarter of an inch thick. Fill a buttered pudding-dish with layers of the slices buttered, salted and peppered. Unless the potatoes are very sweet, sprinkle a little sugar over each stratum. Sift fine crumbs on the top, stick tiny bits of butter in them and bake, covered, until hot through, then brown delicately.

RICE AND PEACH PUDDING.

Boil a cupful of rice in plenty of salted water, until the grains are tender, but not until you have a paste. Shake the kettle from time to time, and do not touch the rice with a spoon. Drain off all the water; set the inner farina-kettle on the side of the range until the rice is dry. Have ready in a bowl three eggs beaten light, with a cupful of sugar, and one of milk. Mix the rice up well with this, using a silver fork for the purpose, not to mash or break the grains. Drain the liquor from a can of peaches, put a layer of rice in a buttered mold; cover with peaches laid in evenly; more rice, etc., until the materials are used up. Cover the mold, and boil steadily for an hour and a half. Turn out, and eat with cream sauce. You can make this of evaporated peaches if you like.

CREAM SAUCE.

A cup of milk and one of cream (if you can get it, if not two cups of milk) ; a cup of sugar ; whites of two eggs (the yolks of which went into your meat pie) ; nutmeg or cinnamon to taste ; one tablespoonful of corn-starch, wet with cold milk ; vanilla, or bitter almond-essence.

Scald the milk, add sugar and corn-starch, stir three minutes, and put in the stiffened whites, spices and flavoring. Keep hot, but not boiling, until you are ready for it, by setting it in a vessel of hot water.

 No. 35.

BREAKFAST.

Brewis.	Clam Fritters.	
Risen Corn Bread.	Stewed Sweet Potatoes.	
Toast.	Boiled Eggs.	
Tea.	Coffee.	Fruit.

 BREWIS.

One cupful of very fine, dry crumbs—those made from crusts and old slices of bread dried in the oven, then crushed with a rolling-pin, are the best ; one pint of hot milk, and half as much boiling water ; one full teaspoonful of butter, and a scant one of salt ; white of an egg, beaten light.

Soak the crumbs in the boiling water ten minutes, and stir into the salted milk. Simmer together five minutes, add the butter, stir for two minutes, cover, and leave on the fire three minutes longer. Take from the stove, beat in the whipped whites, and send to the table in a deep dish. Eat with cream and sugar.

CLAM FRITTERS.

Twenty-five clams, chopped fine; one cup of milk with a bit of soda no larger than a pea, stirred in; one heaping cupful of prepared flour; one teaspoonful—even—of salt, and a little pepper; two eggs.

Beat the eggs light, add milk, salt, pepper, flour, lastly the clams. Mix thoroughly; have plenty of fat or dripping in a kettle, and drop in great spoonfuls of the batter. When done, take out with a split spoon, shake off the fat, and serve on a hot dish.

RISEN CORN BREAD.

Two cups of white corn meal, and one of flour; four cups of milk; one cup of boiling water; a cupful of freshly mashed potato, hot; a tablespoonful of sugar, and half as much butter or lard; a heaping teaspoonful of salt; half a cake of compressed yeast; tiny bit of soda in the milk.

Rub the potatoes through a colander. While hot, work in butter, sugar, salt, and a cupful of flour alternately with two of milk. Scald the meal with the hot water, and add next. Beat two minutes, and put in the yeast while the batter is blood-warm. Let it stand all night in a covered bowl. In the morning work in the rest of the milk, and if needed, flour enough to make a soft manageable dough. Knead lightly, make into small loaves that will fit pâté-pans, let them rise until light, perhaps half an hour, and bake in a steady oven forty-five minutes. Keep them covered until they have risen to full height, then, brown.

STEWED SWEET POTATOES.

Cut cold, boiled potatoes into dice. For a cupful of these allow a heaping tablespoonful of nice beef or poultry-dripping, or butter.

Put this into a frying-pan, and when hot, stir and toss the dice in it until slightly browned and well glazed. Have ready in a saucepan a cupful of gravy or stock ; season well, thicken with browned flour, empty the frying-pan into it, and draw to one side of the range where it cannot cook at all, but will keep warm. Leave it thus for five minutes, and turn out into deep covered dish.

LUNCHEON.

Deviled Ham.	Potato Puff.
Bread, Butter and Pickles.	Baked Apple Charlotte.
Chocolate.	Boiled Chestnuts.

DEVILED HAM.

Cut even slices of corned or smoked ham, and fry in a pan until the edges begin to crisp. Transfer to a chafing-dish, and keep hot. Into the fat left in the pan stir half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful of tart jelly, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Bring to a quick boil, add a great spoonful of sherry, and pour over the ham. Serve hot.

POTATO PUFF.

Allow a cupful of milk to two of finely mashed potatoes, with two eggs, a teaspoonful of butter or dripping, a little salt and pepper. Rub the butter and seasoning into the potato, then, the beaten eggs. When light add the milk gradually ; pour into a greased bake-dish, and set in a quick oven, covered, until it has puffed up well, then brown rapidly. Serve in a bake-dish at once before it falls.

BAKED APPLE CHARLOTTE.

Pare, slice and chop one dozen tart pippins or greenings. Cover the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish with fine crumbs, put in a thick layer of apples; sprinkle plentifully with sugar, lightly with cinnamon; another stratum of crumbs, and so on, until the dish is full. The topmost layer should be crumbs, but, before adding this, pour in half a cupful of water in which are mixed two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of brandy; cover with the crumbs; invert a deep plate over it; bake, covered, half an hour, then brown. Eat with sweet sauce.

BOILED CHESTNUTS.

Pick out those which are free from worm-holes, boil twenty minutes fast in hot salted water. Drain, turn into a deep dish, and stir a lump of butter the size of a walnut into each quart. Eat hot.

DINNER.

Rabbit Soup.

Browned Beef's Tongue.

Curry of Tomatoes and Rice.

Turnips with White Sauce.

Boiled Indian Pudding.

Fruit.

Coffee.

RABBIT SOUP.

One large rabbit; one small onion, sliced and fried; quarter pound of salt pork; four tablespoonfuls of rice; three quarts of cold water; parsley, salt and pepper.

Joint the rabbit, put into the soup kettle with the pork and onion, cover with the water, and cook slowly for two hours; strain out meat and bones, put back over the fire with the rice and parsley;

simmer until the rice is soft, mince the meat left in the colander very fine, and stir into the soup. Boil up and pour into the tureen. A good soup.

BROWNED BEEF'S TONGUE.

Boil a large fresh beef's tongue gently until a skewer passes easily through it; have ready in a saucepan a pint of weak stock, or some of the pot-liquor, strained and skimmed, to which you have added a tablespoonful of chopped onion, as much minced parsley, a couple of stewed tomatoes strained, a pinch of mace, and the same of cloves; salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of sugar. When these ingredients have simmered together for half an hour, lay the tongue, skinned and trimmed neatly, in a dripping-pan, pour the gravy over it, bake, covered, and basting often, one hour; take the tongue up and keep warm while you thicken the gravy with browned flour, adding a little made mustard; pour over the tongue.

CURRY OF TOMATOES AND RICE.

One can of tomatoes; three-quarters of a cup of rice; one even tablespoonful of curry powder; one half teaspoonful of salt; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one tablespoonful of sugar.

Stir the curry-powder and sugar into the tomatoes; put a layer in the bottom of a pudding dish; cover with raw rice; salt, and drop bits of butter over the rice; more tomatoes; more rice, salt and butter, until the materials are all in. The uppermost layer must be tomatoes. Let all stand together two hours. Bake in a steady, not quick oven, forty minutes, covered, then brown. Send to table in the pudding dish.

TURNIPS WITH WHITE SAUCE.

Peel and slice white turnips ; lay in cold water for half an hour ; put over the fire in boiling, salted water, and cook tender ; drain, pepper and salt, put into a deep dish, and cover with a cupful of drawn butter, made with milk instead of water. Serve very hot.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.

Two cups of Indian meal ; two cups of milk ; four eggs ; half cup of powdered suet ; half teaspoonful of cinnamon ; one cup of molasses ; quarter teaspoonful of soda, sifted with the meal, twice.

Heat the milk to scalding, add the suet and the meal. When the suet is melted, put in the cinnamon and molasses, and let all get perfectly cold. Then beat in the eggs hard, and pour into a buttered mold with a tight top. Boil steadily four hours. Dip the mold into cold water for a minute to loosen the contents. Turn out on a hot dish, and eat with butter and sugar, or with hard sauce.





THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

A THANKSGIVING dinner should be the visible rendering of thought and emotion. In clearing away the idolatries of Paganism, we hacked so fiercely that some pretty, clinging vines of custom and affection fell with the obnoxious trunks. One of these was the religious feast in its season—the tender offerings of spring-time; the grapes, figs and mulberries, with a host of other summer delicacies; the corn, wine and oil, which were sacrificed with song and dance to Ceres in the bounteous autumn.

It is meet that we should make merry and be glad at the Thrice-Blessed Christmas-tide, and there is sweet significance in the gathering of the family, young and old, from near and from far, about the table (or altar), laden with the kindly fruits of the earth. "All this hath GOD given us!"

This is my little sermon-grace, if you will have it—over our Thanksgiving table.

The table is not furnished as our grandams loaded theirs in the olden time, so much more rude than ours. The board no longer groans, literally or metaphorically, under its burden of divers meats, vegetables and sweets.

Whatever may be the press of duties that on other days drives the business of eating into a gobble and a race, dyspepsia and apoplexy hovering, viewless, but very-present ghosts about the dumb devourers—take time on Thanksgiving-day to dine. If I were a religious and civil dictator for this one day, I would ordain certain ceremonies in cottage as in palace, as hygienic regulations and means of grace.

First, then, my pale-faced sister, sorely beaten in the long wrestle with the problem how to make fifty cents do the work of seventy-five, resist the disposition to “set everything on at once, and get the bother out of the way.” Lay what our ecclesiastical forefathers used to call quaintly and aptly, “a fair cloth,” upon the table. Adjust a large napkin, or carving-cloth, over the spot where the chief dish of meat is to stand.

Grudge not your best belongings of crockery, china, glass and silver. To each plate allot a glossy (not starched) napkin, a soup-spoon laid in front of the plate and parallel with the edge of the table, at the left side, two forks—at the right, two knives.

If you use “individual” salts, have one, newly filled and imprinted, at the right hand; also a goblet and a butter-plate. If you have larger salt-stands, assign one to each corner of the table, and one midway up each side, if the party be large.

As a central ornament, have a bowl, or, if you have no better vessel, a soup-plate of flowers. Or—for these are beginning to be very expensive now—make a beauty of economy, and fill the dish with autumnal treasures, the hardy ferns that can still be found under the fallen shrubs and leaves in the woods; bearded grasses, silver-gray “Life-Everlasting,” the fluffy clusters of the wingéd seeds of clematis, and bright berries from wayside hedges, with a shining brown cone or two. Make your decoration mean something, and blend the fancy with all the appointments of the feast.

Within the napkins slip squares or thick bars of bread, and lay on the outer fold of each a delicate spray of variegated foliage, or a bit of fern and bunch of bitter-sweet, or blue-gray cedar berries.

Distribute the dishes with an eye to effect of color and grouping, rather than to rectilinear symmetry. Avoid rows and "match-dishes." Motley now-a-days is your only wear, and the zigzag the direction of artistic beauty.

On a side-board, or table, arrange methodically relays of knives, forks, plates, etc., and be sure the order is comprehended by the cook and waiter before the family and guests sit down.

Begin the meal with a good soup.

To this should succeed fish—if you live near the seaboard, boiled cod with drawn butter, boiled halibut with egg-sauce poured over it—or better than either, a pretty thick piece of baked halibut with sauce tartare.

None of these are costly, and all are good.

Most well-bred people—I may hint just here—in eating fish, boiled in particular, rarely touch it with their knives, even when these are silver. The fork is used for breaking apart the flakes, for separating from these and removing the bones, and for conveying the prepared morsel to the mouth. No vegetables, unless it be potatoes in some form, are passed with fish.

Still leading up to the main business of the hour, let the next offering be a nice *entree*, or made-dish, chicken patés or croquettes, in memoriam of the ponderous chicken-pie which was a standing dish with our grandmothers on the fourth Thursday of November. With it send around stewed salsify (oyster-plant) and pickles.

Then—for the central theme, the point of clustering interests—the Thanksgiving Turkey!

He should be well stuffed, carefully basted, judiciously turned from time to time, be a constant if not oppressive solicitude, never lifted from the mind of the cook, be she amateur or professional, from the moment he is put down to roast until he is drawn—rich in coloring, done to a turn in the thickest joint, but nowhere scorched, a goodly type of plenty—from temporary seclusion.

Is it not Dickens who paints a family of poor children sitting around the spit to see the Christmas goose cooked, and almost dining on the odor?

Surround our Bird, when dished, with small fried sausages not larger than a dollar, interspersed with blanched celery-tops. Accompany him by a sauce-boat of gravy from which the fat was skimmed before the chopped giblets were stirred in; a dish of cranberry sauce or jelly, and sweet potatoes.

When the savory portion laid on each plate has been duly discussed, pass a glass-stand or salver of crisp celery, both as an assistant to the gastric juices and a tonic (we do not admit the word "stimulant" here) to the palate, that shall prepare it for the remainder of the banquet.

If you introduce game, let it succeed the turkey, and some lettuce with it. If it is not convenient to get quails, grouse or venison, content yourself with a salad of lettuce. Break apart the heads and wash each leaf, before dinner, rejecting all that are not sound and fresh. Heap these upon a dish or plate, and leave in the refrigerator until called for. This dish should be brought to table, and set before the hostess, with a salad-bowl.

This last must be lined with a small, clean napkin. Daintily, with the tips of your fingers, break in pieces the larger leaves, and lay with the smaller, upon the napkin. When all are looked and picked over, gather up the four corners of the napkin upon the

heap ; shake lightly to get rid of the clinging moisture, and turn out into the salad-bowl.

Lay the wet napkin upon the emptied dish in which the lettuce was brought, and send away. Dress the lettuce with salt, white sugar, pepper, oil and vinegar, allowing to three tablespoonfuls of oil twice the quantity of vinegar, toss with a wooden spoon and fork, until the seasoning permeates the salad, and send around the table.

Salad-dressing at table is a graceful, housewifely accomplishment which every woman should practice.

Eat the lettuce—and indeed all salads—with the fork alone. If the leaves have been properly selected, there is no excuse for touching the knife, and lettuce is unfit for table-use which cannot be cut with a fork-tine.

Crackers and cheese follow this course, and, if you like, olives. This is the breathing-space in a “course-dinner,” a season of leisurely and luxurious resting on the gastronomic oars before the next long pull.

The cheerful chat, that has been the best sauce of the meal, is here especially in order—a running fire of jest and repartee re-acting wholesomely upon appetite and digestion.

To-day, allow the children a modest share in table-talk—an exercise in which, by the way, Americans of the middle-class are usually egregiously unskilful. As with other fine arts, practice in this is indispensable to perfection, and the cultivation of it involves what our utilitarian stigmatizes as “trifling over one’s victuals.”

If we dallied longer over the family meal, we would pay fewer serious calls to the doctor’s office and apothecary’s shop.

The pumpkin-pie is the next consideration. Keep the mince for Christmas. The pumpkin is the homelier, yet luscious domestic product, the representative of our garnered harvest.

The crust should be short and flaky—not friable, and tasting like dessiccated lard. It must crackle with an agreeable sound, like the rustle of dry leaves, under the knife, and melt upon the tongue. The filling must be of a golden-brown, in the enjoyment of which the palate cannot discern the various elements of milk, eggs, sugar and pumpkin, but is abundantly satisfied with the combined whole.

Fruits and nuts are eaten at ease, and in indolent contentment, and, these disposed of, send black coffee after the withdrawing company into the parlor, as a grateful stomachic sequel.

“Heaven pity the dish-washers!” cried an old lady, admitted to inspect the glories of the Lord Mayor’s banquet.

Perhaps in the mind of my fellow-housekeeper who can afford to hire but one “girl” and does not often “entertain,” a similar ejaculation may arise in reading the above sketch of a holiday feast.

Get one plume less for your winter bonnet, and lay by the money thus saved to pay for extra help on Thanksgiving Day.

Or, if you prefer, let the soiled dishes of the later courses be rinsed in hot water, and set by in the back kitchen, until next morning. There will be no violent convulsion of Nature should you depart once in a great while, from established laws.

Spare no pains to make your few *fetes* landmarks in the memory of your children. The stately progress of a dinner such as we have described is an educational step to them, and a solemn joy in the recollection. It is worth while—*how* well worth while many are prone to leave out of sight—to make for ourselves and our juniors golden days that shall never lose their lustre.

Who thinks, even once a year, of the true meaning of “holy-day?” The dinner here proposed costs no more than the very promiscuous “spread” that will crowd many a table in farmhouse and unfashionable street upon the anniversary, to be swallowed in half the time the decorous succession of ours will require.



WINTER BILLS OF FARE.

No. 36.

BREAKFAST.

Browned Rice Porridge.

Fricasseed Eggs.

Crumpets.

Stewed Potatoes.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

BROWNED RICE PORRIDGE.

Parch a cupful of dry rice in the oven to a light brown, as you would coffee, stirring it to prevent scorching, and to preserve a uniform tint. Put over the fire in a farina kettle, with more than a quart of cold water, salt slightly and cook tender, but not to breaking. Shake up from the bottom now and then, but do not stir it. When done, drain off the water; set the kettle uncovered at the back of the stove to dry off the rice. Eat with sugar and cream. This is especially wholesome diet when laxatives, such as wheaten grits, or such heating cereals as oatmeal are to be avoided by the eater.

FRICASSEED EGGS.

Boil for fifteen minutes, throw at once into cold water, and let them lie there for the same time. Peel, cut each in half lengthwise;

extract the yolks, and rub smooth with a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, a little made mustard and the tiniest suspicion of cayenne. Mould this pasty mixture into balls of the same shape and size as the yolks, put them into the cavities left in the halved whites, fasten them in place by tying firmly with cotton twine when you have skewered them together with wooden toothpicks, one through each bisected egg. Have ready in a saucepan a good cupful of drawn butter (drawn with milk, not water), seasoned with pepper, salt and minced parsley. Lay the eggs in carefully; set the saucepan covered in boiling water, and cook gently, keeping the water outside at a slow boil for ten minutes. Arrange the eggs in a pile on a heated platter, and pour the sauce over them.

CRUMPETS.

One quart of milk; half a yeast-cake dissolved in warm water, or four tablespoonfuls of yeast; one tablespoonful of lard, and the same of butter; one half teaspoonful of salt; one quarter teaspoonful of soda sifted twice with the salt in a quart of flour.

Mix well over night; beat up hard in the morning; let it rise for an hour longer; half fill heated and greased muffin tins, on a heated and greased griddle with the batter, and bake on the top of the range, turning once. Run a sharp knife around the inside of each ring to loosen the crumpet. Eat hot. The cold ones left over are nice, if split, toasted and buttered.

LUNCHEON.

Oysters on Toast.

Thin Bread and Butter.

Jellied Tongue.

Hot Crackers.

Cheese.

An Excellent Cup Cake.

Cocoatheta.

OYSTERS ON TOAST.

Drain the liquor from a quart of oysters; cut each into four pieces, and drain again in a colander for fifteen minutes. Heat the liquor, and strain through coarse muslin back into the sauce. When it boils again, dip out a small cupful and keep it hot. Stir into that left on the range a liberal teaspoonful of butter rolled in a scant teaspoonful of corn-starch. In another vessel, heat half a cupful of milk. Stir the oysters into the thickened liquor; season with pepper and salt, and cook, after they are scalding hot, five minutes before adding the milk. Line a hot platter with net slices of crustless toast, buttered, wet with the reserved liquor, and cover with the oysters.

THIN BREAD AND BUTTER.

Cut the "kissing slice" from the end of a loaf; butter the exposed surface, and slice very thin. Butter again, and slice until you have enough cut. Draw a sharp knife across the middle of each slice and fold it over upon itself, buttered sides inward.

JELLIED TONGUE.

Clear a pint of the liquor in which a smoked tongue was boiled, by heating to a boil, and stirring in the white of an egg, then boiling slowly for five minutes. Strain through a thick cloth without squeezing, and pour it boiling-hot on half a package of gelatine, which has been soaked two hours in enough cold water to cover it. Add to this a blade of mace, half a dozen black peppercorns, and four tablespoonfuls of sharp, clear vinegar. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, and strain, without pressing, through a flannel bag. When it is cold, and begins to congeal at the edges, fill a mold or

bowl (wet with cold water) with slices of tongue arranged in perpendicular rows, and pour the jelly over them. Set in a cold place until firm; turn out on a cold platter. You can jelly the tongue whole, if you like, by cutting off the root, and trimming the rest into a neat shape, paring away every particle of skin, and omitting the tough tip altogether. Lay it in an oval pan or mold, and cover with the semi-liquid jelly. It will be a handsome dish when turned out.

AN EXCELLENT CUP CAKE.

Two rounded cups of powdered sugar; one even cup of butter; one cup of milk; three cups of prepared flour; four eggs; one lemon, juice and rind.

Rub butter and sugar to a cream, beat in the lemon, the whipped yolks, the milk; then frothed whites and flour by turns. Bake in small tins, or in two square tins.

DINNER.

Giblet Soup.

Roast Beef, with Yorkshire Pudding. Sea Kale.

Mount Blanc Potato. Creamed Sponge Cake.

Brandied Peaches. Fruit. Coffee.

GIBLET SOUP.

Cook the giblets of a turkey, or those from a pair of chickens, in a pint of cold water until tender; salt, and set away in the liquor until cold and stiff. Take them out, and chop fine, when you have

skimmed the fat from the liquor, and put it over the fire with a pint of soup stock. Boil up well, skim, strain back into the pot, add the minced giblets, and season to taste. Put into a frying-pan two tablespoonfuls of butter which has been cut up, and worked into two of browned flour. Stir steadily until it melts and simmers, when add a small teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Turn into the soup, rinsing out the frying-pan with a few spoonfuls of the hot liquor to get all the flour and butter. Cook gently for ten minutes, and serve.

ROAST BEEF WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING.

When a roast of beef is within half an hour of the "turn," drain off the gravy in a bowl, leaving about two tablespoonfuls in the dripping pan. Lay a gridiron over the pan, if you have one that will go into the oven. If not, prop the meat on clean sticks of oak or hickory (not pine) laid across the top of the dripping pan. Pour in the pudding, letting the fat from the roast drop on it as it cooks.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.

Four eggs beaten very light; two cups of milk; two cups of prepared flour; one teaspoonful of salt. Beat whites and yolks into separate bowls; into the latter stir the milk, then frothed whites and salted flour by turns; mix quickly, and bake at once. Cut the pudding into strips an inch wide by three long, and lay about the beef when dished, helping one or two pieces with each slice of meat.

SEA KALE.

This is a vegetable that needs only to be better known to become widely popular. Lay in cold water for half an hour, when you

have washed and picked it over to get out dead leaves, coarse stems, bits of sand, &c.; cook twenty-five minutes in boiling water, salted; drain, and press in a colander, chop fine, return to the fire in a saucepan and beat into it a great spoonful of butter, a little pepper and a great spoonful of vinegar; stir and toss until very hot and dish.

MONT BLANC POTATO.

Instead of mashing boiled potatoes, whip light and dry with a wooden or silver fork. At this point, begin to whip in a cupful of hot milk for a quart of mashed potatoes, and when all is in, beat in the frothed white of two eggs. Heap conically in a deep silver or stoneware dish; set in a quick oven until the surface hardens slightly. Withdraw before it catches a shade of brown, wash over lightly with butter, and send to table.

CREAMED SPONGE CAKE.

Cut the top from a stale sponge cake loaf in one piece, half an inch thick. Dig and scrape the crumbs from inside of loaf and upper slice, leaving enough to keep the outside firm. Spread a thick layer of fruit jelly on the inside. Heat a cup of milk to a boil, stir in a teaspoonful of corn-starch wet with cold milk, and the cake crumbs rubbed fine. Stir until thick, take from the fire, beat in two whipped eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Make all into smooth batter; set in boiling water on the range and stir for five minutes after the mixture is really hot through. Turn into a bowl, flavor with a teaspoonful of bitter almond essence, and let it get cold. Fill the cake with it, fit on the top, wash all over with whipped white of egg; sift powdered sugar evenly over it until no more will adhere to the surface, and let it harden.

Send around brandied peaches with this.

No. 37.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy Boiled with Milk.		Creamed Eggs.
Fried Mush.	Brown Muffins.	Maple Syrup.
Tea.	Coffee.	Fruit.

HOMINY BOILED WITH MILK.

One cupful of small hominy ; one quart of boiling water, salted ; one cupful of milk ; salt to taste.

Wash the hominy in two waters and stir it into the boiling water. Cook half an hour (in a farina kettle, of course), drain off all the water that will come away, add the milk, already heated, and cook half an hour longer. Eat with cream, and, if you like, sugar.

CREAMED EGGS.

Break as many eggs in a buttered pie-dish as it will hold without crowding each other. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and put a bit of butter on each. Have ready a cup of hot milk in which has been cooked for one minute a teaspoonful of corn-starch, or, better yet, of arrowroot wet up with cold water. Pour this, a spoonful at a time, about the raw eggs, and bake in a quick oven until the eggs are fairly set. Five minutes should do it. Send to table at once in the pie-plate.

FRIED MUSH.

One heaping cup of Indian meal ; one quart of boiling water, and one of cold, in which stir a teaspoonful of salt—a full one.

Stir the meal, wet with cold water, into the pot of boiling water, and cook one hour, stirring up from the bottom once in a while.

Wet muffin tins in cold water, and fill with the mush over night. In the morning slip the stiffened shapes out, flour them well and fry in hot dripping.

BROWN MUFFINS.

Three even cups of Graham flour; one even cup of white flour; four cups of milk; four tablespoonfuls of yeast; one tablespoonful of butter; two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; one teaspoonful of salt.

Rub butter and sugar together; add the milk, sift the flour, white and brown, with the salt; make a hole in the middle, stir in the milk and then the yeast; beat well, set to rise over night, and bake in small tins in a good oven. Let the batter stand in the tins in a warm place twenty minutes before going into the oven.

LUNCHEON.

Bread and Butter.

Barbecued Ham.

Cream Toast.

Baked Potatoes.

Steamed Potatoes.

Marmalade Cake.

BARBECUED HAM.

Fry slices of cold, boiled ham; keep warm while you stir into the gravy left in the pan four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixed with a tablespoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of catsup, or Chili sauce, and a little pepper. Boil up once and pour on the fried ham. This dish is sometimes called "deviled ham," and is a good spur to appetite.

CREAM TOAST,

Eight or ten slices of stale baker's bread. Cut off the crusts ; two cups of hot milk ; two tablespoonfuls of butter ; whites of two eggs ; boiling water, salted.

As each slice of bread is toasted, dip in a saucepan of salted boiling water, kept on the range ; pile in a deep covered dish. Put on the top of the dish when all the dipped toast is in, and make the sauce. Heat the milk to scalding, add the butter, and when it is melted, the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour upon the toast, lifting the lower slices to let the dressing get at them, cover and keep hot for five minutes before sending to the table.

BAKED POTATOES.

Select fine, fair potatoes, wash and wipe, and bake them in a moderate oven until the largest yields to a vigorous pinch of thumb and finger. Line a dish with a napkin, and serve them without peeling.

STEAMED APPLES.

Wash and wipe sweet apples ; dig out the blossom-end and the upper part of the core with a sharp-pointed knife, and lay them close together in a baking-pan. Half submerge in cold water ; cover closely and cook tender. Let them get cold, still covered, in a glass dish, and eat with sugar and cream.

MARMALADE CAKE.

One cup of prepared flour ; one cup of sugar ; two tablespoonfuls of butter ; one tablespoonful of milk ; three eggs ; marmalade or jelly (sweet) for filling.

Work butter and sugar to a light sauce, beat the eggs light. Whip the beaten yolks into the creamed sugar and butter, add the milk, the whites, and the flour. Bake in three jelly cake-tins, and spread marmalade, sweet jelly or jam between.

DINNER.

Clam Chowder. Boiled Chicken in Rice.

Stewed Celery. Mashed Potatoes. Lettuce Salad.

× Crackers and Roquefort Cheese.

Coffee, Jelly and Cake. Fruit. Coffee.

CLAM CHOWDER. (The best on record.)

Two quarts of long clams, chopped ; two quarts of tomatoes (or one quart can) ; a dozen potatoes peeled, or cut into dice ; one large onion, sliced thin ; eight pilot biscuits ; half a pound of fat salt pork, minced ; twelve whole allspice, and the same of cloves ; as much cayenne pepper as you can take up on the point of a knife ; salt to taste ; two quarts of cold water.

Fry the chopped pork crisp in a pot, take the bits out with a skimmer, and fry the minced onion until it is colored. Now put with the fat and onion the tomatoes and potatoes, the spices tied up in a bag, the water and the pepper. Cook steadily four hours. At the end of three hours and a half, add the clams and the pilot bread. This last should be broken up and soaked in warm milk. Some consider that the chowder is improved by stirring in, five minutes before serving, a tablespoonful of butter cut up in browned flour. It is delicious with, or without, this final touch.

BOILED CHICKEN ON RICE.

Prepare the fowl as for roasting, bind in a piece of muslin or mosquito net; put into a pot of boiling water, and cook twelve minutes to the pound. Half an hour before taking it up, dip out a cupful of liquor from the pot, strain it, and set in ice-cold water to throw up the grease. Skim this off, and season the cup of broth well with pepper and salt. Have ready two cupfuls of rice which has been boiled ten minutes, and then drained. Mix this with the skimmed broth, and cook in a farina kettle until the rice is tender. Shake the kettle, now and then, but do not put a spoon into the rice. When all the broth is absorbed, stir in very lightly a tablespoonful of butter and a little minced parsley, with a beaten egg. Cook one minute, and take from the fire. Spread the rice two inches thick in the bottom of a hot platter, and settle the boiled chicken in the middle. For gravy, heat another cupful of broth, strain, and add a tablespoonful of butter cut up in one of flour, and when it thickens, salt and pepper, a beaten egg and minced parsley. Cook ten minutes, and send to table in a boat.

STEWED CELERY.

Scrape and wash the celery, cut it into inch-lengths, and cook ten minutes in boiling, salted water. Turn this off, and cover with cold water. As this reaches the boil, drain it off and add a cup of milk, dropping in a bit of soda not larger than a grain of corn; heat, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, pepper and salt, and stew gently five minutes longer. As you scrape and cut the celery, drop each piece into cold water to keep it white.

LETTUCE SALAD.

Wash the lettuce faithfully, and pick out the best pieces, *i. e.*, the whitest and crispest leaves for the table. Do this just before dinner is served, and leave in ice-water until it is wanted. Line a salver with a small napkin, and pile the lettuce on it. Tear the leaves into smaller pieces daintily, and lay in the salad bowl. Scatter salt, pepper, and white sugar over and among them; when they are ready for seasoning, pour in two or three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and double the quantity of vinegar; toss (still daintily), with a salad fork and spoon, until the dressing is impartially distributed, and pass the bowl at once. Salad dressed in this way, and eaten before the crisp succulence of the lettuce is destroyed by the vinegar, is quite a different thing from the wilted greens often passed under the much-perverted name. It should never be touched with the knife in preparing or in eating. You may send around crackers and cheese with it.

COFFEE JELLY.

One package of Coxe's gelatine soaked for four hours in enough cold water to cover it an inch deep when it is put in.

Two cups of clear black coffee; one tablespoonful of white sugar; two cups of boiling water.

When the gelatine has soaked long enough, put it with the sugar into a large bowl, and let them stand for half an hour. Stir in, then, the water, actually boiling, and when the gelatine is dissolved, strain. Add the coffee, strain without pressing the flannel bag, and set in a wet mold to form. When you are ready to serve it, turn out carefully on a flat dish, and serve with sugar and cream.

No. 38.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy Porridge.	Fish Balls.
Risen Muffins.	White and Graham Bread.
Chocolate.	Tea. Fruit.

HOMINY PORRIDGE.

One cupful of small hominy; one quart of boiling water; one tablespoonful of butter; salt to taste.

Wash the hominy in two waters, leaving it in the second for an hour or so; drain in colander lined with coarse cloth, and stir into the salted water, which should be boiling in a farina kettle; cover, and cook half an hour; beat up from the bottom with a wooden spoon, and boil, uncovered, fifteen minutes; beat in the butter, and pour into a deep dish. Eat with sugar and cream, or with cream only.

FISH BALLS.

Mince, or pick into fine shreds a cupful of salt cod, soaked, boiled and cold. Put with it an equal quantity of freshly mashed potato, and half a cupful of drawn butter in which a raw egg has been beaten. Work lightly until well mixed and soft; flour a rolling-board, and drop a spoonful of the mixture on it. Roll into a ball, and lay on a cold platter. When all the balls have been made, set in a cold place. Do this over night. Heat lard or dripping enough to cover the fish-balls in a deep frying-pan; try one to see if it is hot enough to cook it quickly, and fry, a few at a time, to a fine golden brown. As you cook, lay them in a hot colander to free them from grease. Heap on a heated platter, slice a lemon thin, and garnish the edges of the dish with it.

RISEN MUFFINS.

Four cups of flour ; four tablespoonfuls of yeast ; two eggs ; one tablespoonful of butter or sweet lard ; one cup of milk ; one teaspoonful of salt.

Beat the eggs light, add milk, salt, yeast, shortening (melted), sugar, at last, the flour. Let the batter rise all night, setting it at bed time. In the morning, bake in muffin-rings on a griddle, or in small tins.

 LUNCHEON.

Calf's Brains.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

Steamed Corn Bread.

Mock East India Preserves.

Cookies.

 CALF'S BRAINS.

The brains of a calf ; two beaten eggs ; one tablespoonful of butter ; half a cup of gravy ; some rounds of fried bread, or of toast.

Wash the brains in cold water, and take out fibres and skin. Drop into boiling water, and cook fast fifteen minutes. Leave in ice water until perfectly cold. Mash them, then, with the back of a spoon, beat in the eggs with salt and pepper to your liking. When you have a smooth paste, heat the butter to hissing in a frying-pan, stir the brains in, and cook, keeping the spoon busy, two minutes. Have ready some rounds of fried bread on a hot dish, pour on each a teaspoonful or so of scalding broth or gravy, and heap the smoking mass of soft brains on them, as you would scrambled eggs.

 BOILED CORN BREAD.

Two cups of white cornmeal ; one cup of Graham flour ; two tablespoonfuls of sugar ; two and a half cups of milk ; two tea-

spoonfuls of Boyal Baking Powder ; one great spoonful of shortening (half butter and half lard) and a spoonful of salt.

Sift baking-powder with the flour, add the meal, and sift again ; rub butter and sugar together ; salt, and stir in the milk ; the latter should be slightly warmed. Pour this liquid in a hole made in the mingled meal and flour, gradually stirring down the dry flour toward the center ; beat all hard, two minutes at least ; two hours will be better. Dip for a second in cold water, and turn the bread out upon a warm plate. Eat at once. It is very good.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

Strain most of the liquor from a can of tomatoes, butter a bake-dish, spread a layer of tomatoes in the bottom, season with bits of butter, salt, pepper, sugar, and a few shreds of onion. Cover this layer with fine bread crumbs, put over it another of tomatoes, seasoning, and so on until the dish is full. The top should be a stratum of seasoned crumbs. Set in the oven, covered, and bake, removing the lid ten minutes before taking it out, that it may brown delicately.

MOCK EAST INDIA PRESERVES.

Six pounds of pared and minced pippins, or other winter apples ; six pounds of sugar ; three lemons ; three roots of white ginger sliced thin.

Put the sugar over the fire with a cup of boiling water to prevent burning ; as it dissolves, increase the heat and bring to a brisk boil. Cook thus, twenty minutes without stirring, but watching to see that it does not scorch ; skim and add the apples, the lemons minced (all except the seed) and the sliced ginger ; boil to a clear yellow, as briskly as is safe ; pack in small jars.

COOKIES.

One large cup of sugar ; one scant cup of butter ; two beaten eggs ; four tablespoonfuls of milk ; one half teaspoonful of salt ; nutmeg and cinnamon, each, a half teaspoonful ; nearly three cups of prepared flour, enough to enable you to roll it into a soft dough.

Rub butter and sugar, beat in the whipped eggs, the spices, salt, milk, and stir in the flour. Roll into a thin sheet and cut into shapes with a cake-cutter. Bake in a quick oven.

DINNER.

Calf's Head Soup.

Halibut Steak.

Beef's Tongue *au gratin*.

Potato Puff.

Stewed Oyster Plant.

Baked Apple Dumpling, Brandy Sauce.

Fruit.

Coffee.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.

A calf's head cleaned with the skin on ; six tablespoonfuls of butter, and a like quantity of browned flour ; six quarts of cold water ; one onion sliced and fried, and one grated carrot ; bunch of sweet herbs ; pepper and salt ; teaspoonful of allspice ; one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and one of sugar ; one glass of brown sherry.

Boil the head tender, and set it aside in the liquor. Next day, take it out of the stock, scrape off the jelly, and cut the meat neatly from the bones. Reserve that from the top of the head and cheeks to cut into dice, and set, for this purpose, with the tongue, in a cool place. Set the stock over fire and add to it the bones, the refuse meat,

the herbs, fried onion and carrot, and cook one hour; strain, when you have picked out the bones, and rub the vegetables through the colander. Put the butter into a frying-pan, and when warm, stir in the flour to a brown *roux*, as it is called; add the spice, the pepper and the salt, and turn into the soup; boil two minutes, drop in the dice of meat cut with a sharp knife, heat to a quick boil, and put in the sauce. The wine is added in the tureen. Lay thin slices of peeled lemon on the surface of the soup. You may, if you like, make forcemeat-balls of the brains, stirred up with raw egg and flour, also add a cup of tomato juice. There is no better soup than this when it is properly made, nor is it so difficult as one might imagine from the length of the recipe.

HALIBUT STEAKS.

Wash and wipe the steaks, dip in beaten egg, then roll in cracker-crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fry in hot dripping; or, you may broil the steaks on a gridiron as you would beefsteak. Serve on a hot dish, rub on both sides with a mixture of butter, pepper and salt, and the juice of a lemon.

BEEF'S TONGUE *au gratin*.

Wash, trim and scrape a fine, fresh beef's tongue, and cook in boiling water, slightly salted, one hour.

Take up, wipe off the liquor, cover with beaten egg, roll it in cracker-crumbs, put into a dripping-pan and brown, brushing it twice with melted butter while it is in the oven. Keep hot in a chafing-dish, while you add to the gravy in the dripping-pan, a cupful of the liquor in which the tongue was boiled, a tablespoonful of butter cut up in browned flour, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt and pepper, and the juice of a lemon. Boil up, and strain into a gravy-boat.

POTATO PUFF.

Boil, and mash the potatoes in the usual way, with butter and milk; beat in two eggs, and pour into a buttered bake dish. Brown on the upper grating of the oven, and serve in the dish in which it was baked.

STEWED OYSTER PLANT.

Scrape, and cut into inch-lengths a bunch of oyster plant, dropping it into cold water, as you cut it, to keep the color. Stew tender and white, in boiling water, a little salt. Turn off the water, and supply its place with a cup of hot (not boiled) milk, stir in a tablespoonful of butter cut up in one of flour, pepper and salt to taste, stew three minutes, stirring once or twice to prevent lumping, and serve.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Four sifted cups of prepared flour; one tablespoonful of lard, and the same of butter; two cups of milk; eight fine tart apples; half a teaspoonful of salt.

Chop the butter and lard into the flour (salted) and mix with milk to a soft dough, roll into a sheet nearly half an inch thick; cut into squares about five inches across; pare and core the apples, and put one in the middle of each square; fold over the four corners of the paste, pinching the edges together, and arrange in a floured baking-pan, the folded part downward; bake to a light brown; rub with butter when done, and sift sugar on the top.

BRANDY SAUCE.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter; two cups of powdered sugar; three tablespoonfuls of brandy; quarter of a grated nutmeg.

The butter should be rather soft, but not melted. Cream it light with the sugar, spice, and beat in the brandy, whip hard, heap on a glass dish, and set in a cold place until it is wanted on the table.

No. 39.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal Porridge.	Codfish Omelette.
Southern Batter Bread.	Potato Loaves.
Cold Bread.	Fruit.
Tea.	Coffee.

CODFISH OMELETTE.

One cup of "picked" salt cod which has been soaked, boiled and allowed to get cold; one cup of milk; one tablespoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour; seven eggs beaten light; pepper, and minced parsley; seven rounds of crustless toast, dipped in boiling water, then buttered.

Heat the milk, stir in the floured butter, pepper, parsley and minced fish. Take from the fire after two minutes cooking, add the eggs quickly and pour into a frying-pan in which is hissing a spoonful of butter, shake and stir until the mixture begins to form at the edges, when heap on the buttered toast spread on a hot dish. Serve hot.

SOUTHERN BATTER BREAD.

Three cups of Indian-meal; half cup of boiled rice (cold); one pint of boiling water; one teaspoonful of salt; three eggs; one cupful of buttermilk, or sour milk; one tablespoonful of lard; one even teaspoonful of soda.

Sift salt, soda and meal together twice ; wet up with the hot water, and beat in the lard and rice. Now, whip in the beaten eggs, lastly, the sour milk and lard. Bake in a shallow tin, or pie-plate. This is best when made with Southern corn-meal.

POTATO LOAVES.

Work cold mashed potatoes soft with a little butter and the yolks of one or two eggs, say, one yolk to each cupful, season with pepper and salt and make into neat loaves, flouring your hands to enable you to handle the paste. Do not get it too stiff. Flour well, lay a little distance apart in a hot dripping-pan, and brown quickly. As a crust forms upon them, wash with beaten white of egg to glaze the tops. Slip a spatula under them and transfer to a hot dish.

LUNCHEON.

Fried Tripe.

Baked Eggs.

Bread and Butter.

Crackers and Cheese.

Tea Cakes.

Chocolate.

FRIED TRIPE.

Cut cold boiled tripe into pieces three inches square, and lay them for half an hour in a mixture of salad oil (a tablespoonful), twice as much vinegar, a little salt and pepper ; roll in salted flour or in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot dripping or lard. Drain off the grease, and dish.

BAKED EGGS.

Soak a cupful of bread-crumbs in half a cupful of hot milk for twenty minutes, stir in a teaspoonful of butter, the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of savory broth,

a little minced onion, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Pour the mixture into a neat pie-plate and set, covered, in a quick oven. In six minutes lift the cover, break as many eggs on the bubbling surface as the dish will hold, sift fine crumbs on top and leave in the oven for three minutes longer. Serve in the dish.

TEA CAKES.

A quart of prepared flour; an even cupful of butter; four eggs; half teaspoonful of nutmeg or mace, half cupful of raisins; one heaping cupful of sugar.

Beat eggs light, stir butter and sugar to a cream, and put with the nutmeg. Mix well together, work in the sifted flour lightly until you have a good paste. Roll into a sheet less than a quarter of an inch thick, cut into round cakes, bury a raisin in the center of each, and bake in a brisk oven. Eat fresh. Do not let them get too brown in the oven.

DINNER.

Potato Purée.

Larded Pike.

Veal and Ham Cutlets.

Creamed Turnips.

Potato Soufflé.

Stewed Tomatoes.

Baked Roley-Poley.

Hard Sauce.

Fruit.

Nuts.

Coffee.

POTATO PUREE.

Three cups of mashed potatoes; one small onion; two large tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of flour; two quarts of boiling water; two eggs; two stalks of celery chopped; one cup of hot milk; one tablespoonful of finely cut parsley; salt and pepper.

Put potato, onion (chopped) and celery with the hot water over the fire, season, and cook gently half an hour, stirring often to prevent scorching, strain and rub through a colander ; return to the kettle with the parsley and floured butter, and stir to a simmering boil, heat in an another vessel the milk, turn upon the beaten eggs, mix well, add to the contents of the soup-kettle ; stir over the fire for one minute, and pour into the tureen.

LARDED PIKE.

Clean and wash the fish ; make incisions, crosswise, in the sides and put into each, well imbedded, a strip of solid fat salt pork ; lay in a dripping-pan, pour over it a cupful of boiling water, and bake, covered, half an hour, basting often with the liquor in the pan ; repeat this at intervals of five minutes until the fish is tender and nicely browned ; lift carefully to a hot-water dish ; strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, boil up, add half a glass of claret, and serve in a boat. Pass the potato soufflé with the fish. Red snapper may be cooked in the same way.

VEAL AND HAM CUTLETS.

Cut enough veal cutlets to make a good dish, and a like number of slices of cold boiled ham. Corned ham is best. Dip both in beaten egg, then, in fine crumbs mixed with salt, pepper, finely cut parsley and a dust of nutmeg. Fry in boiling dripping, or lard ; drain, and arrange in alternate slices of veal and ham on a hot dish. Garnish with cresses.

CREAMED TURNIPS.

Peel, lay in cold water for half an hour and cook tender and fast in hot salted water, drain, pressing well, put into a clean tin or

porcelain saucepan and beat smooth over the fire with a wooden spoon (never an iron one), mixing, as you go on, a good spoonful of butter and three spoonfuls of milk or cream; season with pepper and salt. The lumps should be rubbed out and the turnips a smooth purée.

POTATO SOUFFLE.

Beat two cupfuls of hot mashed potato light and soft with warm milk and a little butter, add the yolks of three eggs, pepper and salt, and turn into a greased pudding-dish; set in the oven until it begins to brown, spread with a meringue of the whites whipped stiff with a little salt and pepper; drop tiny bits of butter on the top, and when this has colored slightly, take from the oven. Serve at once before it falls.

STEWED TOMATOES.

To a can of tomatoes add a teaspoonful of minced onion, as much white sugar, salt and pepper to taste, a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs; stew fast for twenty minutes, and rub through a hot colander into a deep covered dish. This is a decided improvement on the usual style of stewing tomatoes.

BAKED ROLEY-POLEY.

One quart of Hecker's prepared flour; two full tablespoonfuls of lard; two cups of milk; yolk of an egg; one teaspoonful of salt; a large cup of jam, marmalade, or canned (and strained) berries, well sweetened.

Sift flour and salt together, beat the yolk light, and stir into the milk; chop up the shortening into the flour until well incorporated;

wet the flour with the milk into a good dough; roll out half an inch thick, spread with the fruit, and roll up closely; pinch the outer edges together and lay the roll, the joined sides downward, in a floured baking-pan; bake until browned, wash over with whipped white of egg, and send to table; eat with hard sauce.

NO. 40.

BREAKFAST.

	Oranges.	
Corn Beef Hash.		English Muffins.
	Potatoes Stewed Whole.	
Tea.		Coffee.

CORNEB BEEF HASH.

To two cupfuls of cold corned beef, minced, allow one and one-half of mashed potatoes. Mix them well together, and season with pepper. Put a cupful of broth or gravy into a frying-pan, heat to a boil and stir in the meat and potato, tossing and scraping it toward the center from the sides and bottom, until you have a smoking heap, just soft enough not to run over the pan. Stiff hash is a culinary abomination. Serve on a hot platter with triangles of fried bread laid about the base of the heap, points upward. If you have no gravy, put boiling water into the pan, mix in two tablespoonfuls of butter with a teaspoonful of tomato catsup or Worcestershire sauce, and when it simmers, proceed as above.

ENGLISH MUFFINS.

On baking-day, take a pint of dough from the batch which has risen all night; work in a cupful of warm water, and when you

have a smooth, stiffish batter, beat in a couple of eggs. Set to rise in a pitcher near the fire for an hour, or until quite light; have greased muffin-rings ready on a hot griddle, half-fill them with the batter, and bake on both sides, as you would griddle-cakes. Send to table hot, and split them by tearing them open. You can make them without eggs, but they are not quite so nice.

POTATOES STEWED WHOLE.

Boil, with the skins on, the small potatoes the cook thinks not worth the trouble of peeling, until done through. Turn off the water, and dry in the hot pot for a minute; peel quickly, and drop in a saucepan where you have ready the sauce. This is made by scalding a cup of milk, adding one of boiling water, stirring into it a tablespoonful of butter cut up in flour, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Pepper and salt, and simmer with the potatoes in it ten minutes before pouring out. It is well to mellow each potato, before putting it in the sauce, by pressing it hard enough with the back of a spoon to crack, but not to split it.

LUNCHEON.

Shrimp Salad, with Mayonnaise Dressing.

Cheesecups.

Crackers, Bread, Butter and Olives.

Oatmeal Gingerbread.

Cocoa-theta.

SHRIMP SALAD.

Open a can of shrimps some hours before you want to use them, and keep in a cold place. An hour before lunch-time, cover them

with vinegar in which has been mixed a tablespoonful of salad oil ; leave them in this fifty minutes, then arrange in a broad, cold, glass dish, saucers or cups made of crisp lettuce ; put a tablespoonful of shrimps, drained, in each, scatter pounded ice among the leaves, and, as you serve, pour on a great spoonful of mayonnaise dressing for each person.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

Yolk of six eggs ; one cup of salad-oil ; two tablespoonfuls of vinegar ; one saltspoonful of salt, and half as much cayenne pepper.

Keep eggs, vinegar and oil on ice until you begin to mix the dressing. Set a bowl in a pan of cracked ice ; break the yolks carefully into it, that not a drop of the whites may mingle with them. Have another pan of ice at hand in which the bottles of vinegar and oil are set. Begin to beat the yolks slowly and evenly, and, as soon as they are broken, let fall one drop of oil upon them, each minute, keeping the egg-beater going for ten minutes. Then put in three drops each minute, until the mixture is a smooth yellow batter, when begin to mix in the vinegar, a half-teaspoonful every two minutes, alternating it with a teaspoonful of oil, beating steadily until both are used up. Now go in salt and pepper. Whip vigorously five minutes, and pour into a glass or silver pitcher. Keep this on ice until the salad is served.

OATMEAL GINGERBREAD.

Two and a half cups of fine oatmeal ; one tablespoonful of butter ; half a cup of molasses, and the same of brown sugar ; one cup of sour milk ; one teaspoonful (an even one) of soda, and one of salt, sifted twice through the meal ; one teaspoonful of ginger, and twice as much cinnamon.

Stir molasses, spice, sugar, and melted butter until they are a yellow-brown cream, add the milk and flour, beat hard, and bake in small buttered tins. Eat warm.

COCOA-THETA.

This delicious and delicate preparation of chocolate can be made in five minutes, and will be found a peculiarly agreeable accompaniment to the wholesome gingerbread for which directions are given above.

DINNER.

Cod Chowder.	Baked Calf's Head.
Canned Corn Stew.	Mold of Potato.
Fruit.	Indian-Meal Pudding.
	Coffee.

. COD CHOWDER.

Three pounds of fish; one onion, sliced and fried; twelve Boston crackers; half a pound of salt pork; butter; corn-starch; one pint of oysters, chopped; one cup of milk; chopped parsley; pepper.

Cut the cod into dice, lay a double handful in the bottom of the soup-pot, on this strew pork, sliced onion and pepper, and cover with crackers. Proceed in this order until the materials are all in, cover with cold water, put on the pot-lid, and stew gently until the fish is tender—perhaps for an hour after the boil begins. Take out the fish and crackers with a split spoon, and put into the tureen, setting the platter in hot water. Strain the liquor through a colander to get out the bones, return to the kettle, and this to the fire.

Cut up two tablespoonfuls of butter in a tablespoonful of corn-starch, stir this into the liquor, boil up and put in the oysters (chopped) and a tablespoonful of parsley. Simmer five minutes, add a cupful of hot milk, and pour into the tureen. Pass hot crackers and sliced lemon with it.

BAKED CALF'S HEAD.

This should have been cleaned with the skin on. Take out the brains, boil them ten minutes in hot water, then throw them into cold, and set aside. Bind the halves of the head in place with wide tape, put over the fire in plenty of boiling, salted water, and cook gently for an hour. Take up, wipe, score the cheeks slightly with a keen blade, and lay the head in a dripping-pan. Dash over it a cupful of the scalding liquor in which it was boiled, and bake, basting it three times with butter, afterwards with its own gravy. When it is a fine brown, remove to a hot dish, strain the gravy into a saucepan, add the brains beaten to a paste, thicken with browned flour, season to taste, boil up and send to table in a boat. Send around Chili sauce, or tomato catsup, with the head.

CANNED CORN STEW.

Empty a can of corn some hours before you want to use it, to get rid of the "close" taste of the air-tight vessel. Chop a bit of fat salt pork an inch square into tiny atoms, put it over the fire with a cup of cold water, and stew, covered, for an hour. Pepper, and add the corn. Cook twenty minutes, pour in half a cup of hot milk in which a teaspoonful of butter rolled in one of flour has been dissolved, also, half a teaspoonful of white sugar. Simmer five minutes, and serve in a deep dish.

MOLD OF POTATO.

To two cupfuls of mashed potato, allow two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of hot milk, two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter as much pepper. Mix up well; butter a mold or bowl with plain sides, strew these thickly with fine crumbs, put in the potato, and set in a dripping-pan of hot water in a good oven. Bake half an hour and turn out carefully on a heated platter.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.

Three cups of Indian meal; one quart of milk; three eggs; four tablespoonfuls of molasses; one teaspoonful of salt; three tablespoonfuls of suet; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; a quarter-teaspoonful of soda, stirred into the milk.

Scald the meal with the milk heated to boiling, stir in suet and salt, and let it get cold; then add the eggs, molasses and spice and beat faithfully; pour into a well-buttered mold, and steam, or boil, four or five hours, keeping the water in the pot or steamer at a steady boil all the time. Turn out, and eat at once with hard sauce.

No. 41.

BREAKFAST.

Baked Sweet Apples.

Brain Fritters.

Oatmeal Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup.

Fruit.

Coffee.

Tea.

BAKED SWEET APPLES.

Wash, wipe and cut out the blossom-end of pound sweets, or other large sweet apples; and bake them until soft, turning them several times as they brown. Sift sugar over them while hot. Let them get perfectly cold, and eat with sugar and cream.

BRAIN FRITTERS.

After washing, and ridding the brains of fibres and skin, drop them into boiling water, and cook gently for fifteen minutes, then throw into ice-cold water. When they are stiff and white, wipe and mash them to a batter with a wooden spoon, seasoning with salt and pepper. Beat into this an egg, half a cup of milk, and two or three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour. Fry a little in the boiling fat before venturing more, drop in by the tablespoonful, fry quickly, shake in a heated colander to free them of fat, and serve very hot. They are *nice*.

OATMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.

One cupful of cold oatmeal porridge; two eggs; two cupfuls of buttermilk, or sour cream, or loppered milk; one tablespoonful of molasses, or brown sugar; one teaspoonful of soda, sifted with half a cupful of Graham flour; one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of butter, melted.

If you use cream, you do not need this last ingredient. Whip the eggs, and beat them into the porridge, then salt, sugar, butter, milk, lastly, the Graham flour. Beat and stir for two minutes and bake on the griddle.

LUNCHEON.

Chicken or Veal Fondue.

Baked Beans.

Brown Bread.

Walnut Cake.

Chocolate.

CHICKEN OR VEAL FONDUE.

Two cupfuls of finely minced meat; one cupful of milk, and the same of dry crumbs; one heaping tablespoonful of butter; three eggs; bit of soda the size of a pea, in the milk; pepper and salt;

stir the crumbs into the hot milk, and cook in a farina-kettle to a lumpless, smoking batter. Add the butter, turn into a bowl, and beat with a wooden spoon for two minutes. Set where it will cool fast. When nearly cold, add the seasoning, whipped eggs and minced meat. Mix thoroughly, beating high and fast, and pour into a buttered pudding-dish. Bake in a good oven, keeping it covered for half an hour. Brown on the upper grating, and serve before it falls.

If you have gravy left from the roast, heat, and send it around with the *fondue*.

BAKED BEANS.

Soak a quart of beans all night. In the morning, cover them with boiling water, and set at the side of the range until swollen and soft, but not broken. If you have no bean-pot, put them into a deep bake-dish; thrust a half pound "chunk" of salt pork, par-boiled, and scored on top, down into the beans; add a teaspoonful of salt, half as much made-mustard and a tablespoonful of molasses, to them, with enough hot water to cover them nearly—fit a top on dish, or pot, and set in a slow oven. Bake six hours, peeping at them three or four times to see if they need more boiling water. If so, supply it. For the last half-hour, cook them faster and uncovered. This is the genuine New England dish, and cannot be improved upon.

BROWN BREAD.

One-half cup of Graham flour; one cup, each, of rye flour and Indian meal; one cup of milk; one-half cup of molasses; one even teaspoonful of salt; one even teaspoonful of soda, sifted three times with meal and flour; one tablespoonful of lard.

Put the flour and meal, sifted with salt and soda, into a bowl. Mix milk, lard and molasses together, warm slightly, and add to

the contents of the bowl gradually, stirring it well. Work for three minutes, put into a greased mold, and steam for three hours. . Eat while hot.

WALNUT CAKE.

Three cups of prepared flour; one cup of butter, and two of sugar; four eggs; one cup of cold water; two even cupfuls of English walnut kernels, cut into small bits.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten yolks, the water, then the flour, and whipped whites alternately, last of all, the nuts. Mix thoroughly and bake in small tins, or, if in a large mold, in one that has a funnel in the center.

DINNER.

Potato Soup.

Steamed Chicken, Stuffed. Oyster-Plant Fritters.

Scalloped Squash.

Sponge Cake.

Custard.

Fruit.

Coffee.

POTATO SOUP.

Boil enough Irish potatoes to make two cupfuls when mashed. Whip them light, and keep hot. Into two quarts of boiling water shred a small onion, two stalks of refuse celery and three sprigs of parsley. Cook until the vegetables are soft. Put them through a colander with the water in which they were boiled, then pass the potato through the holes into the same pot. Return to the fire, season with pepper and salt, and bring to a gentle boil. Take care it does not burn. Now stir in four generous tablespoonfuls of

butter, cut up, and rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of prepared flour. Boil two minutes more, and pour out. It will be found delightful, although "a soup maigre." The excellence of such depends much upon seasoning and smoothness. They are too often watery, insipid and lumpy.

STEAMED CHICKEN, STUFFED.

Clean and dress as for roasting. Make a stuffing of crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, then, mix with a dozen oysters, each cut into three pieces. Bind legs and wings to the body with tape, and put into a steamer with a closely-fitting lid. If you have no steamer (which is a pity) put the fowl into a tin pail with a good top, and set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil, and if the fowl be full-grown, cook steadily for two hours after the boil begins. Open the steamer at the end of the second hour for the first time, and try the breast with a fork. If tender, remove the chicken to a hot-water dish, and keep covered while you make the gravy. Strain the gravy from the steamer or pail into a saucepan; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, four of oyster-liquor (also strained), a tablespoonful of flour wet up in three tablespoonfuls of cream, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Bring to a boil, stir in quickly a beaten egg, season to taste, and pour some of it over the fowl, the rest into a boat. This is so savory a dish that it should be better known.

OYSTER PLANT FRITTERS.

Scrape the skin carefully from the roots, and grate them into a batter made of one cup of milk, half a cup of prepared flour, and one beaten egg. Unless the roots are grated directly into the mixture, they darken immediately. Season with salt and pepper; try

a little of the batter in the hissing-hot dripping before risking more. If too thin, add flour cautiously. If too solid, put in more milk. Drain off the fat by shaking each fritter vigorously in the split spoon as you take it out of the frying-pan. Eat while very hot.

SCALLOPED SQUASH.

The Hubbard, or green winter squashes, are best for this dish. Scrape out the seeds, pare off the shell, and leave in cold salt and water for one hour; cook in hot water, a little salt, until tender. Mash well, and let it cool. When quite cold, whip into it a table spoonful of butter, one of corn-starch wet up in half a cup of milk (for a large cupful of squash), three whipped eggs, pepper and salt. Turn the mixture into a buttered pudding dish; strew thickly with fine crumbs, and bake in a quick oven.

SPONGE CAKE CUSTARD.

I know of no other use to which baker's sponge cake can be put that brings such satisfaction to the consumer as to make it into this pudding. Buy a stale card of sponge cake; lay on a stone china platter; pour around—not over—it a hot custard made of a pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar boiled together until the mixture begins to thicken. Season with vanilla, coat the top of the cake thickly with jelly or jam, and on this spread a meringue of the whites, beaten stiff with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Set in the oven over a dripping-pan of hot water until the meringue is slightly colored. Eat cold.

No. 42.

BREAKFAST.

Rice Porridge.	Stewed Eels.	
Gems.	Potato Balls.	Fruit.
Tea.	Coffee.	

RICE PORRIDGE.

One cup of raw rice ; one quart of boiling water, salted ; one cup of milk ; beaten whites of two eggs.

Soak the rice in cold water one hour, drain, and put over the fire in the boiling water, cook soft, shake up from the bottom now and then, pour in the milk heated to scalding, simmer ten minutes, add the beaten whites, cook just one minute, and serve in a deep dish. Eat with sugar and cream. It is delicate and nourishing.

STEWED EELS.

Two pounds of eels ; three tablespoonfuls of butter ; one teaspoonful of chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley ; pepper and salt ; one tablespoonful of flour.

Skin and clean the eels, carefully removing all the fat, cut neatly through the backbone into pieces two inches long. Melt the butter in a saucepan, but do not color it before laying the pieces of eel in it. Sprinkle with onions and parsley, cover closely and set in a vessel of cold water. Cook gently over a steady fire for an hour and a half after the boil begins. The eels should be tender, but not boiled to rags. Remove them with a split spoon to a hot-water dish, stir into the liquor left in the saucepan, pepper, salt and flour, the latter wet up with cold water. Bring to a quick boil, and pour over the eels.

GEMS.

Two eggs ; two cups of milk ; half-teaspoonful of baking-powder ; two cups of sifted flour ; half a teaspoonful of salt.

Beat the eggs light, add the milk and the flour with which have been sifted salt and baking-powder. Whip hard, and pour into buttered gem-pans already warm. Bake in a quick oven.

POTATO BALLS.

Work into a cupful of cold mashed potato a teaspoonful of melted butter. When the mixture is white and light, add the beaten yolk of one egg, and season to taste. Make into balls between your floured palms, roll thickly in flour, and fry in plenty of nice hot dripping. Take up with a split spoon, shake off the fat and pile on a hot dish.

LUNCHEON.

Anchovied Toast with Egg Sauce.

Potato Salad.

Bread and Butter.

Crackers.

Crullers.

Café au lait.

ANCHOVIED TOAST WITH EGG SAUCE.

Spread rounds of buttered (crustless) toast with anchovy paste, and lay in a heated platter. Have ready a cupful of drawn butter, boiling hot, in a farina kettle ; beat four eggs light and stir them into the drawn butter. Season with pepper (the anchovy should supply most of the salt) and cook and stir until you have a smooth thick sauce. It should not clot or harden. Four minutes should cook it sufficiently. Pour upon the toast.

POTATO SALAD.

Rub a cupful of mashed potato through a colander ; mix with it half a cupful of shred white cabbage, prepared as for cold slaw ; two tablespoonfuls of chopped cucumber, or gherkin pickle (or one tablespoonful of minced pickled onion) and the pounded yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Stir and incorporate the ingredients faithfully. Make a dressing as follows : Into half a cupful of boiling vinegar stir one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one beaten raw egg, one teaspoonful of flour wet with cold vinegar, one teaspoonful of celery essence ; salt and pepper to taste ; one half-teaspoonful of mustard. Cook and stir until you have a smooth cream, and mix hot with the salad. Toss and mix thoroughly. Set in a cold place, or on the ice until wanted. It will be liked by all who eat it. Pass crackers—slightly warmed—with it.

CRULLERS.

Six eggs ; one half pound of butter ; three quarters of a pound of sugar ; flour to roll out in a good dough that will not adhere to board and fingers ; mace and cinnamon, half teaspoonful of each ; brown sugar and butter.

Mix, and work in flour, roll thin, cut into shapes and drop one into a deep frying-pan of boiling lard. If it rises quickly and does not brown too fast, put in as many as can be cooked without crowding, taking them out with a split spoon when they are plump and of a golden-brown color. Sift powdered sugar over them while warm. They are delicious.

CAFÉ *au lait*.

Strain strong hot coffee into a hot urn or coffee-pot, add an equal quantity of scalding milk, throw a thick cloth or a “cozy” over the urn and let it stand five minutes before filling the cups.

DINNER.

Farina Soup.	Baked Halibut.	
Ragout of Mutton.	Cauliflower <i>au gratin</i> .	
Hominy Croquettes.	Cocoanut Custard.	Light Cakes.
Fruit.	Coffee.	

FARINA SOUP.

Heat and strain four cups of soup-stock of any kind, and bring it to a boil. Scald two cups of milk, beat three eggs light, and add to them gradually the hot milk. Heat and stir until the sugarless custard begins to thicken, when turn into a tureen. Add the scalding stock, and stir in, finally, four tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, grated. Pass grated cheese with it for those who would like to have more. You can buy real Parmesan cheese ready grated in bottles from the best grocers.

BAKED HALIBUT.

Buy the fish in a thick, solid cut, and lay in strong salt-and-water for an hour at least. Wipe all over, cut the skin on top criss-cross, just reaching the flesh below, and lay in a dripping-pan. Dash a cupful of boiling water over it, and cook twelve minutes for each pound. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of butter dissolved in hot water, mingled with the juice of a lemon, and baste often. When a fork penetrates easily the thickest part of the fish, take it up and keep hot while you add to the gravy a teaspoonful of Harvey's or Worcestershire sauce, and a tablespoonful of butter rubbed in two great spoonfuls of browned flour. Should this make the gravy too thick, add a little boiling water. Boil, and strain into a sauce-boat.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON.

Coarser chops than those sold as "French," will do for this dish. Heat half a cupful of clarified dripping, or as much butter, in a frying-pan ; put in half of an onion sliced, cook three minutes, and lay in the chops dredged with flour. Fry quickly until they begin to brown nicely ; take up with a split spoon, and put into a saucepan, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a pinch of powdered thyme ; cover with cold water ; put a close lid on the saucepan, and cook very slowly for two hours, or until the meat is ready to fall from the bones. Lift it, piece by piece, to a hot-water dish ; skim the gravy, pepper and salt it, and add half a can of green peas which have been drained and laid in cold water for an hour. Stew until soft, rub through a colander ; stir in a tablespoonful of butter rolled in browned flour ; boil up once, and pour over the meat.

CAULIFLOWER *au gratin*.

Wash carefully ; tie up in mosquito-netting, and boil thirty minutes in hot salted water. Undo the netting, and lay the cauliflower, blossom upward, in a pudding-dish. Pour a cupful of drawn butter over it, strew with dry crumbs, and brown lightly on the upper grating of the oven. Send round with it drawn butter in which has been squeezed the juice of a lemon.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.

Rub a cup of cold boiled "small" hominy smooth with a tablespoonful of soft butter. When you have worked them well together, add a beaten egg, a tablespoonful of sugar and a little salt. Beat up well, flour your hands and make into croquettes, rolling each over and over on a thickly floured dish. Set aside for some hours in a cold place, and fry in hot lard. Drain off every drop of grease in a colander, and serve the croquettes on a hot flat dish.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.

Grate a cocoanut, and set aside, while you heat a quart of milk in a farina-kettle (dropping in a tiny bit of soda). Add a cupful of sugar, pour the sweetened milk upon six beaten eggs, and leave over the fire until just lukewarm. Then season with vanilla, or bitter almond, stir in the cocoanut, turn into a buttered pudding-dish, and set at once in the oven to bake to a yellow-brown. Eat cold with light cakes.

 No. 43.

BREAKFAST.

Golden Mush.

A Winter Hen's Nest.

Graham Biscuit.

Potatoes *au Maitre d'Hotel*.

Fruit.

Tea.

Coffee.

 GOLDEN MUSH.

Scald a cup of granulated yellow meal with a pint of boiling water over night. In the morning put a pint of milk and a cup of boiling water, salted, into a farina-kettle, and when it boils, stir in the soaked meal. Cook, stirring often, for one hour. Eat with sugar and cream.

 A WINTER HEN'S NEST.

Boil eight eggs hard, and throw them into cold water. When cool, take off the shells carefully, divide the whites, and extract the yolks. Mash them to powder, and mix with twice as much minced chicken, turkey, duck, veal, lamb, or ham. Make into egg-shaped balls when you have worked a spoonful of butter into the paste,

season it, and heap on a hot-water dish. Cut the whites into fine shreds, arrange them about the balls to simulate straw, and pour a cupful of good gravy, scalding hot, over all. The dish needs no other cooking, if there is boiling water under the platter. If not, set in the oven for ten minutes.

GRAHAM BISCUIT.

One pint of Graham flour, and half as much rye ; one heaping tablespoonful of butter, and an even one of lard ; two-and-a-half cups of lukewarm milk, as fresh as possible ; one tablespoonful of sugar.

One teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking-powder, sifted twice through the flour. Rub butter and lard into the salted and sifted flour, stir the sugar into the milk, and wet the flour into a soft dough. Handle lightly, roll out with a few strokes into a sheet half an inch thick, cut into cakes, prick them, and bake in a steady oven. They are good, warm or cold.

POTATOES *au Maitre d'Hotel*.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into small dice, pepper and salt them, heat a cup of milk to a boil, add a great spoonful of butter rolled in flour, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. When it thickens, put in the potatoes, and simmer until they are hot all through ; remove from the range, stir in quickly the juice of half a lemon, and as much grated lemon-peel as will lie on a silver half-dime. Serve hot.

LUNCHEON.

How to use the last of "That Mutton."

Cheese Bars.

Bread and Butter.

Pickles.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

Soft Raisin Gingerbread.

HOW TO USE THE LAST OF "THAT MUTTON."

Cut every bit from the bone, and mince it rather finely. Have ready a cupful of good gravy. You can cut the meat from the bones early in the day, crack, and make the broth from them if you have no other. If you have half a can of mushrooms in the pantry, mince, and add them to the mutton; also a very little onion pickle chopped. Season the gravy highly, and wet the mince with it. Put a layer of fine crumbs in a greased pudding-dish, pour in the chopped meat, sift more crumbs over it, cover closely, and set in the oven until the gravy bubbles up through it. Draw to the oven-door, and pour on the surface four or five eggs, beaten light, then mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cream. Drop minute bits of butter on the egg, with pepper and salt, and shut up until the omelette crust is set. Serve at once in the pudding dish.

CHEESE BARS.

Make these on "pastry day" from the pieces left over from pies. Cut strips, three inches long, and two inches wide. Cover the upper side thickly with grated cheese, and the merest dust of cayenne, fold the pastry lengthwise over this, sift cheese on the top, and bake quickly. Eat hot.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

Cover the bottom of a buttered pie-plate with fine crumbs, salted and peppered; drain the juice from a can of tomatoes, season them with butter, salt, pepper, a little sugar, and half a teaspoonful of onion, minced very finely. Pour this into the pie-dish, and cover with a thick coat of crumbs. Stick dots of butter on this, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover, and bake for half an hour, then brown.

SOFT RAISIN GINGERBREAD.

One cup, each, of sugar, butter, molasses, and sour cream, or milk—cream is best; one scant cup of seeded raisins; one teaspoonful of mixed mace and cinnamon; one teaspoonful of ginger; one rounded teaspoonful of soda, sifted twice with four full cups of flour; two eggs.

Rub butter and sugar to a cream, then beat in the molasses and spice, working it until it is several shades lighter than when you began. Add the eggs whipped light, the milk, at last the flour. Stir well, put in the raisins dredged thickly, and beat two minutes upward. Bake in shallow "cards" or in patty-pans. Eat warm with cheese.

DINNER.

Vegetable Family Soup.

Scalloped Oysters. Stewed Duck. Glazed Potatoes.

Canned Peas.

Suet Pudding.

Jelly Sauce.

Fruit.

Coffee.

VEGETABLE FAMILY SOUP.

Two pounds of lean beef cut into dice; one onion; one large carrot; one turnip; quarter of a cabbage heart; two fair-sized potatoes; one tablespoonful of minced parsley; two stalks of celery; pepper and salt; three quarts of cold water; browned flour.

Put the beef over the fire in the cold water, and cook slowly three hours. An hour before taking it from the fire, prepare the vegetables. Shred the cabbage, cut turnips, celery, carrots and potatoes into dice; slice the onion, and fry it brown. Cook half an hour in boiling salted water, all except the onion. Drain the

water off, and throw away. By this time the meat should be tender, but not in shreds. Add the parboiled vegetables and onion to it and the broth, put in the parsley; pepper and salt to taste. Cook all for twenty minutes, slowly stir in a great spoonful of browned flour wet with cold water, boil up, and pour out.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Put a layer of cracker-crumbs in the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish, pepper and salt, and cover with raw oysters, season these with bits of butter, and a little pepper, and pour on a few spoonfuls of milk and oyster liquor; more crumbs, and more oysters, until your dish is full, the top-layer being crumbs, dotted with butter, and wet with milk. Do not make the cracker strata too thick; give the oyster honor above the "scallop;" bake, covered, until the moisture bubbles to the surface, then brown lightly. Serve with sliced lemon, bread and butter.

STEWED DUCK.

Joint neatly, cover the bottom of a saucepan with thin slices of salt pork; pepper, and lay in pieces of duck, another layer of salt pork on the top, and cover with sliced onion; fit on a close lid, set at the back of the range, and cook slowly until tender. An old duck will require four hours, but will be good when conquered. Take up the meat, and keep hot. Strain the gravy; add a little powdered sage, parsley, a teaspoonful of currant-jelly and a tablespoonful of browned flour. Boil up sharply, and pour over the duck.

GLAZED POTATOES.

Peel, then boil whole; dry off at the back of the range, lay in a dripping-pan, salt, butter liberally, and brown in a quick oven, basting with butter, from time to time.

CANNED PEAS.

Get the best French peas. Empty the can two hours before cooking them, drain off, and throw away the liquid, and lay the peas in ice-cold water, slightly salted. When you are ready to cook them, put them over the fire in boiling salted water, and boil for fifteen minutes. Drain well, butter and season.

SUET PUDDING.

Three cups of flour; half a cup of powdered suet; two cups of sour milk; one rounded teaspoonful of soda, sifted twice with the flour; one teaspoonful of salt; half a cup of raisins, seeded and chopped.

Put the flour, sifted with salt and soda, into a bowl; make a hole in the middle, and pour in the milk gradually. Lastly, add suet and raisins, mixed together and dredged with flour. Boil or steam in a buttered mold for three hours. Eat with jelly sauce.

JELLY SAUCE.

Dilute half a cup of currant jelly with a cup of boiling water; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, and double the quantity of powdered sugar. Set over the fire, and when it boils, add the juice of a lemon, a little nutmeg, and an even teaspoonful of corn-starch wet with cold water. Boil up again, and set in hot water until needed.

No. 44.

BREAKFAST.

Farina.	Salt Mackerel with White Sauce.	Stewed Potatoes.
	Quick Biscuit.	Cold Bread.
Butter.	Coffee.	Tea.
		Fruit.

FARINA.

Two cups of milk, and the same of boiling water ; four heaping tablespoonfuls of farina ; half a teaspoonful of salt ; a tiny bit of soda in the milk.

Heat the water in a farina kettle, and when it boils, stir in the farina wet up with the milk. Cook for twenty minutes, stirring and beating faithfully. At the last, put into a clean Dover egg-beater and give a dozen whirls before pouring into a deep dish. Eat with milk and sugar.

SALT MACKEREL WITH WHITE SAUCE.

Soak the fish all night in cold water ; wash it well with a whisk broom to get off salt and loose scales, and lay in boiling water ; cook gently for twenty-five minutes ; drain, and lift carefully to a hot dish. Have ready a cup of boiling milk in which has been stirred a tablespoonful of butter rolled in one of flour. Beat into this the white of an egg, whipped stiff, boil and stir for one minute, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the fish.

QUICK BISCUIT.

Sift a quart of Steven's Imperoyal Flour into a bowl, rub in a heaping tablespoonful of butter—mix up quickly with milk—or water, if more convenient—into a soft dough. Roll out, with few and rapid strokes, into a sheet nearly half an inch thick, cut with a biscuit cutter into round cakes, and bake in a brisk oven. They are exceedingly nice.

STEWED POTATOES.

Heat a cup of milk to scalding ; stir in a tablespoonful of butter cut up in a rounded teaspoonful of corn-starch ; season with salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley ; boil one minute, and drop in cold boiled potatoes, cut into dice. Simmer gently until the potatoes are hot all through and serve. A good way of using "left over" boiled or baked potatoes.

LUNCHEON.

Veal and Macaroni Scallop.

Cheese Fondue.

Bread and Butter.

Baked Sweet Apples and Cake.

VEAL AND MACARONI SCALLOP.

If you have no cold boiled or baked macaroni left from yesterday's dinner, boil a quarter-pound until tender ; drain, and cool it quickly to make it the more crisp ; cut with a sharp knife into half-inch lengths. In another vessel chop about a pound of cold boiled, or roast veal ; season with pepper, salt, a scant teaspoonful of curry, a pinch of lemon peel. Into a buttered bake-dish put a layer of macaroni, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and wet with the milk ; cover this with a stratum of the chopped meat, dot with bits of butter, and proceed thus until your materials are all used up. When all are in, smooth the top layer, which should be of meat ; butter well, cover with two beaten eggs in which has been mixed a teaspoonful of curry wet with cream ; strew profusely with fine crumbs, cover, and set in a good oven for fifteen minutes, or until heated through, when brown quickly on the upper grating.

CHEESE FONDU.

Two cups of sweet milk ; three beaten eggs ; a cupful of dry, grated cheese ; one rounded cup of bread crumbs, very fine and dry ; one tablespoonful of melted butter ; half a teaspoonful of salt, and half as much pepper ; bit of soda, the size of a pea, stirred into the milk.

Set the crumbs to soak in the milk ; mix with this, when it is a soft paste, the eggs, butter, seasoning, finally, the cheese ; beat hard and fast, pour into a buttered pudding-dish, sift fine crumbs on top, and bake in a quick oven until high and delicately browned. Send at once to table, as it soon falls and becomes heavy. You may use cayenne, instead of black pepper if you like, putting but a third as much as you would of black.

BAKED SWEET APPLES.

Peel carefully, and dig out blossom and stem-ends with a sharp knife until the core is reached, but do not extract the seeds. Put into a pan, add a cupful of cold water, and bake, closely covered, until tender. Drain the liquor through a strainer, and set aside for syrup. Pack the apples in a wide-mouthed bowl, or jar with a close cover, and keep warm while you add a cupful of sugar to each one of apple-liquor and boil fast, without stirring, until it is a good thick syrup. Drop in as many whole cloves as you have apples, and pour hot over the fruit in the jar. Set away, still covered, for twenty-four hours ; turn into a glass dish, and eat with plain cup-cake. If the apples are carefully handled in cooking, this will be a handsome, as well as palatable sweetmeat.

DINNER.

Russian Soup.	Salmon Pudding, with Lemon Sauce.
Roast Rabbits.	Potatoes <i>au Milan</i> . Cold Slaw.
Graham Fruit Pudding.	Hard Sauce. Fruit. Coffee.

RUSSIAN SOUP.

Make a good clear soup by covering two pounds of lean beef and one of veal (all chopped) with three quarts of cold water, and *slowly* boiling it down to half the quantity of liquor. Salt and pepper and leave the meat in until cold. Skim off all the fat, strain out the meat without pressing it; color with a tablespoonful of caramel made by burning two spoonfuls of sugar in a cup, then adding as much boiling water. Heat slowly to the boil, and pour into the tureen. Lay on the surface six or eight nicely-poached eggs, and serve one with each plateful of soup. A glass of wine improves the flavor.

SALMON PUDDING WITH LEMON SAUCE.

One can of salmon; three eggs; a scant cup of fine crumbs; three tablespoonfuls of melted butter; salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper; juice of half a lemon and a pinch of grated lemon peel.

Drain the fish dry (setting aside the liquor) and mince it finely. Mix with butter, crumbs, seasoning, and beat in the eggs. Turn into a buttered mold with a tight top, and set in a pot of hot water, which keep at a fast boil for one hour. The water should not rise over the top of the mold. Dip the latter into cold water to loosen the contents from the sides and turn out the pudding upon a hot platter. The sauce must be ready to pour over it when this is done. Mix in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, the juice of a lemon, a pinch of grated peel and the same of powdered mace, with pepper and salt. Heat to scalding by setting it in hot water over the fire, then pour on two whipped eggs, beating in hard. Pour upon the pudding.

ROASTED RABBITS.

Skin, clean carefully, and fill with a forcemeat of crumbs and fat pork chopped very fine, with seasoning to taste. Some insist upon

adding minced onion. Sew up the rabbits and cover with thin slices of fat pork bound on with pack thread. Roast longer than you would fowls of the same weight—say two minutes more for each pound. Baste freely, at the last, mingling a little vinegar with the dripping. Unbind the strings, remove the crisp pork and draw out the thread from the rabbits. Lay the pork around them in a hot dish. Thicken the strained gravy with browned flour, boil up, and send to table in a boat.

POTATOES *au Milan*.

Whip mealy boiled potatoes to powder with a fork; add enough butter and milk to make a creamy paste, the beaten yolks of two eggs, pepper and salt. At the last whip in the stiffly-frothed whites. Heap on a well-buttered pie-plate, wash over with melted butter, and brown lightly on the top grating of a quick oven. Slip a spatula under the mound, and lift carefully to a heated platter.

COLD SLAW.

Shred a hard white cabbage with a sharp knife (never chop it). Put into an ice-bowl just before dinner, and cover with this dressing, stirring and tossing with a silver fork:—Beat the yolks of three raw eggs stiff, adding gradually three tablespoonfuls of oil, and when the mixture is thick, a teaspoonful of white sugar, one of salt, half as much made mustard, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix the dressing in a bowl set in ice or snow.

GRAHAM FRUIT PUDDING.

One and a half cups of Graham flour; two eggs; half a cup of milk; half a cup of finely chopped suet; a cup of currants (well

washed) and seeded raisins, mixed ; half a cup of best molasses ; a teaspoonful of cinnamon and mace mixed ; a teaspoonful of salt, and a half teaspoonful of soda stirred into the milk.

Warm molasses, suet and spices slightly together, and stir hard until cool ; add the beaten eggs, milk, salt, flour, and lastly the fruit well dredged with flour ; beat up well, pour into a buttered mold and boil or steam for nearly three hours. Turn out and eat hot.

HARD SAUCE.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter ; eight of powdered sugar ; frothed white of an egg ; nutmeg ; half a glass of wine.

Cream butter and sugar to feathery lightness ; add wine, spice, then the white of the egg, and set in a cold place to harden.

(END OF MENUS.)





THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

IN ornamenting the table, the march of æsthetic taste (or fashion) has, without so much as "by-your-leave," swept from our festive boards, and banished to attic and the rubbish-shelves of closets, the china and majolica "flower-pieces" which were lately our innocent pride. Most practical housewives, especially those of moderate incomes, deprecate the innovation of center-cloths of linen embroidered with bright silks, or squares and ovals of velvet and plush on which the flower-stand is set.

Better than this is the simple mode of arranging ferns and blossoms in an old-fashioned china bowl, or one that looks as if it had come from a great-grandmother's cupboard, or in a glass dish without feet or stem.

The flowers should have long and real stalks, and be set in the water loosely with due regard to gracefully careless groupings. The day of rose-buds, orange-blossoms and japonicas, tied with wire and bound into the stumpy formality of brooms, has gone by together with the close rows of leafless blooms packed into banks and pillows, and crowding straight-sided glass shapes, like the forms one sees in an undertaker's window.

A low dish of ferns, scarlet geraniums and white carnations, eupatoria, or other snowy flower, having for a base a round mirror

upon which some stray leaves and blossoms have fallen, as by accident, is an elegant ornament for a Christmas dinner.

Evergreens, such as were wreathed about pictures, window and door frames, are not amenable to the requirements of the occasion, being hard and stiff in form and in color too uniform.

For it should be remembered that Christmas is not like Thanksgiving, a national feast of the season. The emotions that recur with its coming belong to the whole world and to all time. To crown the day aright in view of the event it commemorates, we should bring richer gifts than those which symbolize our gratitude for the ingathering of the harvest. If there is but one flower in bloom among the house-plants on this glad morning, let it be culled to embellish our feast.

Let raw oysters be an introductory course. Open these an hour before they are to be eaten, and set them on the ice. Wash the shells, and put them likewise in the ice-box.

Unless you have oyster-plates with cavities prepared for the bivalves, serve them upon these cooled half-shells, and not on a flat surface, where they will slide about and leak all over the china. Arrange six shells, an oyster within each, on a dessert plate, the narrow part of the shells inward, and meeting in the center where a quarter of lemon is laid.

Pass oyster or cream crackers in addition to the squares or strips of bread already on the napkins.

No minor table-fashion is more sensible than the custom of keeping pepper in small silver vessels of fanciful shapes, such as owls, monkeys, etc., with pierced covers. One of these articles is within reach of every hand.

The disappearance of the clumsy and always remote "castor" is a joy to those who remember the insipidity of viands for which

salt, vinegar and pepper did not reach him until the meal was nearly concluded.

Mock-turtle soup comes with grateful piquancy and generous richness to the lovers of good living on a mid-winter gala-day when there is plenty of time for digestion, and light hearts to aid in the assimilation.

Deviled lobster, made comparatively innocuous by the use of cayenne, instead of black pepper, and served attractively in silver scallop-shells if you have them—in clam-shells, if you have not—follows harmoniously in line. These are eaten with the fork alone, as were the oysters.

Withhold vegetables until the next course—breaded chops trimmed *a la francaise* by your butcher. That is, the skin, gristly parts and most of the fat are cut away, leaving nearly two inches of clean bone at the small end.

When the chops are done, let the cook wind about this bone a piece of white tissue paper four inches long and two wide, fringed on the outer edge for more than half the width.

With the chops send around canned French peas. Open the cans two hours at least before cooking, drain off all the liquid, rinse the peas in clean water, shake them in a colander, and leave in a cold place until they are wanted for cooking. Then set them over the fire in boiling water, slightly salted. Drop in a very small lump of loaf-sugar and cook them gently twenty minutes. Drain thoroughly, stir in a large spoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and turn into a hot, deep dish.

Canned peas thus treated lose the close, smoky flavor that too often spoils them for most people, and taste surprisingly like fresh green ones. Baked, scalloped, or stewed tomatoes should attend this course.

A mighty turkey, although altogether *au fait* at Christmas, is, to the minds of some especially punctilious Thanksgiving Day keepers, less a "must-be" than at the November anniversary.

Should your culinary conscience or the family appetite demand the sacrifice of the Bird of Plenty, garnish him with fried oysters, carefully crumbed and cocked to a nicety. In helping, put an oyster with each apportionment of meat. Cranberry sauce is always passed with roast turkey.

A haunch or saddle of venison is, however, a noble substitute for the provincial *piece de resistance*. Purchase it a week beforehand, hang it in the cold cellar, wash it off every day with vinegar, and on Christmas morning with warm, then with cold water.

Wipe it perfectly dry; encase in a stiff paste of flour and water, and this in two layers of thick white wrapping paper. Fill the dripping-pan one-third full of hot water, and baste often with this, adding to it from the teakettle should it evaporate too fast.

Keep the paper from scorching by basting, and you need not fear for the meat. Three-quarters of an hour before dinner, take it from the pan, strip off the coverings, test with a fork to make sure that it is done; return to the oven, rub well with butter, and as this is absorbed, dredge with flour. Repeat the butter-baste three or four times while the meat is browning. This will form a fine "glaze."

For gravy, stir into that in the dripping-pan after the meat is dished, a little brown flour for thickening, a teaspoonful of walnut catsup, a great spoonful of currant jelly and the juice of half a lemon. Garnish the venison with alternate slices of lemon and pickled beet-root laid on the edge of the dish.

For vegetables (which are always passed from the buffet or side table), have boiled cauliflower with drawn butter poured over it, and potatoes *au gratin*. That is, mound the potatoes, smoothly mashed with butter and milk, upon a pie-plate, butter and strew thickly

with dry bread-crumbs, then brown lightly in the oven. Slip carefully to a heated platter.

Currant jelly or grape belongs as naturally to venison as does cranberry to turkey.

Chicken-salad, with a mayonnaise-dressing, may come next. Sprinkle the top with pickled capers, and garnish around the sides with hard-boiled eggs, cut into quarters, and white celery tops.

Next, crackers, cheese and olives, and having lingered a reasonable time (a phrase of much meaning in this connection) over these, give the order for the entrance of the MINCE-PIES.

There is no cross-cut to excellence in the manufacture of this dainty. Advertisements of, and receipts for "Mince-meat made easy," are traps for the unwary, the hard-pressed, the lazy.

Meat should be boiled and chopped, suet crumbed, raisins stoned, sultanas and currants washed, citron shred, apples pared and minced, sugar and spices weighed and measured, and liquor poured out with deliberate thought-taking, and the ingredients compounded at least a week before the crust is made, that the mixture may ripen and mellow.

The paste must be the best of the year, the shells be liberally filled and the contents criss-crossed with serrated or twisted bands of crust.

When the knife enters the generous bosom of the Christmas-pie, the whiff of fragrance escaping from the cut should set every pulse a-beating to the lively rhythm of old "Greenland;" the flower bedight table should become a "Ceylon's Isle" in beauty and balminess.

Everybody, except hopelessly confirmed dyspeptics, should taste mince-pie on Christmas day. If properly made, it is far less harmful than dietetic (and vegetarian) pessimists would persuade us

into believing. Grated, or powdered old cheese is a pleasant adjunct to it, and to some extent, a corrective of possible evil consequences.

Ices and jellies cool the system after the highly-seasoned pastries, and link the cooked sweets agreeably with fruits *au naturel*.

A pretty fancy-dish is made by filling with amber orange-jelly the skins of oranges, emptied and scraped through a small hole cut in the blossom-end.

Insert the finger cautiously to rid the inside of the skin of strings and pulp, wash with cold water, and pour in the jelly. Leave it to form over-night, and set on ice until the dessert is sent in. Cut lengthwise into halves with a knife, and pile on a glass dish with orange, or lemon leaves as a setting.

Light cakes are passed with ices.

Fruits—bananas, white grapes, oranges and late pears—will probably be partaken of sparingly, but must not be omitted. Nor should the tiny cup of black coffee, served at table, or sipped later in the library or parlor.

It is very fashionable to take coffee “clear,” without cream or sugar, but offer both for such as may like to qualify the strength of the beverage. It should be very strong and very clear. Well-bred people, and sensible ones, do not affect pale or watery decoctions after a hearty dinner.

Those who do not like coffee, or who fear its effect upon their nerves, are at liberty to decline it now.

All ought to indulge, on this day, in three hours of pleasurable inaction—quiet chat, a few pages of a sprightly novel, a dreamy, not sleepy loll in a favorite chair—while Nature brings forward the forces of a healthy body to make right use of the provisions committed to her care.

It is not the hearty, post-prandial laugh that helpeth digestion, but the gentle, smiling content of a heart at peace with itself and full of good-will to men.

MINCE-PIE.

A standard Christmas-joke is the story of the blunder of a French cook who took service on an outward-bound East Indiaman. The festival fell while the ship was hundreds of miles from land, and, meditating a surprise for homesick English passengers, he begged a recipe for plum-pudding from a lady on board. Three days of preparation and six hours of execution resulted in some gallons of brown porridge, streaked, speckled and spotted, complacently served up in big bowls. His confidante and ally had forgotten to mention the pudding-bag—taking it for granted, as do many other excellent housewives, that “everybody knew some things.”

As pudding, the Gallic *chef*'s exploit was a failure. The product of his art, jeered at by those he strove to please, might have asserted near kinship with, and greater antiquity than the National Noël dish. Walter Scott is an acknowledged authority on gastronomical archæology.

“And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.

Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man ;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie ;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide, her savory goose.”

The amorphous "plum porridge" was, as time grew toward ripeness, crystallized into the ultimate texture of a solid by incasement within a stout integument (with "felled" seams). At a still-later epoch, culinary genius as daring as our Frenchman's and more successful, eliminated the flour from the original formation, kneaded it into a concrete, built with it foundation walls and reticulated roof, and presented to admiring ages, then and to come—MINCE-PIE.

Genealogically considered, it is one remove from plum porridge, two removes from plum-pudding, and has no consanguineous connection with Scott's Christmas Pie. The latter was undoubtedly a "pastry" of venison and other game. It still holds a place of honor in the British cook book. It contains pheasants, partridges and woodcock, sweet herbs, lemon-peel, mushrooms, fat bacon, egg-yolks, butter, gravy, spices and bay leaves, and is surrounded by a raised crust of surprising thickness and solidity. The Puritan good woman ventured a timid reminiscence of the ancient and consecrate structure in her Thanksgiving chicken-pie. While wiry fibres all along the tap-root of memory hold hard to anniversary-dishes with love that has no affinity with fleshy appetite, we cannot divorce Cookery and Sentiment

Those of us who can buy French rolls and good brown bread; who care for, or know so little of cake as to tolerate the square inches of frosted indigestion supplied at famine-prices by mercenary confectioners; who are not fastidious as to rancid-butter-pastry and ambiguous filling—may shirk baking for fifty-one weeks in the year. If Christmas Mince-Pie is to deserve its name and honorable estate, it must be made at home. Nay, more, the dogma that no part of the process can be slighted without endangering the fair construction as an entirety, must be etched, and the lines well bitten in upon the domestic conscience.

At least ten days before the World's Festival, clear decent space and wide, for the ceremony of mince-meat making. A sort of jocund dignity should attend preliminaries and manufacture. The kitchen must be clean and set in order; irrelevances and distractions of laundry-work and every-meal cookery must be shoved out of sight. The middle distance should be occupied by reserves of material. In the foreground, let mistress and assistants seat themselves at a spacious table, and, serenely resolute, engage first of all the currants.

"Never trust hirelings to do the currants!" said a stately housekeeper to me, confidentially, thirty years ago. "Four washings are *my* rule."

In that day, the Lady enunciated her rules with calm pride that neared the sublime. My chatelaine checked her's off with a shapely thumb on taper fingers.

"First—A rinsing with cold water in a colander to loosen the lumpy masses. Second—I rub them between my palms as I would soiled laces, in a pan of tepid water. (You would not believe, my dear, what this process brings to light.) Third—I drain them in a colander, put them back into the pan, cover them with cold water and give them another rub. Lastly—I shake them briskly in the colander while I pour water on them—plenty of it. After that, I spread them on a clean cloth to dry, and pick them over. I assure you I have found mummied—*bugs*—in currants, and once took out a teaspoonful of gravel from three pounds of fruit!"

Sultana raisins may pass with two washings. They need no seeding, but are prodigal of stems, and on this account cannot be slurred over.

Citron is made flabby by washing. Content yourself with scraping it, then slice it into thin shavings with a keen knife, and clip the shreds into dice.

Free the large raisins from stems, cut each in half, and take out the seed. The business is tedious and sticky. To enliven the task, two or three may work together, chatting merrily, or as was the way of one ingenious family, one of the group may read aloud while the others are busy. Dickens' *Christmas Chimes* and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, have always for the ears of my fancy the low accompaniment of the "snip-snap" of raisin-scissors, the shrill sigh of the December wind between the window sashes, the sough of the draught under the heated plates of the range, the bubble and savoriness of the beef boiling at the back of the fire. This beef should be a solid chunk of the round. Cook it as you prepare raisins, currants and citron, the day before the ingredients are to be compounded into a whole of incomparable deliciousness.

On the eventful morrow, chop the meat, clear suet of strings and membranes, crumb it daintily with cool, deft fingers; select firm, juicy apples—pippins or greenings—pare, slice and mince them when everything else is ready. Bare your arms, and mix the accumulated riches—from North, East, South and West—in a mighty bowl or pan. First, meat, suet and apples, then, the prepared small fruits and citron, sugar and spices, tossing and turning, but not bruising or crushing. Finally, add wine and brandy to mellow and preserve the incorporate mass.

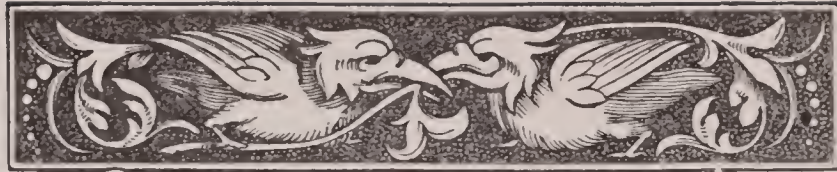
I am moved to insert a digressive paragraph here.

In my own household the place of ardent spirits is in the medicine-chest and among flavoring extracts in the kitchen-closet. They are never used as beverages on the table or elsewhere. But our eyes are not yet opened to see death in wine-jelly, or certain destruction in brandy-sauce for occasional puddings. I do not hesitate to say that mock-turtle soup is not at its princely best unless a glass of wine is added to the contents of the tureen, and to aver yet more flatly that I never tasted genuine mince-meat that was not

brightened by an infusion of excellent brandy. Not content with others' experiments, I have made up huge batches of it upon so-called temperance principles. Like all imitations, they were burlesques and caricatures, and each slice had more dyspepsia in it than could be evolved from a whole *real* Christmas pie.

Instead of imprisoning the harmful volatiles in a close crust, make your pie more wholesome and prettier by laying strips of pastry, notched with a jagging iron, on the full, brown breast of the Mince-Meat. Then let none of the household partake during the holidays and year of aught more intoxicating than that which is bound up in an obtuse angle of our American Christmas Pie, and you will thank, not curse, the humble biographer of this daughter of high degree and ancient ancestry.





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